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THE BOYNE WATER,

A TALE,

BY

THE O'HARA FAMILY.

AUTHORS OF TALES,

COMPRISING

CROHOORE OF THE BILL-HOOK, THE FETCHES, AND JOHN DOE.

" Cries the stall reader, bless us, what a word on
A title page is this? and some in file
Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
End Green. Why, is it harder, sirs, than Gordon,
Colkitto, or Macdonuel, or Galasp?"

Milton's Sonnets.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THE BOYNE WATER.

CHAPTER I.

The shock Esther received in mind and heart had an instantaneous and continuous effect on her health, and her brother soon perceived it would for some time be impossible to remove her from the village of Glenarm, notwithstanding the indifferent accommodations of the place.

Mr. Walker remained with them three or four days, during which few allusions were made to recent occurrences; the feelings or views of all were too deep to be trusted to immediate utterance.

But the scenes of bustle, in the village around them, continued to feed, more amply than perhaps words could have done, the poignant

though stupified reveries of Evelyn. The new levies, hitherto but tardily carried on, were now evidently engaged in, even in so remote a district, with zeal and vigour. Bodies of recruits, some in half-uniform, some half-naked, hurried through the streets, shouting to the screams of the bagpipes, to be reviewed or drilled on the esplanade before Antrim castle; military-looking horsemen, obviously expresses to the earl, dashed, from time to time, towards the drawbridge; old men gathered in groups through the village, and spoke to each other mysteriously, and in whispers; women, old and young, spoke in the shrillest key, as they met, by twos and threes, out of doors, or ran to and from each other's houses; all the urchins and curs, conscious of a time of unusual uproar, piped and barked, in pure animal sympathy; and every anvil in the village rung from morn to night with the rapid and rude manufacturing of skeins and half-pikes.

The sojourners could learn, too, that a considerable body of Scotch Highlanders, whom Lord Antrim held at his disposal, either were expected to land, or had actually landed from

the opposite shore, in order to join the army his lordship was raising among his own people. These were to form the most important portion of his force; for though he bore the sounding title of colonel of the Antrim army, few men in the county, apart from the primitive population of Glenarriff, and those immediately dependant on the earl, could be found heartily disposed towards the cause of their tottering sovereign. Yet, comparatively insignificant as might be the hasty levy thus attempted, the very first movement of the undisciplined army resulting from it, caused, as shall be seen, the first timid act of hostility against King James, on the part of his Irish protestant subjects.

"These precipitate recruitings, among so barbarous a people," said Mr. Walker, as, on the third day after their sudden departure from Antrim castle, he and Evelyn stood observing a detachment of men who marched by—"cannot harm us, if, indeed, we act promptly and spiritedly for self-preservation. The whole of my Lord Tyrconnel's disposable force, in the hour the deliverer landed, did not amount to more than nine thousand; half of these he has

despatched, as my letters inform me, to the assistance of his master in England; and in Dublin and the north alone, there are, under Providence, sufficient good men, with arms in their hands, too, to oppose the exterminating views of our sworn enemies."

"Yes, sir, should we be called on to offer resistance to attack," said Evelyn.

"Doubtless; but see, another swarm of those wretched though cruel people, now rushes by; know you not the face of the officer at their head?"

Evelyn—all his recollections, feelings, and passions coming at once on his heart, hid his own face with his hands, and turned from the window, as he recognized Edmund M'Donnell. The body he commanded was composed of Highlanders, wearing the kilt, together with such of the people of Glenarriff as retained, in most perfection, the Scottish costume; and Edmund himself, as well as his elder relative and commanding officer, Daniel M'Donnell, of Layde, had also assumed, as if in compliment to their men, the kilt, plumed bonnet, and plaid. And, "hurra for the redshanks!" shouted the

boys and women, as they passed by; using a highland appellation by which the whole of Lord Antrim's celebrated regiment was afterwards distinguished.

A man, who seemed to have ridden hard, rapidly entered the room, presenting a letter to Mr. Walker. They exchanged a significant regard as the clergyman broke the seal of his despatch; and when he had read it—

"God's will be done," he said, "I must leave you, Robert Evelyn; the affairs of my parish—of my own people—require my immediate presence. But if you are warned by the previous advices I have offered you not to remove your sister for some weeks, and then to remove her to Derry, we shall meet here again, and I will escort you, through the perils of the road, to that loyal city, where, if there be rest or peace in Ireland for such as we are, she will surely find both: do you promise to abide my return?"

"For my sister's sake, yes, Mr. Walker; but what perils can we fear on the road?—there is yet no warfare in our country; no invader, with a foreign army; no native array on

his side; King James yet commands the allegiance of all his Irish subjects, and apparently enjoys it; there is even no confirmation of the reported design to destroy or harm us, which you have before mentioned; what then can we apprehend?—what are your perils of the road?"

"A little time will answer you. To-morrow, or the day after, must give us notice of the successes of William in England; here at home, important, and to us terrible things, are also hastening to a disclosure; trust me, my return to Glenarm promises you much information and counsel; for the present, your hand, and farewell."

"One parting word, sir; I ask you, as a man of honor, is it now intended to organize the northern associations of which you have advised me, against our sovereign, King James?"

"That question I have, by anticipation, resolved. No such design is professed, or intended to be professed. We arm ourselves, and get together, only in natural precaution against the conspiracy directed towards our properties and lives, which, from many good sources, there is cause to believe but too cer-

tain; and which a short time will prove or gainsay: meanwhile, during the increased arming of papists, of which you are, yourself, a witness, shall we not increase our own strength in proportion?—shall we not stand upon our guard, in counsel and courage, to the extent in which we are threatened?—Farewell, I say, and fear not to fall by my guidance."

Evelyn saw the clergyman depart without personal regret, and yet with disquietude. Mr. Walker was the chief cause of the extraordinary steps he had recently taken; he seemed to possess a right to influence him; the right of years, experience, friendship for his father, conscientious conviction and religious zeal; at least, Evelyn endeavoured to think so; and so long as he stood by his side, the young man half-assured himself he had acted properly, whatever might have been the terrible sacrifice of private feeling in his own breast, or in those of others; therefore he was uneasy at being left alone to the unassisted survey of the past. But, on the other hand, nature continually claimed from him that survey; he doubted —and what anguish was the doubt!—even

whilst he argued himself into self-approbation, although he feared, he yearned to examine his own heart; and this, assisted by an indifference, if not a dislike, to the person of his adviser, made him experience an involuntary sense of relief at his departure.

Reflection then came on for the first time since his parting from Eva at the nuptial altar. Evelyn was a man of strong and deep emotion, though not shewing much outward or ordinary semblance of it; he loved Eva profoundly, adoringly; the possession of her hand had been, for years, his long dream of happiness; was that hand—even after it had become his—lost to him, for ever?—and if so, why?—had any thing appeared in her character, to give him self-applause in the thought of having deserted her? and as he *did* desert her?—her—his bride, wife; these reveries became too strong for him, and, as if rushing from himself, he started up and rapidly entered his sister's sick chamber.

She was asleep, and evidently dreaming a sorrowful dream, for her white lips muttered low cries, and tears gushed from under her

eyelids. He checked his step, held in his breath, and heard her half articulate some words that despairingly reproached him with the cruel part he had acted; and then her voice grew stronger, and her words more distinct, as she uttered a passionate malediction on the heads of those who, trampling on the affections of human nature, had embittered happy lives, and broken true hearts. Her brother did not refuse silently to echo her prayer, as, more agitated, he regained his lonely apartment.

In fact, the momentary indignation he had felt against Edmund, and, through him, against Eva, was now more than forgotten; the jealousy of politics subsided; there are no politics in love, for the heart of man gives not place to two master passions at the same instant; and Evelyn could only surrender himself to a full reflux of the tide of his former feelings, and be miserable. Yet why, he asked himself, this despair? although much was to be dreaded from the spirit and romance of Eva's character, still she loved him, and were he to sue and ask forgiveness, would she not relent? or, she was his wife, and he could command her to his side.

The laws of the country did not, indeed, recognize their marriage, but it was sacred to Eva, and, affection apart, she must tremble at the sin of abandoning her husband.

He called a servant, and, for the first time, sent to inquire after Eva's health, at Antrim castle, desiring the man to ask for her as Mrs. Evelyn. Lord and Lady Antrim returned for answer that they had no message to deliver. He wrote a note; it was not received by the servant. He walked up to the castle himself; he was not admitted: and now, once more offended, Evelyn returned to his humble lodgings.

The next day produced, after a sleepless night, its natural change. Recollecting that his verbal message had been most successful, he again sent to inquire if Mrs. Evelyn was yet at the castle. The man came back to say, that, after much hesitation, he had been instructed to inform Evelyn, no such person as Mrs. Evelyn was known by the family; but that Miss M'Donnell had gone away some days. He once more sent to ask whither; but to this repeated inquiry no answer of any kind was returned.

Another day came, and, unable to control

himself, he mounted his horse, and spurred towards Glenarriff, concluding that Eva could have retired to no roof but that of her father. As he entered the spacious valley, experiencing that doleful sickness of the heart with which old objects, that have been present to our joy, shew themselves to the eye of our sorrows, Evelyn was obliged to ride close by a considerable body of men, in full march against him, and, at a particular spot, draw up to let them pass. Among them he distinguished many faces that had welcomed him to Glenarriff, on the first night of his visit, but that now scowled at him in hostility and detestation. In about the middle of the line marched a second officer; it was Edmund. Their eyes met; Evelyn could not recollect the expression of his own, but those of young M'Donnell just fixed, an instant, coldly upon him, and then turned off to give a word of command to his men. It was not anger that Evelyn now felt;—the tears trickled down his cheeks as the remainder of the file passed by; some time after it had passed, he remained motionless; and with few good omens he at last stood before the Strip of Burne.

The irregular ground before and behind the house, as far as the base of the overhanging precipice, was filled by peasants, grouped at random, and in the act of receiving from old M'Donnell supplies of different kinds of rude arms. No one perceived the stranger, on his first approach, and he rode forward, close to the nearest group, and repeatedly addressed them, ere he was recognized. Then, however, no friendly welcome seemed intended. At the first glance of the man who had so recently insulted him, old M'Donnell rapidly walked into his house and shut his door; and some peasants, who at once knew Evelyn's person, started into angry attitudes, spoke vehemently to their companions, in Irish, and finally, with bent brows and great clamour, seized his horse's bridle. He remonstrated, but in vain, against this shew of violence. They grasped their half-pikes, or drew their rusty broadswords, or their skeins, and closed on him, crying, "*sheese, sheese, Sassenagh!*"*—when, at the moment, from the top of the precipice, at the back of the house, came a scream, mingled with the hoarse waterfall, and, immediately after a cry

* Down.

of—"*P. Fhon! Fhon!*"*—and, looking up, Evelyn saw the form of Eva, clothed in white, standing against a clear-blue frosty sky, a royal banner in her hand. At the sound of her voice, the men readily, though sullenly, left Evelyn free; and then, with a sensation of fear which almost compelled him to cry out, he beheld her glance, by some pathway unobservable to his eye, zig-zag down the precipice, her white dress and her richly embroidered banner often mixed, during her meandering, though rapid descent, with the silver spray of the torrent.

In a few moments she was at his horse's side. He flung himself from the saddle, on his knees, at her feet; but Eva only averted her head, and with repelling arms, exclaimed—

"Rise, Mr. Evelyn!—I am here but to save your life, which, had I not come in view, a moment more would have given to the rash hands of these, my poor devoted people—rise, sir, and quit, for ever, a clan and a place, every child of whom—every sod of which—is athirst for your blood—to horse, sir, and fly!—hold—I should, myself, accompany you;—*thowr tchoom, ma*

* Stop.

choppel-bawn !"* she continued, turning to the men—" but, first, a more important duty—children of Glenarriff, here is your colours—on the edge of your highest precipice, where the air of heaven is purest and freest, my young women and I have wrought it and mottoed it ; and now, with a prayer for him who guards it well, and a curse and a strange grave for him who ever yields it up, take it from a maiden's hand."

Their shouts, as they accepted it, echoed through the wide glen. As she had done speaking, her white horse was, according to her command, led towards her ; she gained her saddle ; rode on, with a word and a signal to the men, down the valley ; and Evelyn found himself compelled to regain the saddle of his own steed, and, guarded by some half dozen armed and mounted peasants, follow her at a brisk pace.

Glenarriff was cleared in a short time, and Eva still led on, by Red Bay, at equal speed, until, in order to master the severe declivity of Garron Point, she was at last obliged to tighten her rein. Then did Evelyn move to gain her side ; but owing to the prompt and dangerous

* Fetch me my white horse.

interference of the men, without success. He addressed them energetically; he offered them his purse; in vain. And thus all slowly gained the summit of the Point, where Eva at length paused till he came up.

"You are now out of immediate danger from the people of my father's insulted house, Mr. Evelyn," she said, as he approached—"almost the whole of your road homeward is down-hill, and as these men shall, at my command, accompany me back, keep but the vantage-ground between you and them, and fear nothing for your personal safety—farewell, sir;" turning to her attendants, she motioned them, in a way that would not be refused, to turn back, standing, meantime, between them and Evelyn; they obeyed her, though with many a scowl and muttering, directed at "the Sassenagh;" and, in an instant, she and all were leaving him alone on the top of the ascent, when, almost inarticulate from emotion, he began—

"Gracious God, Eva—my beloved Eva—Eva Evelyn!—surely this is not to be our parting—suffer me"—

—"Not a word, sir!"—interrupting him, and

speaking half turned in her saddle, while she scarcely checked her parting speed—"not a word, sir—not a breath, on any other topic. We were and are strangers to each other. We met but to save your life; it is saved, and our last meeting over. Farewell, sir—poor traitor to woman and to your king—poor renegade from the altar and the throne—perjured in love and loyalty—to man, to heaven, and to me—fare you well!"—

She gave her steed wilder motion, and Eva and her attendants—the latter adding to her words, which they understood but by her tone and manner, a savage yell of scorn—were soon lost to Evelyn's vision as they swept by the windings of Red Bay.

CHAPTER II.

Arrived at home, and once more left to his reflections, Evelyn's misery was increased by the result of his unsatisfactory visit to Glenarriff. A portion of bitter feeling, of newly-raised anger and outraged pride, mingled with his recollection of the sentiments Eva had expressed towards him at her parting; and in the first indulgence of passion, he obliged himself to consider her nature as coarse, masculine, and vindictive, alike incapable and unworthy of respectful love. Some days passed in this mood; but, as usual, it gradually wore away; Eva returned upon his view in all the perfection that woman could or ought to exhibit; she had acted and spoken to him but as he merited; it was he that was incapable of estimating her; it was he that had sinned to an excess beyond her forgiveness, and had lost sight of her character only by sinking so much beneath it.

He would make renewed efforts to obtain her forgiveness; not, indeed, by another journey to Glenarriff, because, apart from the personal hazard, her feelings were at present too strongly and too justly roused to allow him to stand before her; but he would write; and he did write a long, ardent, and repentant letter—which was sent back unopened. Another and another shared the same fate; a verbal message the courier assured him he had vainly strove to deliver; and at last the man confessed that his limbs or life would be risked by venturing any more to Glenarriff.

Evelyn was therefore compelled to bear, as he could, the peculiar distress of his situation. The news and reports of the day might have served to divert his mind, but he took no pains to become acquainted with them, or, when known by the gossip of some around him, he paid them no attention. In truth he detested politics, and political movements and persons, because he attributed, to an unwarrantable intrusion of both upon his private feelings and arrangements, his present real wretchedness. One fact only, of all that he from day to day

became aware of, made an impression on his mind, namely, the march of Lord Antrim's new regiment to garrison Derry, in lieu of that which, on the landing of William, had been despatched to England from that city; and Evelyn dwelt a moment on this circumstance, solely because it indirectly appealed to his feelings as connected with the movements and fortunes of the brother of Eva M'Donnell.

To sit by Esther's bedside, to receive from her physician good accounts of her returning health, to witness himself a gradual change for the better, and, when her spirits permitted, to talk over with her a certain and speedy reconciliation between them and their young and most dear friends—this was the only balm for the wounded heart of Evelyn; and, it may be added, for that of his sister also. She would, indeed, listen to such assurances with the sole interest of feature that had lately brightened over her pale visage; yet, in the midst of her renovated hopes, Esther felt a gainsaying of the heart, which was instantly visible to her brother, although he had never been made acquainted with its latent cause, and could not

now venture a satisfactory surmise on the subject.

In such a disposition of mind Mr. Walker found Evelyn and Esther, when, according to promise, he returned to Glenarm, in something more than a fortnight after his departure.

His unusually sedate step was hurried, as he presented himself before Evelyn, and his countenance, always grave, shewed symptoms of much earnestness.

"I have ridden hard," he said, "to reach you on the morning of this day; for it is now time, and more than time, we were secure in Derry. Events in England, to mention nothing else, have, as you must know, made this step necessary since our parting."

"In truth, Mr. Walker, I do not know. My own affairs and my own sorrows sufficiently occupied me."

"Amazing indifference and lukewarmness!" retorted the clergyman, in some asperity, "at such a time as this to remain contentedly ignorant of the great events that must shape the fate of millions of men, and your own among the number. You know not, then, that while

advanced only as far as Exeter to face James at Salisbury, the prince has been joined by my lords of Colchester and Cornbury, with the flower of their troops; by my Lord Churchill—"

"What!" interrupted Evelyn, "that man! the very growth of his sovereign's favour!—raised from a page, to title and military command, and ever enjoying King James's utmost confidence!"

"It is, indeed, a noble sacrifice of private feelings to public virtue," said Mr. Walker.

"Rather say, of all that is good and honourable in private feeling, to the fear of sharing his master's reverse of fortune," replied Evelyn, "a dog that had but fed from that master's hand would shame such policy."

"Then, continued the clergyman, "the chief officers of James's army, who have not yet deserted him, inform his general, Feversham, that they cannot, in conscience, draw a sword against their deliverer."

"I used to think, Mr. Walker, that the tenderest conscience of a soldier and a gentleman concerned his fidelity to the monarch whose

commission he bore, and whom he had sworn to protect."

"Churchill has carried over with him the Duke of Grafton, the last living son of James's brother; Colonel Berkley and others," continued Walker, calmly pursuing his object.

"A bastard nephew may well show but a bastard love and loyalty to his king and his uncle, sir," resumed Evelyn, his bitter comments arising as much from the state of his private feelings as from a principle of reasoning or conviction.

"Nay, Churchill has effected more. King James, alarmed and terrified by this general defection—"

"Say, shocked and disgusted, Mr. Walker."

"Unable to confide in his officers or his army, resolves to march them back to London. At his first halt, Andover, Prince George, the husband of his second daughter, Anne, yielding to the representations of my lord Churchill, and with him, the young duke of Ormonde, withdraws to William's camp."

"Let the foreign blood in Prince George's veins prompt him to any selfish or unnatural

act," said Evelyn, warmly, "but for an Ormonde to act with him! for the grandson of the good and illustrious Ormonde to do it! alas, his father, Ossory, would not have done so; nor—were the old Ormonde alive, and the young traitor stretched before him on his early bier, as, too soon, it happened to that noble Ossory, fighting and falling for a royal master—alas, Mr. Walker, the virtuous grandsire could not say of his child's child, what he said of his child's self, 'I would not change my dead son for any living son in Christendom.'"

"Meantime," rejoined the clergyman, "Lady Churchill, who ever possessed an influence over the princess Anne, exerts, at the instance of her lord, all her powers of persuasion; and to such good effect, that, on the return of James to London, he learns the flight of his daughter, also; accompanied by his old friend, the Bishop of London, and, of necessity, the worthy Lady Churchill,"

"Wretched king!" cried Evelyn, "miserable father! he is known to have loved her with the tenderest affection—how bore he this terrible blow, sir?"

"He wept aloud," answered Mr. Walker, himself something affected, "he wept aloud, in the bitterness of the father's agony, crying, "God help me! my own children have forsaken me."

"It is monstrous, unparalleled!" continued Evelyn, "unparalleled in the history of human nature, or of the human heart; and succeeding generations will acknowledge," (they *have* on all sides acknowledged it)—"that this prince, whose chief errors were those of temper, judgment, and fanaticism, has met, from his most obliged friends, and the nearest members of his family, worse treatment than even Nero, Domitian, or the blackest tyrants of the world ever experienced."

"I deny not," said Mr. Walker, "that, apart from the necessity of the times, he has been harshly treated; nay, he must have felt keenest of all, the general charge made against him, at the moment he wept over the desertion of his daughter, and whilst her retreat was unknown, of having with his own hand, put her to death. This was a thought too unnatural, and too superfluous."

"Not too unnatural for the crowd, maddened by religious antipathy," said Evelyn, "when Oates and Bedlow guided the national mind, he was charged with the intention of assassinating his brother; the one view of things is but a revival of the other."

"However that may be," Mr. Walker continued, "we should now rather look into the face of our affairs at home. While the prince continues on his triumphant march to London—and so much, only, of his progress do we yet know—the papist population of this wretched country rise in thousands, and arm and discipline themselves for our destruction."

"The old theme, Mr. Walker, without new proof. That portion of the population of the country, which happens to be catholic, arm themselves in support of their king, and at his express command. How should this bode us harm? or, merely on account of a vague rumour, why should we seek, by counter association to cross and divert their strength and energies, from a lawful purpose? It is not even hinted that William shall strive to depose his father-in-law; he and you say that his invasion

is but intended to obtain an arrangement of differences between the king and his people, and that, then, all shall be peace; what use, therefore, for a secret combination, which, if not directed towards James's crown, is unauthorized by him, and must, therefore, be unnecessary to him?"

"As I have never spoken of our association in a great political view, I shall not now do so. I call on you to regard it simply as a precaution, as a safeguard in the night, against the steps of the assassin."

"But never yet have you shewn me grounds for even such a fear, or such a precaution."

"Look at this paper, then, and be satisfied. It is a copy of a letter found at Cumber, the present seat of my Lord Mount Alexander, and forwarded by express to me, as well as to many others in Dublin, and through the north, who are known to be zealous soldiers of the reformed faith. It is dated the 3rd, I received it on the 4th, yesterday, and have lost no time in handing it to you this day. Read, and judge."

Evelyn read the following:—

"Good my Lord—

"I have written to you to let you know that

all our Irishmen through Ireland, is sworn that, on the ninth day of this month, they are all to fall on and murde r man, woman, and child; and all I desire your lordship to take care of yourself, and all others that are judged by our men to be heads; for whosoever of 'em can kill you, they are to have a captain's place, so my desire to your honor is, to look to yourself, and give other noblemen warning, and go not out, either night or day, without a good guard with you, and let no Irishman come near you, whatsoever he be; so, this is all from him who was your father's friend, and is your friend, and will be, though I dare not be known as yet, for fear of my life."

Here is quoted, word for word, the document, that, such as it is, produced the real or feigned shew of terror which, beginning in professions of loyalty to King James, ended in openly resisting his dominion in Ireland.

Evelyn paused a moment after reading the paper, and, at last, Mr. Walker, his eyes fixed upon him, asked, "What is your opinion?"

"That your scrawl, be it authentic or not, will serve, until events take a decided aspect,

one way or another, in England, to supply, to our own party here, sufficient pretence for annoying and checking King James's soldiers;" as he finished, he too looked expressively into Mr. Walker's face.

"What do you mean?" inquired that gentleman.

"This," said Evelyn. "So long as James is king, it would be treason overtly to oppose him—should he continue king, that treason must expect to be punished; therefore, we now wisely avoid taking an open part, contenting ourselves with such a one, as, while it keeps us safe, will effect our present purposes."

"You cannot deny the danger that threatens us—you cannot, in fact, insinuate that the original of the document you hold in your hands, has not been written by the person it purports to be written by?"

"It purports to be written by a vulgar Irishman; but it rather seems to me like the diction of a vulgar Englishman; or, perhaps, an affectation of the latter by an educated person. It is, and it is not, vulgar; it is, and it is not the form in which a vulgar person, of any country, would

convey himself, on such a subject; it is overdone; it is, in fact, a clumsy imitation of its great prototype, the letter that gave notice of the gunpowder treason. I wish I could see the original writing."

"You shall see it: and when you do, God give you the advantage of thinking of it as all others do. Meantime, it is fit you should be informed how all others do think of it. Our Ulster Union, hitherto but timidly carried on, that letter has confirmed and extended."

"That letter, Mr. Walker!"

"So that in the counties of Down and Antrim are now raised twelve troops of horse, with my Lord Mount Alexander for their colonel; two dragoon regiments, commanded by Sir Arthur Rawdon and Mr. Clotworthy Skeffington; with four regiments of foot, raised by distinguished gentlemen; and other levies are still going on under our eye, while the remaining northern counties are equally active. Some motion for a union in Munster has also taken place."

"Well, sir?"

"And it is to the command of one of the twelve troops, headed by my Lord Mount Alex-

ander, that your commission finally appoints you."

"For what service, Mr. Walker, what is to be done?"

"Why should I aver, over and over again, for the preservation of your own liberty, property, and life? And the first thing to be done is to remove your sister to a place of safety—can she yet bear a rapid journey to the city of Derry?

"Her physician permits it; but wherefore to Derry, instead of our own house?"

"Are you her brother—her only natural protector—and, in such a day of approaching peril, can you ask the question? I say, that of all places in Ireland, Derry is the safest, in case of an attack from the papists, because it has strong walls and gates, and never a popish soldier in garrison; for it hath pleased God, so to infatuate the councils of my Lord Tyrconnel, that when the three thousand men were sent to England to assist his master against the invasion of the Prince of Orange, he took particular care to send away the whole regiment quartered in and about that city."

"But I am not ignorant, Mr. Walker, that, two days before your arrival, my lord Antrim marched his new levy to garrison that very place, and they are papist, to a man."

"They are; but as the roads must, in this weather, prove bad for foot-soldiers, they cannot yet have reached their quarters; nor, if we now use speed, can they reach them before us. Therefore, let us despatch."

"Will it not be the same when they enter after us?"

"Yes, if they do enter after us; but that, as well as all the future, is in the hands of Providence. Despatch, I say, young man; the time is precious to all, and to me, humble as may be the instrument, as much so as to any; I should not be here, away from more pressing duties, but that my heart urges me to shield and guide the son and daughter of my old friend; nor can I rest here to waste the important moments in watching a young man's humour. Rise up, and to horse, if you have honour for grey hairs, or for your father's memory, or a brother's feeling for your only sister."

Thus urged, and really wishing at heart to

approach the place whither Edmund M'Donnell had been ordered, Evelyn rapidly prepared for the departure of his sister and himself to Derry. In an hour every arrangement had been made, and the journey commenced. Walker, seeming well aware of the route taken by Lord Antrim's army, chose another; merely, he said, to avoid the want of accommodation which must naturally be created in every resting-place visited by so large a body of men. Leaving them to pursue the more northerly, and, indeed, more direct way, which, by New-town-Limavady, would lead them to Derry, he struck into a road, which, running due westward, also conducted the party, through Ballymenah, and other petty villages, to that city.

It was noon, on the fifth of December, when the travellers left Glenarm. Their guide urged the utmost possible speed; so that Esther was allowed but few hours for repose, during the night-time, ere her brother again summoned her to horse. On descending, at about three o'clock in the morning, to the door of the wretched *auberge* where she could not be said to have slept, she was startled by the appearance of a

body of armed men, rudely accoutred, but well mounted, who seemed waiting upon Mr. Walker: and expressing her apprehensions to Evelyn, she understood that these persons had been summoned by their guide, to insure them safe escort during the night, and indeed for the remainder of their journey.

Their journey recommenced in pitch darkness; the road often proving almost impassable from inundations and from its marshy nature; and often lying through continued plantations of old trees, now laid bare by the December blast. The dreary morning shewed, however, a less difficult and lonely road; and one rendered interesting, too, by its mountain features; of which, Cairn Togher, to the left, Benbradach, to the right, and Donald's hill, and its continued northern chain, in the distance, were the most imposing.

Clearing this mountainous tract, villages and people still increased; the latter indeed to such a number, as the morning wore away, that the road became thronged with groups of men, women, and children, driving cattle, or leading

horses which bore piles of provision, or of household furniture.

"They are flying, like ourselves," said Walker, "to the nearest towns and strong places, from the approach of the bloody ninth of December; from the next sabbath, destined to be defiled with their blood."

As the travellers hurried along, from group to group, every look that turned anxiously to examine them, was one of terror; and the half martial costume of Mr. Walker and his escort, visibly created new alarm. While the quick tramp and clatter of the horses announced their near approach to each party, he strove to shew an identity of interests and suffering with the people, by frequent ejaculations of—"Protestants, be firm!"—"Gird you for defence against the cruel papists!"—"Haste, loyal protestants, and shelter you from slaughter!"—and in conformity with the different characters he addressed, cries of fear or of violence, or exclamations for expedition, arose among the leaders; and mothers clasped their arms closer round the infants they already saw butchered in imagination; sons hurried on the feeble steps of

the old age they supported; or sturdier characters, as, with goad or thong, they urged forward their cattle, harshly chid their wives and children for attributed tardiness, while all uttered threats of hatred and revenge against those who caused them to experience the desolation of flying from their homes and domestic comforts.

Again; some few huts, inhabited by Roman Catholics, lay scattered along the road. We have elsewhere said that the Roman Catholics, also, expected nothing less than extermination at the hands of the protestants, (and certainly with more common sense on their side, inasmuch as in Ulster the privileged order reckoned ten to three, against them;) now standing at their cabin-doors, and recognizing, in total ignorance of the reasons for their extraordinary movements, the thronging groups of sworn enemies, the wretched people snatched up their children, and ran, howling and terror-stricken, to seek places of concealment; while, on more than one occasion, the causers of their panic, mistaking the motives of their hasty retreat, and supposing it to portend, in some way or

other, an anticipation of the dreaded ninth of December, answered them with cries as loud, and increased their own speed in treble clamour and confusion.

Nor, after some further progress on the road, was it to the lower orders, on either side, that the mutual delusion seemed limited. Esquires and nobles, dames and gentle damsels, well mounted, and gaily, though, in many instances, hastily, and, for a journey, inappropriately attired, frequently passed the travellers, from behind, on their way to Derry, Coleraine, or some other more northern town; while others, as respectable in appearance, came on, in a contrary direction, flying southward from the dreaded presence of those, who, with might and main, with whip and spur, were only running away from them. Individuals of both parties recognized Mr. Walker; and some among the protestant gentry pulled up to ask a hasty confirmation of their fears, which, when they duly received it, sent them forward in refreshed speed and terror; while, as the Roman Catholic fugitives consciously fixed their glances on him and his armed attendants, and received in

return, a scowl, or a muttered threat or curse, they first paced stealthily by, and then, at a clear distance, also recommenced their flight with increased vigour. And many a gay cavalier plume, and many a disordered head-dress, and much dishevelled, though beautiful hair, and ill-arranged cloaks, and embroidered riding-dresses, papist and protestant, fluttered, in quick motion, on the morning breeze, or hung, carelessly adjusted, and almost trailing the ground, over the limbs of the bounding steeds and palfreys; many a young and pretty face flitted past its rival one, as young and pretty as itself, in fright, hatred, and aversion; and many an old and ugly one, as its owner's joints cracked, and her few teeth chattered from the rapid and ceaseless jolting she underwent for her country and religion, scowled utter loathing, and, if possible, blighting, on its heretic or idolatrous sister visage, which, God wot, was no ways tardy in returning the greeting.

And such scenes thickened on the road, until late in the afternoon of the seventh of December, our party arrived at the then chief citadel of protestant power in the north of Ireland, the

city of Derry; a little town built all over a little conical hill; looking as unpicturesque, and as unimposing as can well be imagined; and the property, since the charter of James I. of certain worshipful persons of the city of London. Crossing the river Foyle at a ferry, where the traveller, (whom unusual business, or extreme necessity, or venturesome curiosity may beguile into a visit to a place so isolated from intercourse with all other parts of the world,) will now find the safer accommodation of a wooden bridge, seemingly as long as Waterloo bridge over the Thames—our friends entered the miniature city by Ferry-quay gate, and advanced, up a steep street named from it, towards the Diamond, a species of square, in which was the residence of Mr. Paul Evelyn and his lady.

It seemed as though all the inhabitants had assembled, in different groups, in the streets, to converse with each other on matter of life and death. If one of our readers has happened to observe the aspect of a country town, upon an occasion of public interest, he must have noticed that there are certain stands on which the humbler classes congregate, as if by pre-

vious consent, to give and receive information: and, as in every circle in society some centre is found, about which the members, in the gross, form a circumference, he will likewise have noticed that, in each of these parties, there is one man who rules the discourse, and whose wisdom guides the decision; that, while the majority are open-mouthed listeners, but three or four speakers can be heard; and that the admired and self-confident Daniel approves of the opinion offered, with a sagacious nod, or rejects it with a grin of derision, or, haply, with the energy and volubility which have gained him his preponderance, and which still insures him the submission of the generality of the knot.

If the country town boast a corporation, as Derry did, and does; and if the traders and shopkeepers be members of the corporation, as was the case when our travellers entered the little northern fastness, our gentle and observant reader has not failed further to remark, that at the same time that the lower classes have their own places of discussion, there is also some favoured spot, some news-shop in the open air, where the well-clothed, well-fed, and conse-

quential of the citizens do flock, as if by instinct —(we mean not to say, however, that instinct can possibly be their generally impelling principle)—to argue, in somewhat better language, the selfsame topics that engage the humbler assemblies; but he will find one material difference between the economy of eloquence in both conclaves. In the former it will happen that superior mind, or, what is the same thing, the assumption of it, takes precedence; and, generally speaking, that such mind is situated in the most ragged, unshaven, and unwashed person of the company, because a man cannot, in a breath, be a diligent mechanic, and a talking and ambitious ruler of the opinions of others; but among the latter, that the longest purse, seldom unaccompanied by the most considerable paunch, is the criterion, (and good reason why,) at once of oratory and of wisdom. Recollecting, then, these different pictures, and making some variation in costume, such as long skirts for shorter skirts, cocked hats for round hats, square-toed and buckled shoes for pointed ones, blue or carnation clocked hose for white or grey plain ones, perukes or flowing

tyes, for scratch wigs or bob wigs, or natural hair—the reader, we say, turning his eyes from the several groups of politicians, rich and poor, of his model country town, has only to fix them on the similar groups that, during the progress of our travellers up Ferry-quay street, occupied their allotted stands, at every convenient point, and so get a true idea of the public commotion we wish to place before him. But perhaps it has never been his chance to witness such a downright fuss as now reigned among the Derryanians: for so many orators were abroad, haranguing so many knots; with so many women and lads, formed into parties amongst themselves; and all talked so much, and so loudly, and so fast, that a stranger, like Evelyn, would have found it difficult to understand a word spoken; although it was at once perceptible that the terrors of the country were, if possible, exceeded by the terrors of the town.

A portly gentleman, recognizing Mr. Walker, rapidly advanced, from one of the superior groups, to meet him, overheated and out of breath, though it was a December day.

"Have the red-shanks appeared?" demanded the clergyman.

"Not yet, not yet," answered his Derry friend; "but they quartered, last night, only twelve miles distant from us; and instant tidings of their arrival were sent us, by Mr. George Philips, describing their appearance, and, as he says, 'their evident intentions,' and counselling us not to admit them within our walls."

"And another advice, to the like effect, reached us this morning," said a second "stout gentleman."

"And have you, Alderman Tomkins, or you, Alderman Norman, yet decided on the part you are to take?" demanded Mr. Walker.

"No, truly," they answered, "for, on that subject, Mr. Walker, there are many opinions. Some of the younger folk have their own; and so has our excellent bishop, Ezekiel Hopkins; and so have we, the elder and graver people of this distressed city."

A horseman dashed up the steep street to announce that Lord Antrim's regiment were approaching the town, by the side of Lough Foyle; and crowds of people, who had caught

glimpses of them from the walls, descended, at the same time, and confirming the intelligence in loud cries, gathered round the two aldermen, Mr. Walker, and his young friends. Many others joined them.

"Men of Derry," Mr. Walker continued, energetically addressing the crowd—"will *you* remain undecided as to the instantaneous step to be taken?—you know that the sabbath draws on—you know to what you are doomed on that sacred day—you know the people who now approach to possess themselves of your strong city, and hold your very lives at their disposal —I will not say mercy, for mercy they have none—all this you know, and do you hesitate?"

The crowd remained silent; except that a faint shout came in answer from a number of boys and lads, some wearing aprons, and all characterized as working or shop apprentices of the city.

"They know that King James is their king," said Alderman Norman, answering for the people; "that the soldiers who approach are his soldiers, and they naturally fear to incur the guilt and punishment of rebels, by opposing

them. But more of this, Mr. Walker, if you favour us with your presence at a council we are about to hold at the house of a worthy alderman, Mr. Paul Evelyn, who, doubtless for good reasons, prefers meeting us in his own dwelling to attending us at the usual place."

"It was the very house I and my friends sought," answered Walker, "therefore lead on; only let us despatch, for God leaves us now but few moments for deliberation—with your leave, my companion, Mr. Robert Evelyn, will also witness your debates."

This, after some official demur, was conceded; and our friends, accompanied by the aldermen, and surrounded and followed by the whole crowd, advanced up the street, to the Diamond.

Having been admitted into Mr. Paul Evelyn's house, we pass over the greetings that rapidly ensued between niece and nephew and uncle and aunt; we also leave Esther to the care, of whatever kind it may be, of her still offended relations; and hasten to the largest room in uncle Paul's house, in which were assembled, along with himself, and those we are already aware of, the Lord Bishop of London-

derry, several clergymen, and the whole of the corporate body.

Mr. Walker opened the hurried and limited consultation by taking out his watch, laying it on the table, and calling the attention of the assembly to the short period of time allowed them for a decision. Then he urged, with more method, and in a calmer manner, the reasonings he had already addressed to the populace.

The bishop mildly but firmly answered every argument by the one simple one which called their attention to their oaths of allegiance; and he advised the soldiers to be peaceably admitted.

His clergymen naturally agreed with him; a single dissenting pastor supporting Mr. Walker. The elder members of the corporation seemed to take the same side; leaving, however, their silence, instead of their words, to answer for them. The only alderman who spoke was Mr. Paul Evelyn; and he, with tears in his eyes, besought them, for peace sake, and for their own sakes, to hearken to the words of their bishop.

A few of the younger members of the corpo-

ration, alone, warmly seconded Mr. Walker's advice. But they seemed overruled as well by the majority as by the experience and rank of the council, which, after a few minutes, was disposed to break up without coming to any hostile resolve. Walker grew pale with emotion; bit his lip; took Evelyn by the arm, and left the room.

"I had not cared for the authorities," he said, as they gained the street-door, "were but the slavish crowd disposed to exertion; and see —they have mostly drawn off—not able to command as much zeal, or patience, or consistency, as would serve them to await a decision on which depended their liberty and lives."

The populace had, indeed, nearly disappeared from before the door; and, even for some distance, no considerable body of them could be seen, except the groups of boys and lads, already mentioned, who, attended by a few full-grown men of the lowest description, were now hurrying down the street, in order to ascend the terra plane over Ferry-quay gate, and from that place witness the approach of the soldiers.

"Let us follow them," resumed Walker, "the

lad David slew the Goliath; and a spirit of redemption for us may yet be found in the youthful ardour of these poor boys."

As he and Evelyn accordingly joined the boyish group on the walls, Lord Antrim's regiment had just defiled along the opposite bank of the river, accompanied by an unseemly concourse of wild-looking women and half-naked children.

"Aye, look you over the water, Will Crookshanks," said one of the lads, overheard by our gentlemen, "yon's the wild Irish, truly."

"And mind you, Jem Spike," answered Will, drawing his hands, in order to point towards the objects of his remark, from under his linsey-woolsey apron; "mind if they've not the wild Highlandmen with them, too; fellows, by the rood, without hose or breeches."

"No friends, I reckon, to the tailoring craft, Harry Campsie?" resumed James Spike.

"They be shameless knaves to look upon," answered the incipient tailor; "a man—I say it—without covering for his limbs, is no sight in the streets of a protestant town, that knows better."

"Hosing shuttle never wove gear for 'em, Dan Sherrard," continued Spike, addressing a juvenile manufacturer of scarlet stockings.

"Nor ever shall, Jem, with my liking; pity to waste good yarn for the decking out of papist shanks."

"Look you, Jem," said Harry Campsie, "I'd send them home till their breeches are spun, and not let the Derry lasses be shamed at such a sight."

"And I'd have them draw proper hose over their legs, ere they walk them up Ferry-quay street," echoed Sherrard.

"You're but fools, as well as churls, both," remarked the person addressed; "for see you not they'll be asking for breeches and hose together, as soon as they learn the difference amongst us, and so shears and shuttle will be the busier."

"I'd see the waters of yon lough run smooth over every loon of 'em, ere I'd cut cloth at their asking," said the detesting tailor.

"The poor youths but jest with their ruin," said Mr. Walker, addressing Evelyn, but sufficiently loud to be overheard; "yonder—Scotch

or Irish as they may be—yonder are the papists who have sworn to wade, knee-deep, in our blood."

"Hear you that, goodmen lads?" asked Will Crookshanks, who was a fiery, though rather taciturn youth; "this is the reverend gentle who counselled to leave them at the wrong side of the gate."

"But our own good council is against it," in solemn accent demurred Robert Morrisson, a steady, sober, heavy-looking writer to the single practitioner of the law then in his native town; and here we crave the reader to observe, that all the names we have mentioned, are, together with Mr. Walker's, historical names; and "immortal" ones, too—in Derry.

"What be that to us?" asked wicked Will.

"Nothing at all," answered Jem Spike, winking knowingly on Dan Sherrard, and bending over to him as he whispered something additional.

"I mean, Jem," resumed Crookshanks, "what be to us the fancies or the resolutions of the great town-folk, if it like us to take a thing into our own heads?"

"Very little, I believe," replied Jem, still winking, and still wittily.

"There!" resumed Mr. Walker, with energy; "the first boat puts off from the ferry, bearing to us the first band of our sworn assassins—Gracious God! and will the blind and slothful people of this doomed city leave their gates wide open to their own ruin?"

"Can't we just shut the gates, ourselves?" still queried Crookshanks.

Boisterous assent was given by many voices, amongst whom were some apprentices sent over to Derry by order of the worshipful London company, when it was resolved not to admit Roman Catholics to trade or set up business in their little colonial city.

"The raising of an infant's hand might confound them!" continued Mr. Walker.

"Shut them out!" was shouted.

"We are not to have our throats cut so quietly," said some.

"Not by wild Irish papists," said others.

"They will burn us in our beds, as once before they did, in good London town," said one of the hospital boys.

"Will you stand by us, Tom Sexton?" asked Crookshanks of a tall lubberly man.

"May I never pull rope, if I don't," answered the sexton, with a professional flourish of his hand.

"Perchance, rope may be pulled for you, to save you the trouble, Tom," observed Jem Spike.

"And those at your back?" continued Crookshanks, meaning the town-crier, town-bailiffs, and some such humble hangers-on of the corporation.

"O-h, Y-e-s!" said the Derry witling, answering for the first-named personage, while he imitated his well-known proclamation-tone, and motioned as if he held a bell in his hand.

"Then follow me, hearty lads," shouted Crookshanks, taking off his working cap, and waving it round his curly red head, as he stood tip-toe, up to the full height of sixteen years.

A general shout answered him. The soldiers, some of whom had debarked, and were in motion over the stretch of ground between the river and the walls, supposing the loud cheer to be meant for their welcome, returned it, waving their bonnets and hats.

"You're but fools of papists, after all," laughed Spike; "for, by the mass, we mean you not half so kindly as you guess us;" he was joined in his laugh by the whole crowd of lads, who, followed by their more mature seconders, raced down the steps leading from the wall to the gate, immediately under them.

"The cackling of geese saved the queen-city," said Walker, "and a like salvation is for Derry—haste! haste, brave lads! the papists come on, quickly—run, run, I say!" in fact, two officers entered—one, Edmund M'Donnell, bearing an order to the sheriff for billets; and by this time almost the whole regiment had landed, and more than half approached within twenty yards of Ferry-quay gate. Walker and Evelyn rapidly descended after the youths. When they reached the point of action, there were some whose boyish hearts naturally failed them, and expostulation and clamour ensued—and,

"Oh! they but mocked themselves and us!" still cried Walker; "they do not their work, and the cruel papists touch the verge of the drawbridge!"

But, as he spoke, and while the voices of Crookshanks and Jem Spike predominated in spirited command or exhortation, the raising of the drawbridge, before the gate, was heard; then a heavy clash, and immediately after, a rapid noise of locking, bolting, and barring. In another moment the young crowd scampered by, to shut the other gates, some serious, some frightened at their own daring, but the greater number chuckling and laughing in such a way as told that there was as much fun as patriotism, as much whim as bigotry, in their important frolic. But, quickly and securely did they close the remaining gates on the astonished soldiers, for whom they never opened; and thus reputably was commenced the first struggle for the Prince of Orange, in Ireland.

CHAPTER III.

Although none of the citizens of Derry, properly speaking, took part, or seemed inclined to take part in the affair just related, few of the less respectable class failed to second the young leaders, when the gates had once been closed, and fewer still disapproved of these proceedings. Still, however, none dared to acknowledge, that in shutting out the king's soldiers, they had meant to shut out the king. On the contrary, when Evelyn attended, the same night, in company with Mr. Walker, a meeting of the sheriff, aldermen, and citizens, at the guard-house, he heard them, in some surprise, adopt two addresses, one "To all Christian People to whom these presents shall come;" another, as in duty bound, to their masters, "The Right Worshipful the Society of London;" both most sincerely shewing, "that no other motives

prompted them to such a resolution but the preservation of their lives against a vast swarm of Highland and Irish papists," and whilst they had resolved to stand upon their guards, and defend their walls, and not admit of any papist whatever to quarter amongst them, so they firmly and sincerely determined to persevere in their duty and loyalty to their sovereign Lord the King, without the least breach of mutiny, or seditious opposition to his royal commands."

No one seemed more anxious than Mr. Walker to express and promulgate these sentiments; and—

"Are you not still content?" he inquired of Evelyn, as they left the council.

"If all I have heard be as true as it professes to be, I can have but slight grounds for disapprobation," he was answered.

Next day, a considerable body of the humbler citizens joined the apprentice boys, and, without pausing for the consent of the still loyal, or timid, or cautious Mr. Deputy Mayor, the magazine was broken open, and between one and two hundred musquets, a barrel of powder, and a proportionate quantity of balls, taken out of

it; the whole stock of powder in store being only seven barrels. Then, lists were made of those in the city able to bear arms, who did not amount to three hundred; and, in pursuance of the resolution expressed in the addresses, but especially to take precautions against the dreaded morrow, the ninth, Mr. Walker and the apprentice boys routed out a whole convent of Dominican friars, with O'Haggerty at their head.

"We have met again, heretic," said the young friar to the protestant clergyman, as he and his confounded brethren stood, preparing to cross the ferry at the river side, "but not on the appointed ground."

"Yet shall that meeting come," answered Walker.

At the same time, all the Roman Catholic residents, who could be discovered, were likewise ordered, without much anxiety about their loss of home, property, or comforts, to quit the city, and after them, of his own accord, the protestant bishop retired to a country seat; one of the many respectable individuals of Derry who sincerely disapproved the steps taken, and still

cherished, at heart, an allegiance to King James.

Some motion was made to detain, in strict custody, the two Irish officers who had been entrapped the preceding day, ostensibly as hostages for the good conduct of the army to which they belonged; but the more wary or timid of the advisers seemed against such a measure; and at the urgent entreaty of Evelyn, they were permitted to rejoin their friends. He was, himself, the bearer of this intelligence to Edmund. The former friends met, with a warm and anxious shew of conciliation on the part of Evelyn, but a haughty and repelling manner on the part of M'Donnell.

"Let us not again part in anger, Edmund," said Evelyn, as he accompanied him and his brother officer to the water-side; "hear what I have to say, and you will at least give me your hand."

"Neither of us have time for private, and, now, useless parley, sir," replied M'Donnell; "every instant spent from my post were error and dishonour; you, too, have your duties to attend to in yon traitor city," his foot was on the

prow of the boat, "but I refuse not my hand; fair foes may at any time exchange a greeting—farewell!"

He took Evelyn's hand, and shook it strenuously. The boat put off; M'Donnell standing up in it, with his back to his old friend; who, in a struggle of offended pride, and bitter, bitter sorrow, remained gazing after it till it had touched the opposite shore, and then mournfully walked back to the city.

As the eve of the dreaded day approached, he found every one in increased bustle and anxiety. The rapid arrival of persons of every rank from the adjacent country, and the certain accounts they gave of the general carnage that was to take place, served, too, to increase the panic, which, among the lower orders at least, had already been sufficiently felt. Lord Antrim's entire regiment remained at the opposite side of the water; and though it was known that they had no guns to make a breach in the walls, still the proximity of such a large body of supposed foes caused unspeakable terror.

When night came on, no one thought of retiring to bed. Lights were placed in every win-

dow; a few guns, the donation of the worshipful London company, were badly mounted on the walls, and pointed, as well as those who knew nothing of the matter, could manage it, towards the hostile shore. Parties of the citizen soldiers, headed by the most mature of the apprentices, patrolled the streets, from gate to gate; other parties held watch on the walls; and thither, too, flocked numbers of the unarmed townspeople, including such of the corporation as had courage for the undertaking, all creeping on hands and knees along the terra plane, under the low curtain of outside wall, and ever and anon peeping over to catch glimpses of the numerous host of wild people, who, having bivouacked for the night, might be indistinctly seen sitting or moving round their fires, to a great distance by the bank of the river.

It was calculated by the most apprehensive, that a first assault should naturally be expected after the twelfth hour at night, in the very infancy of the morn which ushered in the bloody day; and Mr. Walker and other clergymen encouraging this notion, public prayers were of-

fered up in the church, by a vast crowd, at about eleven o'clock; and thus prepared, all who were not appointed to guard the gates and walls, repaired to their separate houses, fortified them as strongly as they could, and in their most secret apartments awaited the approach of midnight.

Twelve o'clock struck; and, not only in every house, but through the whole devoted city, death seemed already to be master, so instantaneous and breathless was the silence. The patroles stopt, and stood without word or motion on their way from gate to gate, and in the full discussion of the all-engrossing topic. On the walls, every eye was turned, and every ear directed to the opposite army; but, after a long pause, instead of the trampling of a thousand men, and the rushing of a host, nought was heard abroad save the tumbling of the wintry waters on the broad river, or on the still broader and more distant lough, or the rushing of the north-west blast over the bleak hills of Inishowen.

And thus, in that strange kind of disappointment which is sometimes waywardly felt at even

our escape from an expected danger, the long December night, or morning rather, wore away, not indeed without sufficient suffering on the part of those whose imaginations made up for the absence of reality.

Soon after day-break, however, more serious cause for alarm seemed to arise. A great stir took place among the lines of the army at the water-side; all got into order, that is, as well as they knew how; and a terrific yell echoed from them to Derry. Again the guns were manned and levelled; again the thrill of terrible expectation ran through the city; when from the walls, a very old gentleman, in civil attire, was seen to advance to the water's edge, and beckon for a boat to convey him over. At another glance, many averred that this was Colonel Philips, of Newtown-Limavady, the same person who had sent them word not to admit the redshanks; and this circumstance once recollected, little opposition was offered to his approach. Arrived within the city, he informed the inhabitants, that the recent movement on the opposite bank was caused by the coming, amongst his regiment, of the Earl of Antrim; that he, Col.

Philips, had been obliged to accompany the earl from Newtown-Limavady, as his envoy to Derry walls; and that, solely in consequence of a promise which he could not refuse to give, he now demanded entrance, in Lord Antrim's name, for himself and his army. Some further hints fully served to restore to confidence with the citizens, a gentleman in whom, on account of his having formerly been governor of their citadel, in the time of Charles the Second, they had much reliance; he was instructed to forbid, by letter, all admission to the Irish army; he was appointed, once more, governor of the city which he had called on to surrender; and finally, having imparted some new and favourable intelligence from England, guns were fired in great triumph and joy upon the walls; and the so much dreaded army instantly marched towards Coleraine, without having committed a single act, among the protestant people scattered around them, to confirm the former terrible opinion in which they had been holden.

After this alarm, the dreaded 9th of December, 1688, passed over quietly in Derry. The night and following morning, too, were undis-

turbed by the approach of any foes to its walls; and now, the most lively general sentiment seemed to be pity and bowel-yearning for the thousands who must have fallen in the open country. But, strange to relate, the fully-risen morning only brought to the gates a number of protestants of the county, who, with eyes and cheeks, to which some spirit and colour had just flown back, informed their astonished and almost incredulous brethren of Derry, that, as far as they knew, not a drop of protestant blood had been shed, in Ulster, the preceding day. Increased intelligence confirmed this statement; so that, by the night of the 11th, the loyal men of Derry seemed no longer warranted, through immediate fear of their lives, in keeping their gates shut against King James's soldiers.

Shut, however, the gates continued to be; and every possible preparation went on to resist the entrance of a Roman Catholic garrison. On the 10th some horse and foot, part of the new levy of the protestant northern association, were marched into the town to assist the citizens, who formed themselves into companies,

commanded by captains, lieutenants, and ensigns, of whom many were chosen from among the apprentice boys; and, at the same time, an agent was despatched to the London society, requesting assistance, and also entrusted with a letter to the secretary of the Prince of Orange.

The example given by Derry becoming a kind of starting post for all the northern protestant spirit, the Antrim Association, headed by Lords Mount Alexander and Blaney, and Sir Arthur Randon, soon after published a politic manifesto, professing no motive but that of self-preservation against the numerous levies of Roman Catholics, while, in the same breath, they too sent a private address to William. The other northern counties followed them; Sligo, though not an Ulster town, also produced a union and an address; Enniskillen, imitating Derry, refused admission to some Roman Catholic soldiers; Coleraine made a defence; and, in a short time, the whole of the north, with the exception of the fort of Charlemont, and a few other strong places, was in the hands of native and self-recruited bodies of protestant soldiers.

To go back a little. Before affairs had taken this formidable appearance, Tyrconnel sent the young and gallant Lord Mountjoy, with a considerable force, to reduce Derry to submission. On the first notice of his approach, the citizens sent him an humble and lachrymose letter, praying his intercession, in their behalf, with the constituted authorities. On his appearance before the town, a capitulation, after some seeming demur, was effected; one highly advantageous to the men of Derry; one that increased their strength with two companies — (but no more)—of protestant soldiers—and one, indeed, that shewed little zeal on the part of Lord Mountjoy for the real service on which he had been despatched. He remained in the city, together with his Lieut.-Col. Lundy.

Soon after his arrival, and a little previous to the manifesto of the Antrim Association, Mr. Walker received a letter, in consequence of which he took his departure from Derry towards his own residence.

"I am now called away," he said to Evelyn, "by high advice, to do good in my own parish. A brave body of men, who honor me by elect-

ing me as their commander, are ready to garrison and keep, against all intruders, the strong place of Dungannon, a check upon any hostile approach northward towards this good city of Derry. God willing, I shall do my best to honor the confidence of my friends, and discharge the duty to which I am appointed. Farewell, my young brother. Have you thoughts when you, too, shall move towards the honorable post of duty and danger?"

"Before I can adopt any such course, Mr. Walker, I am first bound to visit my paternal estate and mansion, now requiring a master's eye, in such agitated times, and after so long an absence."

"It is well," resumed Walker; "and by the time you shall have wound up your affairs, the valiant soldiers whom you are appointed to command will be, perhaps, near you, in the neighbourhood of Lisburn or Hillsborough, where you can join them. There is but one caution I would offer you. Go not alone to your father's house. The scum and outcasts of the papist enemy, under the name of Rapparees or Tories, are unloosed over the face of the country, with-

out hindrance from the more regular papist army—with whom, indeed, their spirit of hatred towards us is identified—and as yet unchecked by honester men. So strong are they in numbers, and so audacious in enterprize, that they have already seized the castle of Monaghan, and other strong places, together with many seats of private gentlemen. Therefore, expose not your life to their cruelty, I say; ride not home unaccompanied; and so, Providence be your shield on the road, and farewell."

Evelyn, resolving to follow this advice, did not, however, leave Derry on his intended journey, till some time after Mr. Walker's departure; the delicate and uncertain state of his sister's health not allowing him immediately to lose sight of her. In the interim he watched the thickening of important events around the walls of Derry. After the promulgation of the Antrim address, Tyrconnel could not avoid becoming seriously alarmed at the growing appearance of affairs in the north; nor did he find much cause to continue his confidence in the new and noble governor of Derry, who, fully sharing the attachment of the citizen sol-

diers, not only allowed them to increase the strength of their position, but zealously superintended or ordered many new arrangements for future defence and resistance. At his instance, a number of useless arms, found in the stores, were repaired; dismounted guns supplied with carriages; a committee appointed to raise funds; some ammunition landed from Scotland; and some more, destined for Lord Antrim, and lying wind-bound on the coast, seized and deposited in the magazine.

The always rash and violent Lord Lieutenant, seeing the error he had committed, by sending such a man to such a place, now recalled him. Lord Mountjoy was advised by many friends not to obey the summons; fearing the consequences of Tyrconnel's vengeance, he went, however, leaving behind him, as governor, and in lieu of Col. Philips, his Lieut. Col. Lundy, a man, by the way, in whom the citizens had less confidence; arrived in Dublin, Lord Mountjoy was sent to France, on an errand to James; accounts add, that, the moment he arrived in Paris, he was shut up in the Bastille, and however authentic this story may be, it

served, when known or reported in Derry, to confirm in the breasts of the sturdy citizens, an indignant determination of resistance.

At this juncture, Evelyn, attended by two well-armed men, set out, in a southern direction through the province of Ulster, to visit his house on the banks of Lough Neagh. He had not been uninterested by the progress of events around him; nor could we refuse to allow, even in a work like this, more historical correctness of detail than they have yet found, to the affairs of a place, which, however inconsiderable it may be, and however unimportant or ridiculous might have seemed the beginning of its resistance, carried on a struggle, that first helped to insure to an adventurous prince the crown of three kingdoms.

CHAPTER IV.

Evelyn had left uncle Jeremiah and Oliver Whittle particularly in charge of his house: a good number of servants remained in it, but Oliver, as steward, major-domo, and factotum, commanded them all; while Jerry still overtopped him, as representative of the proprietor.

It was early in March that Evelyn bent his way homeward: March had, this year, "come in like a lamb," so that the weather proved very agreeable for, at least, the rapid and blood-stirring kind of travel he adopted. The evening of the second day brought him in sight of his house; and at a petty hamlet, about three miles distant from it, just as a young moon rose to assert her empire over the twilight, Evelyn, so far unmolested on the road, dismissed his armed attendants, and fearing little through a neighbourhood where he was so well

known, and where friends abounded, pushed on alone towards his country mansion.

The road, within half a mile, commanded a view of it; and Evelyn paused to contemplate, after so long an absence, the roof that had protected his childhood, and the scenery that was so familiar to his eye. Although day had entirely sunk, the clear light of the moon, shining full upon every feature, allowed him sufficient opportunity for his survey. It was a house, built, we may almost say, in England, like many northern Irish houses of that period; that is, its wooden frame, its interior divisions, its flooring, wainscoting, door, and windows, &c., had been constructed and adapted to each other in England; so that when afterwards conveyed by the English colonist to Ireland, he had but to choose a favorable spot of ground, put together his skeleton house upon it, build between the wooden compartments of the outside frame, with brick and mortar; plaister over what he had built, leaving the wooden divisions still distinctly visible; and the result was an ordinary country mansion of that day, not unaptly styled calimanco work, such

as he had been used to, for a half a century, in the sister country

At a house of this kind, then, Evelyn was looking. He could recognize the woodbine-covered window, in the second story, which lighted his old sleeping-chamber; the large bow windows of the drawing-room, and of his father's study; the porched door under the middle one, with seats in the porch; at the gate nearest the house, the horse-block, by means of which, his father, in his old age, and himself, in his childhood, gained their saddles; the court, planted round with evergreens; the park, extending at each side of the building, once well-stocked, as Evelyn recollected, with hares and rabbits, and a few deer, inclosing two fish-ponds, and running, at the back of the house, against a gentle acclivity, thickly and tastily planted, which gave shelter from the rude blasts that occasionally swept the bosom of the adjacent Lough Neagh; while, to complete the picture, that vast sheet of water could be seen, over house, acclivity, trees, and all, spreading to a great distance in the moonlight, but now only dimpling and trembling under its ray, as

an evening breeze fluttered across its surface.

As Evelyn continued to regard this scene, he was struck with an unusual blaze of light in the lower windows of the house, which belonged to the hall and parlour. It seemed as if a great entertainment was going on; for, as the servants had their own hall, that in question was never so gaily lit up, except when periodical feastings were given to the surrounding tenantry. This was bad housekeeping, he thought, on the part of uncle Jerry, or of Oliver, or of both, in his absence; and feeling some little anger and impatience, he gave spurs to his horse, anxious to view and reprehend such unthrifty, and, indeed, unwarrantable stewardship.

Arrived at the gate which led into the straight approach to the house, he found it flung wide open; here was very culpable negligence, too, in such unsettled times. But as he looked up the little avenue, getting an unobstructed view of the house itself, his wonder increased to observe the hall-door open also, while, through it, as well as through the windows of the hall, he now caught the faces and figures of a number of men, seemingly making very merry at his ex-

pense, and without his invitation. Continuing to look on in surprise and wrath, a new incident changed his sensations, by startling him. All along the avenue, the moon's rays were interrupted by the arching sycamores over head; half way on, however, owing to a deficiency in the line of trees, a pure stream of moonlight swept across, shewing silver white in contrast with the red glare from the house; and, Evelyn's eye was struck with the figure of a man, who, starting into this vivid light, looked sharply around him, and then, his steel cap glimmering as he moved, crossed and disappeared among the stems, where the shadow was impenetrable.

Hastily taking a pistol from his holster, Evelyn dashed forward. At the first plunge, he came violently in contact with some heavy obstacle in mid air, which, striking against his breast and face, sent steed and rider a step backward. He re-advanced more cautiously, and looked close, to discover what interrupted his career. A moment's inspection shewed him the legs of a man, covered with prodigious jackboots. They swung to and fro, as if in conse-

quence of their late service; and Evelyn, looking up, became aware that they belonged to a dead body which hung by the neck from the arm of a sycamore. He strove to recognize the face; and the moon, darting through a favorable aperture between the arching boughs, shone full on the convulsed and disfigured features of poor Oliver Whittle.

This spectacle checked Evelyn's ardour: bringing a suspicion, too, that the guests in his hall had come without invitation from his hitherto faithful steward. Even uncle Jerry began to find an apology in his nephew's thoughts, who now, indeed, could not help surveying the other trees around him, in a misgiving that from one of them might append the goodly bulk of his affectionate, and, with many faults, beloved relative. As he and his horse stood stock-still, the propriety of making the best of his way back to the village also occurred to Evelyn; and he cautiously turned the animal's head to the avenue gate, and walked him softly a few steps upon the velvet sward, near the trees, in order to avoid the sounding of his hoofs on the middle of the way. But the ave-

nue gate appeared occupied by six or seven men, standing, indeed, quietly, and with their backs turned to him, but by no means inviting approach, under all the circumstances. Evelyn stopped, therefore, a second time, and hoping he had not been perceived, quietly dismounted, tied his horse to a tree, and stealing, in the deep shadow, by the wall, that at a little distance from the trees bounded the avenue, made way to an opening in it, with which he was well acquainted, resolving to escape thereby into the park, and so, if possible, into the country. He gained the opening; got a view of the faintly-marked path, that amid groups of light trees and tufts of bushes, wandered over the park, and was just about to enter, when, within the grounds, there appeared another man slowly walking onward, his back turned, and a carbine rested on his arm. Once more Evelyn gave up his plan; but darting across the avenue, ran to a second opening, in the opposite wall, which served as a short way to the kennels, dove-cotes, and other petty out-offices. Exactly at the far side of this gap stood another stranger; his regards seemingly fixed on the starry hea-

vens; pistols in his belt, and a half-pike in his hand; while, further on, a new group of persons conversed, in whispers, in the moonlight. Really alarmed, Evelyn stepped back, and threw a hasty glance up and down the avenue. Now his eye caught, or he thought it did, more and more forms of men, gliding in the shadow among the stems of the trees, or standing stationary between them. Confused, if not terror-stricken, his head grew dizzy, for an instant; and this gradual closing in upon him of so many mysterious individuals, gave something of the sensation of a wild and awful dream.

As he stood, leaning against a tree—

"Go on," said a deep voice, very near him.

He started, but remained where he was; suspecting that his over-wrought feelings had deceived his ear.

"Go on, as you're bid," repeated another voice, in a tree over his head.

"Whither?"—he asked, now certain of the reality of the words.

"To the house, to be sure," he was answered, "where you'll get a welcome, an' *cead-mille-phalteagh.*"

Still he hesitated, naturally enough.

"*Dhar-a-chreesth!*—why don't you go on?"—cried another invisible neighbour, angrily: and—"go on!"—was repeated by many voices, at different distances. "You're expected," they added.

Evelyn at last moved towards the house, not very certain of the welcome he was promised: nor, indeed, of his way thither. In perfect safety he entered, however, the gate that terminated the avenue before the house, and stood to observe, more closely, the people in the hall. They drank, or spoke, or laughed, uninterruptedly. Among the voices he caught some female tones, loud in hilarity, although he could not see the speakers. In the doorway, and in each side of the porch, appeared a crowd of persons, drinking and conversing too, who either did not or would not notice his coming: but as he stood in the deep shade of the evergreens that ran all around him, perhaps they really did not perceive him.

A last thought of escape occurred to Evelyn. Near at hand, the thick rows of bushes divided, and allowed a passage behind them,

which, sweeping by the sides of the mansion, communicated with the grove on the hill at its back. In a moment he had cautiously entered this break; and in another had gained the rear of the house, where no ray of moonlight disturbed the profound darkness. With a beating heart he stept lightly along the narrow path, scarce finding, among a double row of evergreens, room to make way, when a strong hand grasped his collar, and a rude voice said, though not threateningly—

"Stop, man—where 'ud you be going?"

"Unhand me, fellow," cried Evelyn—"I wished to enter my house."

"Only you missed the way," resumed the man, relaxing, though not relinquishing his hold, "an' more shame fur you, that ought to know id betther: bud I'll find it out, to oblige you, any how: an' you'd betther be said and led by a friend, nor vex them that has you well watched, whichever way you turn."

Evelyn accordingly retraced his steps to the front of the house, and finally entered. As he passed the porch, the men who occupied

it, and whom he could now perceive were, in various ways, rudely armed, rose up, to his great surprise, doffed their steel-caps, or pent-house hats, and inclining their wild shock-heads, bid him welcome in a southern brogue: but whether they jested or no, Evelyn's confusion did not allow him to determine. The hall was full of strange people, of the same appearance, some seated round the large oak table; some grouped in corners; and some stretched out upon the ample brick hearth, basking in the light of a mighty fire, made of the roots of trees and other logs; or engaged in caressing or playing with the hounds, mastiffs, and terriers which Evelyn had left behind, all then faithful to him, but which now seemed so much fascinated with the new comers, as not to have time to notice his entrance, or else to notice it by snarling, barking, or baying only. Other followers, too, did not seem a whit more faithful. Mixed with the men, in remote parts of the hall, he observed a number of athletic, broad-shouldered, sun-burnt, and wildly-habited women, evidently their associates; and here

and there, the maidens and matrons of his own establishment, laughing and giggling, and as happy as happy could be.

His conductor having stopped in the hall to communicate with the few who seemed interested about his entrance, Evelyn was afforded time to make and continue his observations; and as he took care to keep himself enveloped in his large riding-cloak, he was also enabled to look about him without fear of recognition from his own former servants. Sad havoc seemed to have taken place on every side. The old broad-swords, partisans, and daggers, the fishing-rods and spears, and, above all, the flitches of bacon, had disappeared from over the huge mantelpiece; the hawks, from their perches, at one end of the extensive apartment; the hawking and hunting-poles, from their rests; the portrait of Queen Elizabeth from its recess; the Book of Martyrs lay, half-burnt, at the back of the fire; the fox and otter-skins had descended from the walls to grace the heads—after having been fashioned into rude caps—of the unwelcomed guests around;—King Charles's Golden Rules, and a few antlers, were the only

ornaments that remained; and then the flagged floor was strewn with half-picked bones and with wine-cups; and along the walls had been ranged, to save trouble to the butler, casks of good wine and ale, and kegs of brandy, to which man and woman recurred at pleasure.

The dogs, of different degrees, now beginning to recognize their old master, Evelyn was glad when his conductor at last ended his conference with his friends, and advanced, by his side, towards the parlour, into which a door opened from one end of the hall. Notwithstanding fears for his own personal safety, Evelyn's saddest reflection, up to this moment, had been caused by uncertainty as to the fate of his uncle Jeremiah; arrived within a step of the half-open door, however, and able to see into the parlour, apprehensions for his life yielded to the wildest wonder to see him living, situated and engaged as Jerry now presented himself. But before we come to him, it is convenient to notice the whole company of the room, and, at the same time, its own present appearance.

The Turk-wrought chain, which had fur-

nished the parlour, was wantonly destroyed; and with a swelling and indignant heart, Evelyn beheld, reduced to tatters, the numerous portraits of his ancestors, strewed upon the oaken floor, or flung into the corners; though if true taste for the arts alone influenced his feelings, the destruction of such an everlasting corps of shepherds and shepherdesses, wearing full-bottomed peruques and court suits, while they performed sentiment with crooks in their hands, could not have caused him much regret. At different tables sat about ten men, more regularly habited than those in the hall, and with an air that approached near to respectability—particularly one short, slight, well-made young person, with a handsome, high-coloured face, well-marked nose and mouth, and a keen, glancing blue eye, who seemed to command the groups around him; but, like the meanest of their companions, all in the parlour indulged freely in libations; their wine-cups and liquor-glasses, mixed up on the tables with hawks' hoods and bells,—some of the articles they had found in the house—and with dice and cards,

pipes and skeins—some that they had brought into it.

Stretched out at full length on the hearth, that here, also, was very ample, and paved with brick, lay a man of unusual, indeed almost gigantic proportions, his vast chest and shoulders corresponding to an extent of figure that could not be less than six feet and a half, and his arms and lower limbs perhaps too bulky and fleshy. His dress was superior to that of any around him; being formed of a complete breast and back piece, brightly burnished; a buff coat, curiously wrought about the sleeves and skirts; horseman's boots, well spurred; a sash; and by his side, a fashionably cocked and flapped military hat, with a fine plume in it; altogether he bore the appearance of a military officer of rank; and, as Evelyn perceived, slept profoundly.

Of the other ten or dozen men in the room, half were sitting at the walls, paying gallant attention to some fresh-faced and comely young lasses, who had joined them from the neighbourhood, or who belonged to their own com-

munity; while all talked or laughed loudly two or three, male and female, sang out together; and now, and at length, comes in the first group that struck Evelyn's eye; namely, his uncle Jerry, sitting between the plump housekeeper, and our former acquaintance, Rory-na-choppel, or the Whisperer, one hand round the matron, and the other hand affectionately clasping that of the Rapparee, as, over and over, Jerry praised a song he had lately performed, and gently urged him to repeat it.

"Songs I have heard," he said, "by sea and land, from Turk, Jew, and Christian, of every sect and country, but that song, excellent Rory, surpasseth them all."

As Evelyn entered, his conductor announced him, in a few words of Irish; and the first person who took notice of his presence, was the quick-eyed young man, already spoken of, who, starting from his seat, advanced, in a French style of courtesy, and with many welcomes offered his hand. Evelyn, his spirit and indignation at last superior to his personal apprehensions, haughtily stept back; at which the

young man drew up, even more proudly, frowned, let fly a dangerous glance at his visitor, and quickly resumed his seat.

"Musha, welcome, an' a thousand welcomes," cried the Whisperer, nearly at the same moment; "sure it's joy is in our hearts to see you here, agin, when we thought you left home, fur good-an'-all."

"Hollo—a!" piped Jerry, staggering a little, (as he relinquished the housekeeper's waist,) and, by such an usual symptom, giving omen of how vast and deep had been his libations—"Nephew of my heart, welcome amongst us."

As, with some tacking, he steered forward, Evelyn lost all self-command, and—

"Wretched man!" he cried, "where and with whom do I find you?"

"Where!" repeated Jerry—"where but in the old ship still, sticking to her thro' all weathers—and with whom? with honest fellows, trust me."

"What, sir? is this your natural feeling—not to say duty—in your brother's house—carousing and clasping hands with its plunderers?"

"Have a care, young gentleman," cried the

person Evelyn had just offended, starting in his seat, and grasping a pistol that was in his belt.

"Asy, a-vich, asy," said the Whisperer—"say as little as you can of your own friends:" and—

"What could I do?" asked Jerry—"what would you have me do?—I fought them fairly while we could give a broadside—I met them, foot to foot, as they boarded us—and two of 'em could tell you as much, only they can't speak, for the life of 'em, at present—and so could Magog, himself, there, if he was awake, seeing he still bears a compliment from my hanger."

"It's God's thruth, every word," interrupted the Whisperer—"a betther man, fur the little iv him that's in id, never broke bread, or throd in shoe-leather."

"And," continued Jerry, "when the devil himself, had he been captain, could have worked ship no longer—when there wasn't a cartridge left in the powder-room, nor a hand left on deck but Noll and myself—what could brave man do but strike?—And there, again—when they boarded us, like gentlemen, and were for remembering our good services, and treating us

kindly—brave foes, brave friends, you know, the wide seas over—and—a word in your ear—when I saw Noll dangling from the yard-arm, because after striking, he was too serious, and thought to break treaty—and, especially, when they were all hearty lads, hand and palm, and cup to cup with me—what was to be done, I say?—would you have me follow Noll by the cat-head?—or worse—would you have me be the only sad heart amongst merry men, and honest fellows, nephew?—you know I never liked that."

"Honest!" resumed Evelyn—"tell me, uncle Jeremiah—how long has this happened?—how long has my father's house been a thieves' barrack?—how long have I been a ruined man?"

"Speak lower still, nephew, and I will try to tell you; let me see:—the first night, we got through the cask of Burgundy; that was of a Wednesday, I think; the next night, the Geneva was out—I believe, the next, but I don't pretend to be sure; the night after, the Canary ran dry—I thought there had been more of it; that must have been on the Saturday—and stay—what day is this?—Monday, I opine; but, in

fact, nephew, there has been such running of day into night, and thereby of one day into another, with, as you see, some running from the wine-casks, that you will excuse me in the matter of extreme particularity."

"Pray, inform me, Mr. Rory-na-choppel," continued Evelyn, turning away in disgust from his uncle—"on what day was I first honored with this visit?—you, I presume, are master here," he added, recollecting the transcendant fame of Rory.

"No, then, I am not, an' fur why or fur what should I?" answered the Whisperer, meekly—"sure I'm no mere nor fit to help my betthers, now an' then, wid the little janious that God ga' me, an' only fur id, mightn't I die, like an ould horse, in the ditch; poor Rory is only the *dochthoor-na-choppel*,* you see, wid a little to do in the way iv providin' bastes, an' a thing o' the kind, fur the army; mysef believes it 's the commissareate you call it; bud the genteel that spoke you so fair, a-comin' in, an' a genteel he is, sure, if his own sef tells the story"—(winking shrewdly)—"he 's the

* Horse-doctor.

captain; a good mother's son; butther wouldn't melt in his mouth, he 's so quiet when you don't put the anger on him; bud you'd rather not stand in his way if he war angry; an', then, the gineral, entirely, is that weeny garçoon, lyin' asleep forninst the fire; no great things at the tongue, an' as soft as a child at the breast; a great big slob, you'd think; only he'd walk by a stone-wall, the day long, an' never take a bite out iv id, if he war ever so hungry, I'm thinkin."

"I have asked you," said Evelyn, assuming indifference, though he really was not indifferent to Rory's indication, in his own way, of the characters of those with whom he found himself called to deal—"I have asked you to inform me how long it is since your party has visited my house?"

"Five days, exactly," answered the captain, who had overheard the question.

"And how long am I to be indulged with your company, gentlemen?" he continued.

"That will depend on the state of things abroad, and on the will of our general," answered the same person.

"I am anxious—naturally, you will say—to

get a little more information, sir. I am anxious to know to what extent my property has been of use to you; and how far, after your departure, at your own good leisure, my private coffers may still administer to my wants."

"Private convenience," replied the captain, "must, on all occasions of public need, be little considered; the ready cash you speak of has, of course, been appropriated to the carrying on of a war against the traitors and enemies of King James's crown and person."

"And I am left a beggar," said Evelyn.

"I regret it, sir; but you should have remained at home to protect your property by your presence. When you fled to the rebel city, your whole possessions became forfeited, in consequence of the new and wholesome law, recently promulgated in the name of our zealous lord-lieutenant, which dooms to confiscation the house and estates of all fugitives."

"Giving you, and such as you, the right to execute the confiscation?"

"Me! and such as I!—what mean you, master Evelyn, by that particularity?"

"I believe you hold no command or commission from King James, or his lieutenant," an-

swered Evelyn, his ruined prospects making him rash and desperate—"to authorize you in carrying into effect the edicts of either, and I know that the justice of your country is, even now, preparing to hunt you down for such interference with its mandates: deceive me not—I am aware of your character."

"Not so, by heaven, when you dare rouse it by speech like this!" cried the captain, jumping up, drawing his sword, and cutting at Evelyn. But Evelyn, snatching another sword from the table, was on his guard, so that nothing resulted from the young man's attack but a loud clash of their weapons. At the same moment there was another jingle of arms—and—

"What's this?" cried the hitherto sleeping giant at the hearth, gathering up his unwieldy length of limbs, and striding forward—"Pace! pace! pace is best;—pace, little Captain Willy,"—twirling him by the neck to the far end of the room.

"Bravo, bully Magog!" cried Jerry, "bravo, noble Goliath!—and now, welcome my nephew home, and tell him whether or no the old ship struck at your first summons."

"—Hah—eh—aye—who is the new comer?"

asked the person addressed, staring stupidly at Evelyn, and now and then rubbing his eyes and yawning—"your nephew, truly, little admiral? —welcome he is, then, and welcome let him be; welcome as the flowers o' May"—and the Rapparee general seized Evelyn's hand in his, with a grasp that almost crushed it.

"You know me, don't you?" he continued, observing Evelyn's cool and offended manner.

"I have not that honor," he was answered.

"Heard you ever, then, of a man of some size, called Galloping Hogan, youngster?"

Evelyn readily assented, as, indeed, he had, from many sources, become acquainted with the prowess of that king of southern Rapparees.

"He stands before you, and offers you his hand," continued this dangerous person—"do you refuse it?"—Evelyn thought proper to allow his words and actions to answer in the negative.

"Galloping Hogan they call me," continued his new friend, "because, though a heavy man, put me on the back of a good horse, suited to me in bone and muscle, and, it is no boast to say, I can cover you as much ground,

when need is, on advance or retreat, as courier or confidential messenger, as the lightest hop-o'-my-thumb jockey from the Causeway to the Devil's Punch-bowl; such sarvice coming by nature to me, afther a manner, since my campaigns in the Low Countries, from a boy up. You have seen foreign parts, Master Evelyn?"

"Yes; but not on military service."

"The more the pity; it forms a man's hand for his work, at home, so dacently;—here 's your weeny lump of an uncle, now, could never have done such nate business against us, t'other day, only for a thing o' the kind; and, salvation to my sowl, but I'll be witness for him to the end o' the world, that there isn't a handier bit of a crature on Ireland's ground, this blessed morning—"

"Evening, general," interrupted Jeremiah.

"Don't mind him," said the Whisperer—"it 's the dead o' the night that 's in id, gineral, honey."

"Morning, night, or evening, as it may be," continued Jerry—"here 's my nephew, brother, would say you boarded us with our free will."

"How comes this rent in my buff, then?"—

asked Hogan, holding out his left arm to Evelyn —" as I hope to be saved, the little round man cut me down two tall fellows on the threshold, before my face, and, as I came in, myself, ran me his point through and through the muscle of this arm; my wonder being how could he reach so high, until I recollected that he had the two steps of the porch-door to help him half-ways up to me: so, no more talking about that; all was fair and dacent; give and take on both sides; clean work, and who-should, for it; and, since I and my boys won the inside o' your house, nothing but love and liking, between us, and welcome he was to the best of every thing, along with us; and the same welcome for you, on his account, at present. Only one little bit o' bother happened; an ould follower o' yours had the impidence to break faith with us, after all was over; so the Whisperer was forced to take care of him, outside o' the house; he 's handy at a matter o' the kind, along with every thing else"—Rory grinned his thanks for this flattery—" and maybe you met him on your way up the avenue."

" He did meet him," said the man who had

ushered Evelyn in—" while we watched fur master Evelyn as you bid us, gineral, we saw them meeting together."

" You had notice of my approach, then?"—asked Evelyn, of the general.

"To be sure we had, avich; and of every step you took on the road; do you think you could get inside the first gate, if we didn't like it? Sure all I feared was that you might run back from us, the way you came, and we all so ager to make you welcome. And now let us think of a bit of supper—it 's past the time for it; but a nate supper there 's ordered, to entertain you; I thank my God I know good things—where 's that wizen-faced witch of a cook?"—a subaltern went out to seek her—" and, first, Master Evelyn, the welcome cup—do you say a rummer of Cognac, or a stoup of Claret, or Canary?"

" The Canary is out," said Jerry.

" Then a cup of Sack, or Vin-de-cahors?—all are at your service, Master Evelyn."

Evelyn declining the several liquors mentioned, named a glass of Champagne, which with considerable courtesy was immediately placed before him; and when his host had pledged

him in a bumper of Claret, toasting, "to their better acquaintance," the cook appeared at the door, superintending the entrance of supper. The moment the poor woman's eye met that of her old master, she stood, stock-still, pale as death, and evidently trembling, not for her own safety.

"Walk over here with yourself, misthress cook, honey, and don't be standing there with a face that 'ud make a dog strike his father," resumed Gallopping Hogan; "and, moreover, take care, I advise you, of the dishes in your hands: aye; now you find the use of your legs; put 'em down, there, purtily;—that will do;—now, the little fellows; one, two, three; very good again,—and so, Master Evelyn, take your sate, and your fillin'; Captain Willy, come out o' that corner, and lave over playin' with the snaphance of your petronel; little Admiral Jerry, the best sate for you; Rory, a-vich-machree, draw near; gintlemen, all, to supper."

The table soon became full; Evelyn not venturing to decline the seat, or the fare, so generously offered.

"Them capons has a pleasant look and smell,

about 'em," continued the host, going through all this without the slightest affectation; indeed, his heavy nature knew nothing of the word; "Ensign Turlough's pet flitch, and Thady's leg of mutton are nice, too;—the pigeons not to be faulted, either; nor the salmon, either; but, still, the capons for me;—stop a bit; sit down a minute, misthress cook, and swallow, as fast as you can, a man's share of every thing you lay before us; it's an honour we pay you every day, you know, for a little raison we have; tho' since Master Evelyn is our guest to day, the ceremony might be overlooked maybe; no matter; betther sure than sorry; swallow, misthress; and, fast, fast, or you'll be starvin' us."

The cook obeyed and left the room.

"And now, master," resumed Hogan, addressing Evelyn, "welcome again, and fall to; and deny me not that the supper I have ordered for you, with an after-relish of neats' tongues and caviare, while we sip our wine, does not disgrace my knowledge or my breeding."

"It's manners to taste, bud not make a male," said the Whisperer, conveying a pigeon to his trencher.

"Lay hoult o' the flitch, Turlough," cried a hungry fellow.

"Make mooch o' yourself, Thady," said a second Rapparee officer to a third at his elbow.

"Och, I'm atin' for bets," answered Thady.

"Who's at the out-post?" inquired the general, after he had somewhat satisfied his hunger.

"Johnny Donellan," answered the Whisperer.

"A good watch," observed Hogan.

"Never a betther," replied Rory—"he'd know a Sassenach's skhin, dryin' on a bush."

The supper was over; the relish, too, passed away; the Champagne was unwired; the Claret bumpers were quaffed; when two harpplayers took their places at the parlour door.

"A dance, a dance!" cried Jerry, "a hall, a hall!" many voices joined him; and those in the other apartment catching the sounds, the answering cheer became uproarious.

"A dance, then," said the general, slowly rising; "tho' I will but suit partners, myself, and look on; seeing that your Irish jig is accounted too vulgar, and, mayhap, too brisk in move-

ment, for one of my quality and weight; did your poor musicians know any thing of the French chausée or borée, I were likely to join you;" it will be seen that the speaker uttered, at different times, the true brogue he had imbibed in his childhood, and the tolerable English his after-intercourse with the world had taught him, just as the humours of familiarity or dignity were for a moment uppermost.

All moved out to the hall, Evelyn inclusive; the general, as he had promised, made partners; Evelyn, wondering at the scene, and inclined, in the midst of his better feelings, to laugh at the figure he cut in it, was introduced to a southern girl, of some beauty, whose glance at him told strangely of coquetry and recognition; Jerry was constant to the housekeeper; about a dozen couple, altogether, stood ready to obey the first sound of the harper's wire; and "Strike out!" cried Gallopping Hogan; when, anticipating more gentle music, a hideous bellowing was heard abroad, equal to the roar of some dozen mad-bulls; and, in an instant after, a man rushed into the hall, yelling forth, "The Sassenachs!"

"I knew it," said Hogan, "by your signal horns—silence!" as the throng of women in the hall gave meet response to the noise abroad —"silence and hear my orders—but first, how far are they off, Johnny Donellan?"

"About three miles, when I saw 'em from the hill."

"How many?"

"The double of us, I think."

"Horsemen or foot-soldiers?"

"All horsemen—I seen them blackenin' the road in the moonshine."

"Half our men to horse, then; half of them, again, to the first gate of the avenue, the other to the second gate; let the rest of the men stay in the house; a dozen, only, to watch at the back; but, first of all, let hatchet, saw, and pickaxe, and every man that hears me, work, work, work, for the dear life, to tear up the ground before both gates, and fell trees and bushes to choak them—speed, speed!" the hall was cleared, in obedience to his orders; the Whisperer only staid with him.

"They will give us time for this," the general continued, "because they will advance cau-

tiously; or our ambushed picquets and vedettes will make them give us time. You, Master Evelyn, are to remain by my side; fear nothing —we have faced greater odds before now, and won the battle; if they force in upon us, I will still bother them; the house over my head shall burn to charcoal ere they possess it; fear nothing."

Evelyn only wondered by what persuasion of reason, this speech—if the speaker was really serious—could be meant to allay his fears; but he did not know the character of the man who addressed him; and who—in downright earnest indeed—spoke of Evelyn's house as his own, from the moment it had fallen into his hands.

"And then, as to a retreat," he continued, "my name is not Gallopping Hogan, if I forget how that used to be managed."

All this time his vacant length of visage underwent no change; his large staring grey eyes only roved from one face to another around him, as was their wont; his jaw continued dropt, his mouth open; his neck stooped between his high shoulders; and altogether he gave the appearance of a man completely free from agitation or excitement.

"You want a straight blade," he went on, "and do you fight with petronel and dagger, also?"

"Though I believe I am no coward," answered Evelyn, "I should prefer, if you please, not to fight at all, on this occasion."

"Why so?" demanded Hogan, staring at him.

"If you bring to mind the peculiarity of my situation, you need scarce ask me," Evelyn replied, "some of my former friends, perhaps, are approaching."

"And that's true, sure enough," casting his his heavy eyes a moment on the ground, "here, O'Moore; stand by Master Evelyn, in this window, and if you see us beaten, shoot him on the spot;" and he strode out, leaving Evelyn in charge with a fellow scarce inferior in stature to himself, and well armed; while from the moment he had entered the house, the prisoner remained defenceless.

The moon had by this time almost set; yet in the waning light it still afforded, Evelyn could discern through the window, a crowd of men toiling at the far gate of the avenue to

throw up the bank and abattus their general had ordered. A deep line of horsemen formed behind them. At the near gate, the lights from the house, together with the brands which flamed on the spot, and which were holden mostly by the wild looking women attached to the band of Rapparees, more plainly showed the operations there carried on. And, in the midst of his people Gallopping Hogan soon appeared, striding about from point to point, and issuing his orders with his usual coolness, indeed almost indifference.

Many hands make light work; and Evelyn beheld, in the utmost surprise, that, by the hundreds of strong men engaged in the task, the preparations for defence were already nearly completed, before his eye or ear could catch any signal of the arrival of the enemy. Yet all was not perfectly arranged, perhaps, at the far gate, when a rush of horses came in that direction, and then a cheer from the assaulters, and a yell of defiance from the Rapparees, burst on the night, and the flashing and report of pistols and carbines were, almost at the same moment, seen and heard. The men on foot

who had been working at the rude entrenchments, ran up the avenue, got inside the second line of horsemen who stood, headed by Hogan, behind the second abattus, and joining their other dismounted comrades at that point, rushed in to garrison the house.

"Something is as it shouldn't just be, at the end gate," said Evelyn's guard, glaring ominously at him, as he examined the priming of his pistol.

"I hope you may be mistaken," said Evelyn, "none of your horsemen flinch a step; and, even suppose they do, no danger of defeat is to be reckoned on, while your general remains at the head of his second line, and is so well protected by the trees and earth-work."

"I don't know how that is," said the fellow, coolly and carelessly, as if, having his own work to do, the action abroad concerned him only as it regarded the fulfilment of his orders.

"And more be the shame on you, Deermid O'Moore," cried a girl, who had advanced to the window, in the recess of which guard and prisoner stood: she was the same whom Hogan had presented to Evelyn, as a partner, and who,

we should have mentioned, seemed much flattered by the arrangement.

"Set off wid yourself afther the women, Moya Laherty," said O'Moore, "they're far wid the road by this time—be movin'."

"Be movin' your own sef, Darby," retorted Moya, in the flippancy of an assured beauty of humble degree, "or else, don't be talkin' of killin' the poor young genteel afore his time."

This might have been meant for Evelyn's comfort, but the downright allusion it contained, had a very different effect.

"Don't you be makin' a ballour o' your mother's daughther," resumed Deermid, "what duv you know about killin' a man, or a genteel either?"

"Nothin' at all, for pace sake; any thing to plase you, Deermid a-roon; will you taste?" holding out a can of wine.

"Not that—but somethin' else, if you're so civil, Moya."

"Musha, what a beau your granny was," said Moya, in her own elegant irony, "an' that's all you'd be axin', is id?"

"Take yoursef out o' my way then," resumed Deermid, in a sulk.

" My mammy she bet me, an' well she knew how,
For stayin' out, dancin' the one-horun cow,"

was Moya's only reply, as she faced him, playing off saucy airs of flirtation with her head and eyes, and moving her feet to the verse she sang.

" You won't, won't you?" he asked, advancing on her.

" You don't know what I'll be afther doin' for you; whisper a bit, Deermid," as she wound her arms through his.

Deermid held his ear, and grinned delight.

" Whisht! we ought to be on the look out, tho'," he resumed, as a second cheer broke from the assailants at the end of the avenue, and two full volleys succeeded to the dropping fire that, for the last few minutes, had been heard.

" The boys gi' them never an answer," Deermid continued.

" Nien;" said Moya, " they're too hard at their work to mind 'em; bud, stop now a-cuishla," clinging close to him, as if for support, " my sowl to glory if they don't gallop up to the house—hould yoursef asy, Deermid," as he struggled to free his arm, his eyes fixed on Evelyn.

Wrought upon by the sounds of retreat abroad, as well as by the dialogue he heard, the spasm-terror of death came on Evelyn's heart; his temples grew moist, his eyes swam, and he was obliged to lean against the walls of the window-recess for support.

"An' they don't run away, afther all," Moya rejoined, "barrin' it 's only fur fun, like—see, Deermid, honey, Captain Willy draws 'em up, agin, acrass the middle o' the avenue."

"An' now cum the Sassenachs, to thry 'em another bout," said O'Moore—"they only waited to form themsefs afther breakin' the fence-work—*curp-an-duoul!*—what a power of 'em is in id!—an' look at their ginerals an' captains."

"Look—above all the rest—at the dark man that rides on afore his sodgers—see, now, he is the first to lep his horse agin our men—Christ save us!—that 's frightful."

"He 's the red divil, I believe," cried Deermid—"while the two throops is at their work, *threena-chela*,* look how he lays round him—a man down fur every slash—witherin' to his arm!—it 'll be the ruin iv us."

"Never say id!"—cried Moya, clapping her

* Pell-mell.

hands, while an arm was still passed through one of her companion's—" Captain Willy picks him out, now—power to your elbow, captain, jewell! och,—the Willy you war."

Evelyn, excited beyond the momentary influence of his first natural fears, had started to the window.

" Duv you know that dark man, that now crosses his sword wid the captain?"—O'Moore demanded of him. Evelyn looked attentively; the flaring light from the house fully illuminated the faces and figures of the combatants;—and—

" That man I know," he answered, fixing, in rallied spirits, a watchful glance on his guard.

" Betther fur you if you never did know him," observed Deermid, as he again peered out—" by the mother o' saints, Captain Willy is down at the first thrust!"

" What's the matther for that?" exclaimed Moya—" the gineral has his fresh men, yet—all's not lost that's in danger."

" All must be lost," replied O'Moore—" the gineral's throop isn't one to ten agin the Sassenachs—an' see!—now he's left alone wid that

throop only at his side—Captain Willy's men are breakin' off thro' the gaps in the avenue wall,—or thro' the thick o' the Sassenachs, down to the far gate—or across the last fence—God's curse on their heads!—to thrample it down, an' make it asy fur their enemies—lave my way, Moya!"—she had got between him and Evelyn —"let us do our gineral's biddin, an' then take care iv oursefs!—stand a one side, I say!—the men in the house are quittin' id"—his eyes turned on his prisoner; Evelyn, now collected, and resolved on a struggle for life, rivetted his on the pistol, watching its motions.

"Look, yet!" still cried Moya, struggling with him, as she still strove to look out—"they're not over the fence, yet—an' it's harder fur 'em, now, wid the hapes o' dead men an' horses—now they thry id—now!"

"An now they crass id!"—roared O'Moore, as another tremendous shout and a full volley echoed abroad—"see what a gap that volley makes in our last line—an' see that born divil, yet—see how he mows 'em down!—three times the gineral and he met, but the hurry parted them."

" They meet agin, Deermid!"

" They do—bud he gets off agin!—an' now the gineral is amost alone—run, run, gineral! why doesn't he run? his life is worth us a thousand men—look, look! he gallops off, at last, an' now let the best o' them ketch him."

A final shout testified the retreat of the Rapparees abroad. Those that remained in the house gave one volley from the windows, and hastened to follow them through the back entrance. The salute was returned by the assaulters, and many bullets whizzed through the glass, by Evelyn's ears. At the same moment a smell of fire became perceptible, and the hall filled with smoke.

" The last bidden is done!" cried O'Moore—" all but mine is done—kneel down!"—to Evelyn.

" Musha, never heed him, Deermid, for my sake!"—suddenly appealed Moya, at last shewing a hitherto disguised purpose, as she yet endeavoured to pinion, half in fondling, but with her whole strength, the right arm of the ruffian. Evelyn's eye remained fixed, and he braced himself for an effort.

"No, not fur the sake o' the mother that bore me!"—O'Moore answered, shaking her off, as the smoke increased, and a loud assault seemed to be made on the door of the house—at the same time he raised his arm over her head.

—"Then, only becase I like it—" Moya added, jumping aside, and dashing the cup of wine, which she had placed on the floor, over the pistol. O'Moore pulled the trigger, but the damp powder did not ignite. "Thry a wrastle wid him, now, if you're a man!"—she went on, turning to Evelyn, with the spirit and expression of a young tigress. Evelyn did not need the hint; he had closed on O'Moore in an instant. They tugged and strained; but the Rapparee soon flung his antagonist on the floor. Then freeing another pistol from his belt, he was about to discharge it, or to prepare to do so, when Moya, snatching his skein from the same place, struck it into his left shoulder. He fell instantly; rolled over once or twice on the floor; and then turning his eyes upon her—died. At the same instant the porch door was burst open, and a body of armed men rushed in through the smoke.

"Here comes the dark man, that is your friend," cried Moya, "an' you are safe--God speed you—it 's often I seen you afore this night, an' wished you well, when you little thought iv me—an' now I'm afther doin', fur your sake, what my own blood used to run could at seein' done—loock an' speed, I say—an', now an' then, think o' poor Moya Laherty." —She hastily kissed his lips, her tears falling on his face—and had passed out of the hall by the time that Walker, followed by a number of strange men, came up with Evelyn.

"He is unhurt!" cried the clergyman, as they exchanged a greeting—"but he is weak—bear him out, soldiers, and quickly—the house fires fast."

When Evelyn regained his self-possession, in the open air, Walker presented him to other gentlemen, by whom he was surrounded. After mentioning some names—"This," he said, "is Sir Arthur Rawdon—this, my Lord Mount Alexander, your commander;—and by him, and partly by the very troop you are commissioned to command, your life—I regret I cannot add, your property—has this night been

saved; I heard of the attack on your house, by these miscreants, and knowing that you had returned to it, gave an intimation to friends, who were not remiss in your behalf—look there!"—Mr. Walker continued, as the flames rapidly devouring the combustible building, burst through it at the moment;—then taking Evelyn aside—"are you now ready," he asked, "to forswear a king and a government in whose name such atrocities are perpetrated?—Is there now any thing to delay you from joining your companions in arms?"

"Need I be asked such questions, Mr. Walker?—am I a man, to behold that sight, without a man's feelings? When can I join my brave men? How soon can I have the honor of heading them, on good service?"

"This moment you can join them; and very soon, I believe, there may be an answer to your second question. Follow me."

They regained the group of officers, around and before whom more than one troop had, returning from pursuit, got into order.

"Men!"—cried Walker, addressing one of them—"behold your captain, Mr. Robert Evelyn."

They waved their caps; and the shout of recognition with which he was received, thrilled through the veins of Evelyn.

Jerry disappeared with the Rapparees; his nephew supposed to join them and their liberal courses, with a free will.

CHAPTER V.

"Tyrconnel," said Walker to Evelyn, as the next day they took their route, along with Lord Mount Alexander and Sir Arthur Rawdon, and the body of men they commanded, to garrison Dromore and Newry, two considerable towns in the county of Down; the latter, so far southward, as almost to border on the province of Leinster—"Tyrconnel, having seen the mistake he made in sending the gallant Mountjoy to Derry, has, after issuing a vain proclamation against our Northern Union, at last appointed a proper man to command his rebel army. I mean Lieut.-Gen. Hamilton."

"He who has served with such character in France?" asked Evelyn.

"The same; and more; the very man who, having been taken prisoner in England at the head of the first Irish levy sent over to assist

James, caused, by his counsels to the Prince of Orange, the present obstinate continuance of papist spirit in Ireland."

"How so, Mr. Walker?"

"It is known that he prevailed on William to allow him to pass into Ireland, only on the conditions of doing all in his power to persuade Tyrconnel to give up the cause of the abdicated bigot. Before his arrival here, the lord lieutenant, dispirited by the flight of James, the arming in the north, and the general bad prospect of affairs, was well disposed to listen to such counsel; but the moment Hamilton found himself in Ireland, instead of urging the advice he had agreed with the prince to follow, he applied himself by every argument in his power to rally Tyrconnel's hopes, and change his plans from submission to resistance. He succeeded; and the result is the near approach of a civil war. James is every day expected from France in person; and the campaign opens by the march of Hamilton from Dublin, to put down our protestant levies, and reduce Derry to submission. Let him try both. I do not fear the trial of either."

"Nor I," said Evelyn, "with such brave fellows as now surround us. Has Hamilton yet left Dublin?"

"We surmise he has; but we are prepared for him."

"Where is it proposed to make the first stand?"

"Look around you," said Walker, as they approached the suburbs of a small town;—"this is Hillsborough, the principal rendezvous of our newly-levied force; see, yonder spreads their camp, and a considerable body quarter in the town. But it is resolved to push on a good army to Newry, and there first try the mettle of this invader of our protestant north."

"How fares the Munster Union, Mr. Walker?"

"I grieve to say, already broken up by the perseverance of its enemies; we, however, are better prepared, and must succeed better; the Lord is with us, and the Evil One against us. Farewell. Here we part; as I take a western road to return to my own charge—the strong place of Dungannon."

By quick marches, Evelyn, his noble commanders, and their strong detachment, joined

by the main force of the army at Hillsborough, gained Newry on the evening of the same day. Arrived there, two pieces of intelligence awaited them; first, that William and Mary had been crowned in London in the middle of the last month; second, that Hamilton was certainly on his route from the Irish metropolis. The one event was hailed by public acclamations, and by proclaiming the new monarch; the other met attention in the bustle of preparation that immediately became evident. Men and officers spent every available hour in acquiring a knowledge of the tactics and discipline that, as newly raised militia, they naturally wanted; and Evelyn, amongst the rest, was on horseback, sword in hand, from morning to night.

Few days were, however, allowed them for this necessary task, when Lieut.-Gen. Hamilton appeared before Newry. As had been determined upon, the officers of the Protestant Union proposed to give him battle; but the spirits of the new soldiers were not found to correspond with this arrangement; and the army accordingly retired to Dromore, before an enemy not superior in numbers, and, after all, chiefly composed of levies as recent as their

own, and not better disciplined or appointed.

This movement was, however, useless; Hamilton rapidly followed them to Dromore, and the battle they might as well have ventured at Newry, there became necessary. It was fought, and ended in the total defeat of the Northern Union, amongst whom the slaughter proved great, as well on the field as along the road to Hillsborough. At Hillsborough, indeed, they made a second stand; but the result now was more unfortunate; the enemy quickly routed them out of the place; pursued, and almost entirely dispersed them; and, seizing the castle and depots, became possessed of all the papers of the general council of Union, which had previously met at Hillsborough, as well as of the provisions, and other stores, of the protestant army. In fact, only four thousand men, kept together by the exertions of Lord Mount Alexander and Sir Arthur Rawdon, were able to muster after this defeat; and they, flying over the whole stretch of the country of Antrim, took their route to Coleraine.

In the first action, before Dromore, Evelyn had been slightly wounded. While endeavouring, with some of his brother officers, and a

handful of men, to cover the retreat from Hillsborough, a worse accident befel him. One of Hamilton's soldiers slew his horse with a thrust of a hand-pike; and ere he could fully extricate himself from the saddle, aimed a second blow at himself; the weapon turned, however, wide of Evelyn, and, striking against a stone, snapt across; but, with the heavy wooden handle, the fellow dealt him a furious knock on the head, and Evelyn lost all consciousness.

When he regained his senses, every thing was quiet around him, except the trickle of a little stream near at hand. The moon shone bright, and the stars twinkled merrily through the cloudless blue sky on which his eyes opened. A sensation of extreme cold and numbness affected him; he strove to move; but his first effort was, through loss of blood and consequent exhaustion, useless. At last he sat up. A soldier, also sitting, confronted him, and with looks of great consternation, demanded if he was alive. Receiving the proper assurances, he acquainted his companion in suffering, that, from a bad wound in the thigh he too had been unable to quit the field; but, he

added, there was some consolation left; and thereupon he put his hand behind his back, and produced a small bottle of brandy, and a good piece of oaten-bread.

"I hid 'em," he said, "when I saw you move; but you are now welcome to a share; and a waur thing than a mouthful o' brandy and oat-cake ye might have til your supper, after such a day;—ah, yon's a gude wife—the best in the bonny north; and it's now I wonder how I ever took heart to leave her:—ill-luck to the papists!—a canny wife, singing at the ingle-corner, and a merry loom, and I singing at it, had never brought me to this."

Evelyn thankfully partook of bottle and cake, and soon found himself better. Refreshed, he then moved in the direction of the stream, guided by its sound; washed the black blood from his hair; bathed the wound with another small portion of brandy; bound it, from the chill air, with a handkerchief; and, finally, looked round him for a horse. Of many which grazed quietly on the field, perhaps between the dead bodies of those who a short time since were their masters, he soon selected one; and re-

turning with him to his accidental comrade, announced his intention of trying to get to Derry.

"And leave me here to perish, after my cake and brandy?"—the poor fellow asked; but Evelyn assured him they should not part till he had lodged him under some friendly roof in the neighbourhood. The man urged him against his intended journey, for his own sake; the Irish would be abroad, he said, all over the road; he would meet sworn enemies at every step; and Belfast—that would be filled with Hamilton's soldiers, and he could never pass it; and even if he did, Hamilton would be before him at Derry, and he could never get into the town.

The promise of these manifold dangers did not deter Evelyn from his purpose. He raised the wounded man to the saddle; led the horse, till he had succeeded in finding the residence of a protestant peasant; there deposited his charge; and now mounting, himself, took a bye-road towards Belfast. Although he agreed with his Job's comforter that some danger must be incurred in trying to pass by or through

Belfast, Evelyn had stronger apprehensions of the road further on, at Carrickfergus. Still he determined, using the utmost caution, to risk every thing rather than stay away from his sister, during the siege that now threatened the city in which she resided. He thought if he could but succeed in clearing the two towns, already mentioned, he might, with little prospect of interruption, then continue his journey along the coast-road on which, in the beginning of this tale, we have already seen him a traveller; and the better to take his chance, Evelyn, on his first stage, at the early break of day, divested himself of his military costume and accoutrements, retaining only a case of small pistols, and assuming the dress of a peasant, put his trust in heaven, and pursued his perilous way.

Belfast was cleared; Carrickfergus was left behind; and Evelyn's spirits rose, as he found himself free, and seemingly unobserved, on the rude mountain road, before described, between the villages of Larne and Glenarm. He dismounted at the door of a miserable cabin to seek some food; and while he partook of it,

the woman of the hovel informed him that, early that morning, a party of Lord Antrim's red-shanks had been scouring the country in quest of the protestant run-a-ways from Hillsborough; that they had gone the very road he came, arranging to return; and that, as he had not met them, they must have taken another course, across the hills, and could not be far off.

This intelligence put an end to his towering hopes; but he was really alarmed when the poor woman, standing at the door, interrupted her own narration by declaring that she now got a glimpse of the red-shanks, returning. Evelyn was on horseback in a moment. Ere he dashed spurs into his good stout steed, he looked back in the saddle, and plainly saw a military party just mastering the brow of the last hill he had cleared on the road. But as he then started very near the summit of another, and in a few minutes could put it between him and them, he yet held hopes of escape, by concealment.

So, on he pressed against the steep road; his horse, though jaded, not refusing to put forth his whole strength, to gain the relief of

the level at the top of the ascent, and the sweep downward at the other side. But, ere the willing animal could so far serve his temporary master, the effort became too much for him, and he fell.

Evelyn jumped up, uninjured; but when he regained his seat in the saddle, whip and spur failed in their usual effect. Again looking back, he saw the mounted soldiers stop a moment to speak with the old woman he had just quitted, and then gallop towards him in increased speed. Thus pressed, Evelyn altogether abandoned the horse, and trusting to his own feet, bounded up the hilly road, soon gained level ground, and lost sight of his pursuers.

But he knew, that, by keeping the straight way, he could conceal his person and motions from them only during the time they took to achieve his present vantage-ground; and this made him determine to trust for safety to some retreat among the rude scenery at either side. He broke, therefore, at his right hand, through a natural fence of wild bush, which, in line with more solid boundaries, had hitherto shut out all prospect, in that direction, save the sky. Look-

ing down, there was now a vast and sudden sweep of green land, immediately under him; a tremendous valley, in fact, running parallel to the road; with successive falls of rough ground beyond it, and the ocean seen over all. He plunged, almost headlong down; and, his legs failing him at the first bound, rolled with great rapidity, though without material hurt, to the bottom; ran across to its opposite side; soon mastered the summit; and ere he proceeded farther, once more glanced behind him. The height from which he had cast himself seemed immense; and upon it, the red-shanks stood, as if wondering at his progress, or uncertain how they should follow him. In another instant they were in motion, and Evelyn was at the far side of the valley, again shut out from their notice.

On he hurried, over height after height, the ground now rocky and wild, and each descent dipping lower than the former one, until he gained a level, which, extending horizontally right and left, gave promise of an easy approach to the sea, whose waters did not, to his inexperienced eye, seem far removed from it, nor far

under it. So, mustering his last strength and speed, he raced to the edge of the level; gained it; and was preparing to jump over—when he started back in horror from a precipice that fell, straight under him, into a dizzy depth and space of the wildest and most broken ground, which, sweep after sweep, curve after curve, still lay between him and the ocean.

Evelyn looked round almost in despair;—a cruel, and, from private causes, a particularly enraged foe at his back, and nothing before him but the impassable or merciless precipice. His nerves got into some disorder; his self-possession wavered; he half felt the not unusual and terrible impulse to cast himself forward; but, at the moment, a large eagle screamed over his head—his eye became diverted—his attention fixed—he looked up at the royal bird, and saw it, with out-stretched wings, descending, slowly and stately, from its realm of mid-air, uninfluenced by the angry gust that came from the ocean. Almost at the same time, a fox started by Evelyn, his bush trailing the ground, and his neck cowering. The eagle, not regarding him, suddenly shot, at Evelyn's left, into

the wild depth beneath, and became invisible. The eye of our fugitive followed, by an impulse of hope, the track of the less noble destroyer; traced him along the continued edge of the precipice to his left; saw him, as the range became depressed, disappear along it; now he followed with his feet; in a moment, the fox again met his eye, still pursuing the still sinking line of the precipice; and, at last, deviated from it into the rocky valley. Evelyn reassumed his full speed; in a short time arrived at a place where the wall of rock had ended, and where a descent from the high ground was rendered practicable, though very difficult, along the steep side of a pathless, rock-strewn, and crumbling hill. Without a moment's pause, however, and, now, without venturing to look behind him, he recommenced his flight into the abyss, calling upon it, in his heart, to give him, against the hatred of his fellow-men, the same savage shelter it did not refuse to the mean and vagabond animal whose flight had opened it to him.

With speed necessarily checked, and with a precaution that even the assurance of close pursuit could not affect, he continued for a long

time his scrambling way, obliquely downward, and at last sank, completely exhausted, amid an inclosure of shivered rock, and little mounds of earth and stone, one of many similar retreats around him. Here Evelyn lay panting for some time, he could not tell how long; when his attention was re-excited, by the falling of loose earth and stones, over his head. Starting to his feet, and looking up, he saw four men, in rude military costume, half visible over the highest part of the inclosure, and their carbines, covering him, rested upon it.

"Stand! stand!" they cried out; and, as they spoke, an officer hastily parted from them, evidently with intent to approach Evelyn by a more circuitous way. He had thus a moment's reflection; and determining not to be dragged from his mountain lair, without a bloody struggle, he disengaged, with as little motion as possible, a pistol from his inside belt, cocked it, and put his finger on the trigger.

The officer soon appeared entering the little amphitheatre, by the same opening through which Evelyn had passed into it. Evelyn stood with his side to him, fully and desperately prepared. Advancing nearer, his sword drawn—

"I arrest you, in the name of King James!" he exclaimed—"surrender or die."

"No surrender!—death—but not alone!"—replied Evelyn, discharging his pistol at Edmund M'Donnell. The moment he had pulled the trigger, he recognized his old friend, and following up his furious speech with a loud cry, of a different cadence, let his pistol fall, clasped his hands together, started back, and added—"Merciful God!—what have I done!"

"Nothing, Mr. Evelyn," answered M'Donnell, quite unhurt—"soldiers!"—speaking up to them, as, at the report of the shot, they again brought to bear on Evelyn, the arms that their officer's approach to the fugitive drew for a moment from their mark—"soldiers!—recover arms!—I am not hit—it was accident. You have done nothing, sir—for I see you no more knew me, than, in such a garb, I knew you."

"There you do me justice—I did not know you, by my life, M'Donnell, and you cannot, yourself, rejoice more heartily than I do, that my shot has proved harmless."

They stood a moment silently regarding each other.

"Now," Evelyn continued, as, with the rapidity of a spring-tide, old recollections swelled up in his heart—"Now let us again exchange —and with more consistency than ever—the hostile greeting you gave me on the banks of the Foyle, Edmund."

M'Donnell offered his hand; but not so sternly as before.

"And now," added Evelyn, presenting his second pistol—"now, I am your prisoner."

"Not so," answered M'Donnell, his own eyes glistening, as he refused the pistol—"not so, for two reasons. You would have followed up your shot, by a second, had I been a stranger; perhaps your first had told better, but for your confusion at seeing me; and had I known your person we should not have met thus, at all. I need not say that personal feelings act, in the breast of an honorable man, so as to turn him aside, on his public course, from injuring a private—enemy—foe—or one he is not friends with, I mean—rather than impel him to use official power for their gratification. We are both above the meanness of seeking or even availing ourselves of a personal advantage, thus obtain-

ed. Therefore you are no prisoner of mine," he added, sheathing his sword—" you cannot —could not be. There has been no struggle, and therefore no victory; there is now no summons, and therefore no surrender."

" You have argued it fairly, I believe; and I thank you," said Evelyn.

" If I have argued it only fairly, thank me not, at all," retorted M'Donnell.

" Captain M'Donnell, wull your honor please to bring oop the prisoner?"—here demanded the serjeant of the party, a braw Scot, who, rather late on the field, had just arrived with the remainder of the men, excepting those left behind to take charge of the horses.

" This gentleman cannot be made our prisoner," answered Edmund; " on the contrary, particular circumstances give him a claim on our protection. Draw off the men, serjeant, to Glenarm, and I will stay to conduct him out of this difficult place."

A mutter, if not a murmur of voices, was heard among the men, above; and the serjeant again spoke, requesting to know, with all duty, " what for did the gentleman flee awa', then?"

adding, that many of the men thought his honor might be mistaken, inasmuch as the gentleman was well known to them, as Master Robert Evelyn, a traitor in arms against King James; one whom Lord Antrim particularly wished to secure; and, along with that, one who had done muckle wrong and insult to the clan M'Donnell, and to his honor's ain sel, as the head of that clan.

M'Donnell in an angry tone, again desired the serjeant and men to retire, on pain of disobedience of orders. He was answered, sturdily enough, that an older soldier than his honour, might take the liberty of judging how it was that orders were really disobeyed; that the men were unwilling to return to Glenarm without their prisoner, whom, heaven knew, they had risked enough of limb and neck to secure; and, finally, that it was for his honour to calculate the consequences of sending him back, empty handed, to make such a report, as he should be obliged to make, to their commander-in-chief, the Earl of Antrim; the consequences to his honour's self, as well as to the speaker.

A louder murmur followed this speech.

"Do you mutiny, scoundrels?" asked M'Donnell, in much anger.

A fellow with a red bushy head abruptly replied that they were nothing but true and loyal clansmen; but that they would best prove they were by "having her tamned sassenach up awa' to ta laird's big hoose," and a clatter of arms ensued.

"Ground arms, this moment!" cried their young officer, but to his surprise and alarm, the old serjeant roared out a contrary order; and while many voices applauded him, plumply told M'Donnell that it was he, himself, who acted a disloyal part; that he should be made to feel it; and that, for the present, the men should have their prisoner.

"I am ready to go with you," here interposed Evelyn. "I own myself your prisoner; and wish neither to accept your officer's generosity, nor expose him to your hostility for exercising it. M'Donnell," he continued, lowering his voice, "this must not be—your honour—perhaps your life is at stake—I insist on your doing your duty as King James's officer."

"Absurd!" cried Edmund, "my duty I will

do, in spite of the mutinous and insulting conduct of these fellows—or even in spite—though pardon me, Evelyn—your course is well meant—is honourable—and I value it accordingly. Black Coll!" he went on, addressing one of the soldiers, his foster-brother, who immediately descended to his side. They spoke a word togegether, in Irish; Black Coll, after a moment's pause, clutched his broad sword firmer, spit on it, and twirled it in his hand, looking at once determined to do or die for his commander; both then harangued the men, in the same language, and a division of forces took place, the serjeant remaining at the head of but a third of the party. "Ground arms, now, ye dogs!" again cried Edmund, "or take a dog's death!"

The mutineers did so; their countenances shewing, however, something in final reserve.

"Off with them to Glenarm!" he continued, and those who were faithful to him, gathering up the arms of the others, all began to move up the ascent; but not before one of the victors ran down to whisper Black Coll, very earnestly; who in his turn whispered M'Donnell with increased vehemence; and when his foster-brother, after

a moment's thought, only gave a "pshaw!" in answer, he moved to rejoin his party, half in dudgeon, half in evident anxiety.

The two friends stood, for some time, watching the disappearance of the soldiers among the surrounding heights. At last M'Donnell turned round abruptly, and—

"Now, Mr. Evelyn," he said, "the sooner we get down to the shore, and, along it, by Glenarm, to some safe place, the better; I lead, sir, as I know this wild ground well—but you are ill, Evelyn—or weak—you cannot stand," he continued, as, at the first effort to follow him, his old friend grew pale, and tottered. "Sit down a moment—hold—allow me to support you," and he passed his arms around Evelyn, gently placed him in a sitting posture, and still held him up; the two young men feeling, in common, strange sensations; the one at again embracing, and the other at being again embraced by the former friend from whom it had but just now seemed he was for ever parted.

"I see how it is," resumed M'Donnell, as Evelyn recovered, "you have lost much blood lately—here has been a papist pike-staff at

your head—you were at the Hillsborough affair last Thursday?"

"You guess it, indeed," answered Evelyn.

"Well, you see how it went. That was a bad beginning for you—but let us pass it. It might have been our own fortune; or the fortune of brave men, at any time. Do you feel better?"

"Much better—quite able to follow you, now; and it was not the loss of blood alone, but some fatigue and fasting, day and night, since; with, as you know," he added, smiling, "a good run-away and scramble among these wild hills and rocks all day."

"And I the huntsman—I say nothing of my pack (pack of rascals—bloodhounds!) without intending it. It is a wild place indeed; yet it has its beauty, too; come, if you can walk, and climb a little still, follow me and admit as much; I am sorry I have no refreshments to offer you," as they proceeded, "but I know a lone house, lying between us and the shore, the only one in this entire district, where we may help you to something; and now, look around."

They had emerged from the little retreat, and Evelyn found himself in the midst of suc-

cessive inequalities of mound and rock, running at every side, while no one form resembled another, into the most picturesque, fantastic, and peculiar lines and shapes. Sometimes he caught a perspective of thin and shattered rock, shooting up into configurations such as art might give them, rent here and there, and admitting, through and through, the slanting beams of the declining day, as if through so many archways, windows, and loop-holes, of a line of half-fallen palaces and fortresses; the similitude was, indeed, so great, that his mind saw a reality of what he had fancied of the ruins of Asiatic Bijanagur, and other gigantic cities of the desart, of which the site, too, generally resembled his present isolated and savage situation. Yet, in some of the spaces left between these extraordinary pilings-up of rock and earth, spots of the tenderest verdure, and clusters of the earliest spring flowers, were to be found, looking as fresh, as dainty, and as nicely tended, as if some hand more careful than the stormy one of the wilderness, had been constantly about them. Upon one very level spread of ground, almost entirely inclosed by bul-

warks, such as have been described, there was a covering of primroses, blue-bells, and daisies, made out by alternate patches, rather than intermixtures, of each kind of wild flower, so closely wrought, so smooth and even, so brilliant, and shewing so many curious figures, that here again it seemed as if the solitary sport of nature had been in rivalry with art, to produce a carpet after which even luxurious Turkey might vainly toil in envious imitation. But all these things were only the minor, though more fascinating features of the scene in which he stood. Before him, in continued sweep and curve, the land fell—we may almost say, was hurled to the ocean, which—its shore yet hidden—now expanded, beyond the last shattered line, in the evening sun; nearly opposite was the remote Point of Garron; and behind him, over all, towered the abrupt and majestic precipice, with—that nothing might be wanting in unique beauty—the crescent moon just faintly peering over, and, to a fanciful eye, sitting on the white mass of rock, like an imitative crescent on the turban of a sultana.

"And this," said M'Donnell, after they had

made some progress, still over hill and hollow towards the beach, "this is the Little Deer Park of Glenarm; so called, I know not why, since it shews few features of a park, great or small; unless the name be applied in compliment to the few wild deer, that, time out of mind, have been allowed to range through it, rather indeed on account of the impossibility of chasing them through it, or out of it, than with any feeling of indulgence to them. It is, however, a tremendous, and, to me, most delightful solitude; here might a man rove or sit, and —but we lose the evening; one scramble more, and we reach your house of rest; then adieu to Little Deer Park, with all its delights, as fast as possible."

The first shadows of evening fell around them as they continued their often-interrupted descent towards the shore; and both relapsed into deep silence, the effect of the awful and impressive sentiments inspired by the scene; often, too, forgetful of the lateness of the hour, they stopt to survey its ever changing features, now rendered more irresistible by the genial gloom

which began to wrap their depths and recesses. Peculiar and indescribable loneliness was the character of the place. The wild deer started by them, to seek his heathy lair, or the king of birds floated, majestically, towards his eyrie, or, most forcibly of all, the destitute and melancholy crane was seen perched, at a distance, on the pinnacle of some sea-shore rock, only to give, by contrast, a stronger sense of solitude; nor did the sounds they listened to—the heavy booming of the everlasting sea—the wild screams of its gulls—the bark of the fox, among the more remote hills—the hoot of the owl, or the croak of the raven, from the precipice behind, unfitly echo through such scenery; and it seemed too, as if, like the light which but made darkness visible, these noises only served to confirm a sense of the reigning silence.

In this mood of excited feeling, a similar effect was produced by the appearance of the solitary house M'Donnell had spoken of; its individuality of character had no influence over the vast desart of hill and water around it; nor could the assurance, that it gave shelter to one

or two human beings, induce any cheery expectations of human fellowship. The two young men held their way to it in continued silence. The evening had crept, in rather deeper tone, over the sky; all sharp effects of light and shade had disappeared from the bulwark precipice behind, and from the heaps of natural ruin it overhung; every thing looked monotonously brown and undefined; and, amongst the rest, the hut they were approaching, of which the thatch alternately bleached, blackened, or patched with dark green, could scarce be distinguished from the similarly-tinted crags with which it grouped. Our friends gained the rock-strewn platform before it; all was silent within, and no lights appeared through the windows. They stood stationary an instant, both experiencing feelings as agitating as they were novel and unaccountable. At last, M'Donnell entered the open black doorway, and Evelyn followed him closely. The house contained but two large apartments, divided by the passage, running straight from the door, along which they stepped; other doors at either hand opened into these rooms. M'Donnell stood at

one, Evelyn at the other; after a moment's survey, they changed places; nothing was to be seen in either of the apartments, except large dark masses that, in the deep shade of the corners, could not be at once analyzed, and no living creature appeared. They tried to exchange a glance across the passage, and hastily left the house.

Abroad, they again stopt; and M'Donnell said, "I do not understand why my sensations should be as they are; but, to me, there has been something heart-chilling—something I never before experienced, in finding that house so unexpectedly deserted."

"Our sensations are common, then," said Evelyn; "I did not like to remain in it."

"But a few weeks ago it was inhabited by a man to whom Lord Antrim had given nominal care of the wild deer of the place, and by his numerous family; what can have become of them all? Let us conquer this childish nervousness, and enter the house again; perhaps some one yet is to be found in it; either its old or some new inhabitants; you noticed the dark shapes in the corners?"

"I did—let us come in," answered Evelyn.

"Perhaps," continued M'Donnell, in a low voice, as they re-approached the house, "perhaps, expecting as we did, to see some human faces, and hear the sound of a human voice other than our own, in this lonely hut, our sensations have been caused by an instinctive revulsion of feeling, at finding it a destitute wreck, like every thing around it."

They re-crossed the threshold, and stept lightly, and almost tremulously, along the short passage; they separately entered the two rooms, and, in a moment after, both again confronted each other in the passage, more agitated than before.

"Hush!" said M'Donnell, in a whisper, "all around this room," pointing into the doorway he had issued from, "armed men are sleeping."

"And in this also," said Evelyn, "do you know who they are?"

"No; how could I know?"

"But I do—speak lower—tread softly—let us get out, and I will explain."

They accordingly left the hut a second time,

walked rapidly away from it; and when at some distance, "These men," he resumed, "are part of a Rapparee army from the south, who joined to their whole body, have lately been routed from my house, after they had possessed it for some days, plundered, and finally set fire to it; and now, I suppose, await here a re-union with their scattered party. Extreme fatigue, assisted perhaps by the desolate security of the place, has sunk them in the deepest sleep. But a ray of twilight, such as it is, streaming down from the broken roof, shewed me the gigantic limbs of a man, which, though his dark cloak envelopes his face, and the rest of his person, can belong to no other than the great Rapparee general, Gallopping Hogan; while, by his side, I distinguished the features, simpering even in sleep, of our old acquaintance, the Whisperer. Startled as I was at this discovery, I ventured another glance around in quest of a person who, albeit my near relative, I expected to find in their company; I mean my uncle Jeremiah; but I could see no form that corresponds to his. Did you happen to light on such a one in the other room?"

"No," replied M'Donnell; "but your whole account surprises me. These fellows have plundered and burnt your house, you say?"

"They have left me, for the present, penniless."

"Where were you when it happened—with your corps?"

"No; nor did I take a sword in my hand, until returning to the house of my birth, I found it held by these men in the name of King James, and at last saw it consumed to ashes by their hands."

"And no wonder that you then acted like an outraged man—but, Evelyn, one discrimination you must make; King James no more authorizes the violence of these scoundrels than King —than the Prince of Orange does; on the contrary, his Irish justices are just now about to take a special circuit to try and put them down; and no wonder; for the rieving Rapparees prey on friends as well as foes, whenever it suits their convenience; attacking and plundering the sutlers and other people belonging to our camps; and even besieging and storming the houses and castles of Roman Catholic gentlemen."

"I am glad, at all events, that such men are not recognized by the more legitimate spirit of your party," said Evelyn.

"My *party*, sir, replied young M'Donnell, laying an emphasis on the word, "are, doubtless, thankful to *you* for your good opinion. But, now we at last gain the shore, it behoves us to make as much speed as we can, out of this place; there are reasons why we should be speedy, and prudent too; do you feel strong enough for a last scramble, over rock and stone, by the sea-side?"

Evelyn answering in the affirmative, they moved on, in resumed silence.

CHAPTER VI.

At length, nearly on a level with the sea, our friends continued their course along a natural causeway of soft white stones, made with much uniformity by the tide, which, from time to time, cast up the material in its flow, and confirmed it in a certain shape at its ebb. After a quarter of an hour's walk, this footing failed, and they found the remainder of the beach, as far as they proceeded, heaped with round, black rocks, great and small, from one to another of which they were obliged to step, or else clamber over or round the bases of some, that, from their bulk, proved otherwise impassable. Here and there, among an unusual pile and confusion of these mountain-fragments, they encountered a rock of gigantic magnitude, leaning, angle-ways, against a second, that similarly inclined to it, and thus both formed a rude

archway, through which it seemed fool-hardy to pass, but which afforded, nevertheless, the only outlet for pursuing their way.

All this time, the evening grew darker and darker, yet only usually so; for, though threatening towards the decline of day, the sunset had been almost cloudless; and the stars now began to peep out through a clear, though cold sky. But the breeze came from the ocean fresher than was pleasant; superfluously assisting, as M'Donnell soon perceived, a rapid and furious tide.

"We must hasten," he said, after glancing sharply along the savage beach—"or this tide may prove more troublesome to us than Rapparee or red-shank."

They accordingly quickened their steps, over stone and rock, till they arrived at the edge of a little inlet, in which the tide was breaking, tumbling and roaring, with a heavy surf; and—

"Fairly baffled, by St. Senanus!" resumed M'Donnell.

"And what are we to do?"—asked Evelyn.

"Nothing for it but climb up, as fast as we can, you see it is impossible to pass yon pile of

rocks that meets the hill-side, more inland; and, in ten minutes, the stones we stand on will be many feet under water. Follow me; though, in truth, I know not how or where to lead, having never entered or left this unlucky place except by the beach, at low tide, or by the hill-path, in the direction we have come from, and by which, as I judge, you gained the spot where I first found you;—but, courage!—I have heard of an old track from the brow of the precipice, at the village side, winding all through the successive sweeps between us and it, and, if we can find that, it will serve; at all events, we must now change our place."

So saying, he led the way, and Evelyn followed, up the side of a steep hill, that took its rise about thirty yards from the beach; both springing away from a great swell of tide, which before they moved, had broken over their feet. Evelyn, quite unused to such exercise, found the ascent he was engaged in a very severe task, to say nothing of its peril. The hill produced but a meagre vegetation, and was composed, on the surface at least, of coarse, loose earth, and unbedded stones, which gave little

assurance either to hand or foot. The wavy kind of furrows into which it had—heaven knows how—become broken, afforded, as he crept upward in an oblique direction, the best help; but even this surface sometimes disappeared, and was succeeded by a vein of bare, mouldering ground, at the least safe places too—across which Evelyn felt both difficulty and alarm in endeavoring to pick his steps. M'Donnell pressed on, however, with little seeming toil or apprehension, some distance before his companion; and, one way or another, the effort was persevered in by Evelyn; until after more than a quarter of an hour's uninterrupted climbing, he was at last obliged to cry out for a rest; and, clinging to the soil with one hand, he sunk, completely exhausted, in a sitting posture. Thus situated, his face was, for the first time since their ascent, turned downward to the beach;—and when he measured, with one hasty and shrinking glance, the great and abrupt height he now found himself elevated from it, and, with another, spanned the continued towering of steeper hills above him—the barrier precipice frowning over all—when he felt his

position so insecure that the slipping of almost a handful of clay might have been enough to whelm him among the black rocks, or into the boiling ocean, below; and while his strength seemed altogether unable to dare the incalculable strain and peril yet necessary to free himself, if he could be freed, from present danger; when, embodied in one sensation, these thoughts flashed across Evelyn's mind, the blood chilled at his heart, and he felt such a shuddering for life, as perhaps none can imagine, save those who, like him, have, for the first time, inexperienced and off their guard, stood in a similar situation.

But, after a good rest, and many assurances from M'Donnell that he thought they should soon come on the right path, Evelyn found his novel misgivings gradually give way, and his strength return, and he again followed his guide over ground somewhat less difficult, wondering at the weakness of his recent apprehensions. Evening now began to yield to positive night; the hill-side, even under their eyes, grew indistinct; and increased caution, in placing their steps, became necessary. As they advanced,—

(Evelyn knew not whither, for he ventured not a look, up or down)—this necessity increased; for, once again, the soil proved smooth and loose, and the hill, the second in elevation they had climbed, almost perpendicular. But up they still pulled; Evelyn ashamed to request another pause; and, indeed, from the nature of the ground, afraid also; still, up, without any promise of an end to their toil; and, after all his resolves and efforts to the contrary, Evelyn again sunk upon a favorable ledge of rock, almost careless whether or no it remained firm under him.

"I fear I shall not be able to proceed farther to-night, M'Donnell," he said, as his friend, retracing the way he had been in advance, came to join him.

"Good heart! good heart!" answered M'Donnell, in a cheer—"only try once more, and all will be over;—I have found the path. At about twenty yards on, it winds, zig-zag, over the bosom of yon other dip of hill, which we have nearly gained;—and see—a little on, still, and a little upward, where the precipice, gradually encroached on by that hill, at length meets its top, there is our firm and level ground."

This little-farther-on-and-upward proved, to Evelyn's view, immeasurably high and distant; he did not, however, refuse, after a short breathing time, the last effort he was called on to make, and once more young M'Donnell led the way.

"Here it is!"—he resumed, after another long and strong pull, "we are now on the path; and see—yon's an inclosure of some kind—a park-wall, I think—so, we must be nearer to release and relief than we had reckoned—it *is* a wall—come on!"

But the young mountaineer, experienced as he generally was in such kind of scenery, now proved altogether at fault. He ascended no regular, or even irregular path, formed by man's foot, but a wild sheep-track, worn by flocks of those animals just as wild as it, and, in their wanderings amongst the hills, nearly as adventurous and nimble as goats. Neither did he see a park-wall, nor any other wall raised by man's hands; but a natural wall of rock which often shoots from the summits to the bases of a range of basalt hills, completely intersecting them; and, in many cases, having a ditch or a

dyke at one or both sides, accompanying it through its whole course, and therefore partly conferring its present name of Whyn-dyke.—He is not charged, indeed, with being ignorant of that present name, as applied to the object he then looked upon, inasmuch as its invention and use are of a very recent date; but had not his eye been cheated of its usual power of determining proportions, as well by the tremendous scale of the only common objects around, as by the darkness, and, perhaps, his own impatience, it should have informed him, that what he took for a low park-wall, of about five feet high, was, in fact, fifteen feet high, at the point in which he saw it.

Full of his own idea, however, young M'Donnell scrambled on; the increasing steepness and looseness of the hill over which he stepped scarce baffling his foot, or checking his ardour —and,

"Here it is, indeed!"—he again said, now within a few yards of the dyke—"and a good step across, and a catch at the top of the wall, is all we want—over, then!"

He half bounded, half stepped across, and,

as he had purposed, vainly strove to catch at the top of the natural barrier. His hand, not reaching half way, grasped a slight projection of stone, just as his legs, overstrained, and in an untenable position, rested, one on the far and slippery edge of the dyke, the other on the more solid, though still dangerous ground he had just abandoned. Thus situated Evelyn found him, as, in much alarm, he gained his side. He was more alarmed when, even in the imperfect light, he saw M'Donnell's jaw drop, and his face grow ashy pale; nor did the words he uttered, when Evelyn offered his hand, serve to alleviate apprehension.

"Touch me not!"—he cried, or rather screamed—"touch me not, if you would not share my fate!—I am lost for ever!—The earth crumbles from under my toes—the stone slips from my hand—and beneath me is an uninterrupted yawn of hundreds of feet, to the beach!—Stand back, Evelyn—look not even down—it will overpower you; but farewell—and Eva, my sister!"

"Your hand! your hand!"—interrupted Evelyn—"this obstinacy is madness—come—I

have it now—keep yourself collected—do not pull me, nor spring round—this near foot is firm enough—rest on it, and plant the other here, too, while I bear against your weight—I am pretty safe—a furze-root gives me a grasp on the hill—now—slowly!"

"I shall but drag you with me!"—cried Edmund, as he strove to follow these orders, given by a man who, better than himself, rose in constancy of spirit with real occasion—"We shall but perish together!"

"Fear not—or, if so—let it be so!"—cried Evelyn—"turn—turn—now—your foot on yonder little rise—bravo, M'Donnell, you are safe."

They embraced each other, both sinking on the most secure spot the hill-side afforded.

"And now, Evelyn," said M'Donnell, after he had somewhat regained his breath and self-possession—"you, I fear, must take the lead in this adventure; I feel myself shocked and sickened, to the bottom of my soul; my confidence gone, and my strength wasted."

"If you allow me to prescribe our movements," answered his companion, "I would advise, then, after retracing our steps along this

last wild track, to gain some secure, level ground, where we may rest for the night, and await the cheerful aid of day in freeing ourselves from this fastness of hill and crag."

"Lead on, at all events, to such a resting-place; here is no sure footing; we shall then talk more on the subject;—but first, Evelyn—dear Evelyn!—accept my thanks for the part you have just acted: I know your nature now for the first time—thanks, thanks."

"I will not have thanks," said Evelyn.

"A renewal of friendship, then, soldier-foes, as we are—Will that serve?"—taking his hand.

"That will serve," answered his reinstated friend, his voice broken, as they exchanged a warm pressure.

Downward they immediately moved, Evelyn leading the way, along the sheep-track they had last followed, and which had so nearly led them to their ruin. Arrived at the point where they first struck into it, Evelyn, looking attentively around him, in more strength of nerve, muscle, and spirit, than he had yet experienced, and pointing to a wide gully, or water-course,

between two hills, very precipitous, and running up so high as to be almost lost in the darkness, challenged M'Donnell to scale it.

"Wherever may be its origin, above," he said, "there, at all events must we find the level ground which concentrates the waters, that, during heavy rain, have formed it; the struggle upward will prove less toilsome, and, though the gully is abrupt, less dangerous than any we have yet made, on account of the sharp projecting rocks and stones that, you may perceive, line its sides;—shall we venture?"

"Instantly;—but, as I know more of these places than you do, with this precaution; let neither of us look downward, during our progress, nor, if possible, speak a word to each other; there will be little breath to spare; neither let us pause a moment;—lead on; attend to yourself, and never mind me; to prepare, I doff my military coat."

Evelyn began to ascend. As he anticipated, the jutting rocks and stones at first greatly assisted his efforts; but when much time had elapsed, and much way been made, and that still, as he looked up, no termination appeared

to the gully, this momentary sense of relief was lost in a return of misgiving, impatience, and the greatest weakness he had yet felt. Upward he pulled, however;—up, up!—perspiration teeming from every pore; and his head getting dizzy, as, at every step, the broken lines of the savage hills, around and above him, blurred and ran into each other. The bed of the water-course soon proved less firm, too, than at the outset he had found it; large stones slipped from under his feet, and rattled and thundered downward; and this necessarily increased his agitation, both on his own account and that of M'Donnell. At every fragment which leaped away, his own or his friend's death seemed an inevitable result. Often he wished to stop, turn, and look behind, to assure himself of that friend's situation; but he dared not. Towards the edge of the heights over him, his strained eye only turned, but there found no relief; the ever-varying forms of the dark hills, backed by the sky, perplexing and almost confounding him.

More than once he thought some living shapes started to the outline of a height to his

left, and then seemed to mingle with the darkness; and at last he felt really assured that a human being stood, relieved against the dim blue sky, in the same direction. He looked again, scarce pausing in his ascent; but instead of such a figure, there appeared a four-footed form, as if engaged in watching his motions. It stirred, here and there, still inclining its head; and Evelyn, taken by surprise, allowed himself to yield to horrid associations, which froze his blood, and made his hair to bristle, while the thing seemed to swell to a huge size, and assume monstrous particularities of appearance. At this instant, another piece of rock plunged downward; and presently he heard a scream—while, at the same instant, the wild sheep that had so much worried his spirits, ran off—was succeeded by a flock of others, who all peeped down to reconnoitre the strange visitant of their solitude, and then scampered after their leader; their identity at last evident to the clamberer, whose presence of mind somewhat rallied, in consequence, although the cry he had heard curdled the blood at his heart. It was, he concluded, the last breath of Edmund M'Donnell.

But self-preservation did not allow him to dwell on the sickening thought; and the termination of the gully at last appearing, the same powerful stimulus lent him a final effort, and he soon stood, quite free of it, on a little space of level land. Hopelessly did his eye then dart down the abyss he had cleared—no living thing appeared in motion after him. He cast himself on the damp soil in agony and despair. He rushed again to the edge of the water-course, and now, something white stirred, a good distance beneath. He rivetted his glance; and became assured he saw a moving object—coming towards him?—yes; it grew larger and larger, and more distinct; and, in a short time, M'Donnell's voice was heard, shouting, "Evelyn! Evelyn!"

"Here! here!—safe, and awaiting you!"—he shouted in reply.

"Thank God!"—returned M'Donnell.

In about five minutes, Edmund gained the edge of the level space, in his white undress, dreadfully exhausted. Evelyn grasped his arm, and pulled him to his side.

"Why did you cry out?"—gasped Edmund.

"It was not I"—replied his friend—"but, oh, Edmund, I feared it was you."

"But I did not utter a sound till I approached you—and what voice could it be?"

"I know not; its expression was very horrible."

"It was terrific—from all evil things of this wild, good heaven deliver us!"—said Edmund, piously crossing himself.

"Amen," answered his companion; his own heart not free from superstitious weakness.

There was a laugh at some distance; and,

"Amen," echoed a voice.

The young men stared at each other. At length—

"Come," resumed Evelyn, "let us lie down on this platform, and, trusting ourselves to God, attend the rising of a more friendly morrow."

"It is impossible, Evelyn," answered M'Donnell, still very faintly, "we dare spend no more time here than will serve to recruit our strength; and, though I did not intend it, I must now tell you why. Draw nearer," he continued, lowering his voice almost to a whisper; "you saw Black Coll hold some secret communication

with me, as he retired with my party, to-day; well; it was to warn me that he had overheard the serjeant and his friends pledge each other to obtain a sufficient number of men, at Glenarm, in order to intercept us both on our way, or pursue us, as the case might be. I make little doubt but the moment he reached Antrim castle he was freed from the custody of my few faithful fellows; nor, so deadly is the present spirit of political hatred on both sides—can I hesitate to believe that he further obtained the help he spoke of, and has since been looking out for us. This moment, perhaps, we are watched by his spies—at least I am inclined, on reflection, to attribute to one of them the cry and sounds we have just heard; and now, the case is this: should we wait until morning to pass by Glenarm, there is no chance for us; in the darkness of this night, our retreat to Glenarriff is possible, and barely possible; yet, perhaps, our wandering adventure here has been all for the better: perhaps our non-appearance, farther on our route, at the time we we might naturally have been expected, has, until morning, thrown them off their guard; at all

events, should we, before day-break, succeed in getting among my own immediate people, I shall not then value even the hostility of my titled cousin himself; and there is more to urge you; Black Coll will not fail to report, at the Strip of Burne, our situation and peril, when he parted from us; help and friends will be on the road between Glenarm and the caves of Cushindoll—farther, towards proud Antrim's castle, they cannot advance; perhaps, indeed, one or two friends have already been despatched in search of us, and now wander, like ourselves, among these very mountains; friends that might advise us of the best course to be taken; but friends that we cannot see."

"Friends that you cannot see," echoed the invisible listener.

"It must be a natural echo," said Evelyn.

"No," said M'Donnell—"I think I know the voice. Come forward, Onagh."

"Onagh it is," the poor girl answered, appearing from a high embankment:—"and reason you have to know her voice."

"It was you that screamed out, just now, Onagh," Edmund continued.

"And why shouldn't I," she answered, "when I saw the both o' you so far below in the darkness, creeping about like the ship, at a distance, when the evening is black and stormy, and I stand at my dour to sign the cross on the waves and wind for it?"

"But, Onagh, why are you so far away from your own house, to-night?"

"For your sake, Edmund M'Donnell," she answered—"an' at the biddin' o' your oun people; I am sent to clear your road o' some that are waitin' to give you no welcome on it; an' I'm to walk before you, as others once walked before me, to the threshold o' my house, by the bay-side."

"Who sent you?" asked M'Donnell, apprehending something either from the sincerity or consistency of Onagh.

"One that wore that ring, when she spoke to me," Onagh replied, giving one—"and that wore another, too," glancing at Evelyn, "that is newly come on her finger. An' have no fears o' me, Edmund M'Donnell;—the turn I am here to do you, I never would refuse to do, though there is a different cause; and though I

would cross you, in it, if it were by opening an early grave at your feet. But now, fear nothing." M'Donnell, inattentive to the latter part of her speech, only looked on the ring, which he soon knew to be his sister's. As he held silence a moment, Evelyn asked in a low tone of Onagh—

"She yet wears *my* ring?"

"She does—and will never part it, Sassenach."

"And does she yet love him who put it on her finger?"

"As well as he loves her," answered Onagh.

"Has she told you as much?"

"She told me nothing; no one ever speaks their heart to Onagh; but still, she loves you."

"I am determined to be guided by this poor woman" — here interposed M'Donnell — "she gives me a true token, Evelyn; and it must also be evident to you, that we can soon wholly escape from this place by following her over the path she has so far descended."

Evelyn agreed to give up his project of spending the remainder of the night among the hills;—all moved onward; and after half an

hour's further toiling, the friends were led by Onagh to the superior height, from which the precipice took its range, and, over it, into an open, level country, by the very path Edmund had spoken of, and which he had so long sought for in vain.

During a last rest, here, Onagh produced some refreshments, which, though coarse, were well relished by the adventurers, and lent them a little fresh strength to pursue their still dangerous way. Turning to the right, every step now led downward, by easy descents, to the village of Glenarm, and they were on the alert to see if their path remained clear. They gained, however, the brow of the last descent to the bay, without any interruption; and were about to venture forward when Onagh interrupted them.

"Let me first go down," she said, "and make ye sure, and not sorry. I will run close by the bay, not passing near the houses, the same road you must follow me; if I come back a step, all is safe; if I stay behind, stay ye where ye are."

She hurried from them; and they soon re-

cognized her figure rapidly moving by the edge of the sea, far below;—she proceeded, a good way, along the strand, till she met the road, that, winding with the bay, turned off towards Glenarriff; there they could indistinctly observe her pause, and, standing on a high point, look around her;—at last she waved her arms in the direction they were, and got into motion, returning towards them. The friends instantly ran to meet her; and encountering Onagh on the wet strand, about the middle of the little bay, all were soon safe on the Glenarriff road.

But, as the friends began to congratulate each other, a Red-shank, armed with a carbine, started from behind a beetling rock, stopt before them on the road, and gave his challenge.

"Friends to King James," answered M'Donnell—"good night, and speed you."

"Stand!"—continued the soldier, presenting his piece. M'Donnell rushed on him; they closed; the man's piece went off, harmlessly; Edmund wrested it from him, clubbed it, and dealt him a blow that stretched him at his feet.

Other shots were presently heard, towards the village, and a gun was fired from the castle.

"Now," said Onagh, "nothing but the speed o' the red deer can save ye," and she instantly set a good example of flight.

"The poor woman speaks true," exclaimed Edmund; "man and horse will be on our track in an instant;—hark! do you not already hear a rush by the rough road near the strand?—But I am not hopeless yet; there lies the last sentinel between me and home; the next man we meet will be a friend—at least I think and pray so;—let us decide it."

Both followed Onagh, at the utmost stretch of their limbs and muscles. They were near the summit of the first inequality on their road; they soon gained it; and with redoubled velocity shot down its opposite descent.

"I think you were mistaken," said Evelyn, when they faced another disheartening hill: "no sounds of pursuit come thro' the night."

"It may be so—but on!"—answered Edmund.

As, spent and staggering, they approached

the second high point of the way, the figure of a man was seen standing motionless upon it.

"Look!" cried Evelyn.

"Friend or foe, let us front him!" said Edmund—"hush!—hark!—I am not mistaken now—here come the horsemen!"

Beyond what nature could afford they had already exerted themselves; now, in a final and desperate effort, the young men often fell on the rocky road, as they approached the stranger. Onagh continued to lead the way, frightening, rather than cheering them by her wild cries of alternate encouragement and despair. At last, as a party of horse clattered down the first hill, they had gained the second.

"Who goes there?"—cried the man they had seen at a distance.

"Carolan's voice!"—answered M'Donnell; "is it you, dear Carolan?"

"Speak no words," he resumed, his ear turned towards the coming sounds of alarm—"your pursuers are too near—I am left here to watch for you, by one who, when the shots were fired, galloped back to bring on your own men, in

time, or else get the cot ready in the first turn of Red-Bay—up on your horses!" he continued, pointing to a shadowed part of the road, where, to their great joy, three strong saddle horses really stood—"up, and do your best!"

"Up, you, with us, Carolan!" cried Edmund, as he and his companion, scarce commanding strength enough for the exertion, made many efforts to gain their saddles—"here is a third horse."

"Heed me not," returned the blind man—"it is better for me to stay here, and speak the Red-shanks fair. Soon may we meet again—spur, spur! I hear the horses under me."

"God bless you, then!" cried the friends, dashing off.

"One left for me!" exclaimed Onagh, springing sideways on the saddle of the third horse, and galloping him after them.

Soon after they had got into a third hollow, shots were heard behind.

"He is killed!" cried Edmund—"let us ride back, and revenge him."

"Agreed," said Evelyn—"or share his fate."

"This way!—this way!—are you mad?"—

cried a shrill voice before them. They looked up the again climbing road, and discerned, at a short distance, a female figure, on horseback, in rapid motion towards them.

"Mind her voice!" exclaimed Onagh—"they will not dare to hurt a hair of the harper's head."

"It must be Eva!" said M'Donnell—"and Onagh, is, perhaps, right—we must at least protect my sister."

"My wife!" echoed Evelyn, and they strained against the hill.

"Spur, spur!" continued Eva, as they approached—"the madmen are almost on you!—hear that!" she continued, as some shots came from the top of the second height, and the bullets whizzed past them, or struck against the rocks that crowded the mountain-road.

"Thank God!"—she went on, as they joined her—"one rush now down the point—and the cot waits us at the first level of the bay—and you will see a crowd of friends on the opposite shore—ride!"

All dashed, like its own winter-torrent, down the last frightful descent, which has, twice be-

fore, been the ground of our story. With iron-clenched knuckles and joints, the reins were held tight, and the brave horses scarce stumbled till they had won the side of the water. Eva flung herself off her jennet—the young men and Onagh followed her example—then all ran to the bay's edge and jumped into a long, narrow boat, manned with four oars, which there awaited them. The moment they were within it, the men pulled from the shore; and,

"Row! row!" cried Eva—"row till your veins crack, rather than that the blood of the M'Donnells shall be shed by a brother clan!"

The little boat shot like a sea-bird across Red-Bay, scaring the faint starlight that slept upon its bosom. Scarce had it cleared the shore, two ropes' length, when a clatter of horses was heard down the Point of Garron; and, in an instant, the pursuing party stood on the spot where the fugitives had embarked. But a short time only they stood, to observe the progress of our friends, and to give them another volley, when they again dashed spurs into their steeds, in an effort to gain, by a sweep round the square

of Red-Bay, the point to which the others rowed in a straight line.

"They may get round before us yet!" said Edmund—"and I see not the friends you promised, Eva."

"They cannot—must not!—and look along the coast, to the right—see you not a close body of men, darkening over the strand?"

"Yes—but they are too far, and move but slowly to meet us—pull, men, pull!"

"Pull, pull!" echoed Onagh, "for see how the horsemen turn, like a blast, round the bay, and hear how they gallop, gallop!—pull! or may the next wave swallow ye!"

Pull they did, as if, indeed, to shun her malediction. And gallop came the horsemen, as if they coursed on the "sightless couriers of the air." Already had they nearly gained the second angle of Red-Bay—but the boat was near to shore, and the men, to whom Edmund continued shouting, near the point of safety. Another minute—and the pursuers turned the side on which the boat was to land, but which, at the same instant, shot into a little placid creek, fully covered by the timely succour of

a host of friends. The pursuers, becoming aware of this, reined up their horses, at but a short distance, and then, baffled and enraged, rode back slowly by the bay.

When all had landed at their leisure, Eva flew to her brother's arms. Edmund then led her to Evelyn, and she embraced him too.

CHAPTER VII.

"But no pause, still!" cried Eva, soon after they had gained the land—"you are too important a prey to escape so easily; your route will be at once ascertained—as I reckon that you, Evelyn, are bound to protect your sister, in the besieged northern city; and a stronger party sent to intercept you on some point of the coast-road, more northward."

"This I believe," said Edmund—"and we cannot even take from your side, sister, in these convulsed times, any portion of these faithful friends—some," he continued, addressing Evelyn, "who, after the repulse at Derry, left Lord Antrim's regiment, and, joined to others who had never quitted Glenarriff, formed a body for the immediate protection of our house."

"You cannot, you mean, take them from our father's side, Edmund," she resumed—"for,

think you, I shall see you ride on, in danger, and remain inactive, and oh, how miserable, at home?—No; your companion I will be till you are out of immediate peril, at least—heaven knows how you can yet be safely disposed of, till the savage anger of the old Earl and his people is appeased and reasoned down; but I think that you should push on sufficiently near to the English lines to remain out of reach of your own friends—your foes, alas, for the time."

"What a wretch I am," said Evelyn, "to have caused this trouble and danger to you, Edmund."

"No," cried Eva, "you caused it not; or, be that as it may, my brother only did what, if he had left undone, must have made him for ever unworthy of the blood and name he bears. But let us think solely of our present situation."

"A few of our people," said Edmund, "should be quickly despatched along the road we have to travel, and take post about the passes of Knocklaide, outside Ballycastle, as that is the point where, in all probability, Lord Antrim's

soldiers, rapidly approaching by another route, will try to intercept us."

This proceeding was, after some discussion, decided upon; and two men accordingly moved in the direction spoken of.

"And now to the Strip of Burne," resumed Eva, "yet, only for an hour's rest and refreshment; it is long past midnight, and the early dawn should see us sweeping by the Fair-Head, towards Knocklaide."

All turned to the right, to gain the Strip of Burne; as they proceeded, Edmund and Evelyn pronounced, in a breath, and with great alarm, the name of Carolan.

"Fear not for him," said Eva—"he has since been in the south, and is now entrusted with such credentials to Lord Antrim as must insure him not only a safe guidance, but a cordial welcome. None, amongst our enemies, suspect the wanderings of the poor harper; yet was not his late visit to the black North entirely on account of his private griefs, nor has he now returned to it without a purpose. So much I learned from him, this morning, when he crossed our threshold to make a passing visit. And—to

speak of other matters—never, Edmund, shall I forget the zeal and promptness of his feelings and exertions on your and Evelyn's account, when, as we sat conversing together, Black Coll came running from the little Deer Park, to tell us of your danger. He comforted me, he counselled me, and he acted for me; he would not quit my side; and when, at last, the shots sent me back to make one desperate contrivance for your safety, poor Carolan assumed the post of service and of danger, on the road, where you found him."

Accompanied, or rather kept in view by the body of men, they soon gained the Strip of Burne. Once more Evelyn was kindly received by Eva's father; once more he sat in friendship at her father's hearth; once more he sat in friendship by her own side. But he could not avoid noticing in the manner of all, a something that had no share in their former intercourse. Only a few hours ago, Edmund and he had warmly agreed to admit their old understanding; yet Edmund, though kind indeed, was not the Edmund he formerly knew; his permitted kiss was yet warm on the lips of Eva,

and she seemed to have forgotten her late hostility; yet she, too, was not the Eva who had once confessed that her soul, life, and happiness were in his keeping. He fancied that the whole shew of warmth he met, and all the zeal and devotedness evinced in his behalf, sprang from a spirit of pride, not of returned confidence and affection:—from a haughty sense of honorable duty, rather than from a sincere wish to renew the vows that had so often been mutually interchanged.

This view of his situation kept Evelyn restless and dispirited during his short halt in old M'Donnell's house; and such feelings were increased in consequence of the part acted by the dumb man, Con M'Donnell, who, at Evelyn's entrance, had shewn him but a cool welcome, and who afterwards refused to sit down to eat or drink with the party; taking his stand on the threshold of the door, and looking wistfully abroad; or else flinging himself on a remote seat, either very seriously or sullenly, and again starting from it to the open door-way.

And, at last, the man's proceedings became still more strange, if not still more alarming.

Getting some sudden whim into his head, he ran, suddenly, from the door towards Evelyn, took up his hat from the table, abruptly presented it to him, and motioned that he should depart. Old M'Donnell checked him, by signs, as Evelyn calmly replaced his hat on the table; but Con seemed little put out of countenance; again he stood at the door; again rushed in, and again urged Evelyn's speedy departure.

"He fears—I should almost say—prophecies some coming danger," said Edmund, "for, afflicted as our poor uncle is—cut off from all ordinary communication with probable occurrences, one can scarce attribute to any thing but a spirit of prophecy, the frequent consciousness he has evinced of approaching events. I will give you a remarkable instance of what I mean.

"One dark, stormy night, in November, when all had retired to rest, he was observed to get hastily out of bed, run to the cow-shed, drive out the cattle into an adjacent field, and then return to his sleeping-chamber. The servants who watched his motions, not wishing to leave the poor animals exposed to the rigour

of an inclement night, drove them back again to their shed, as soon as they thought he was asleep. But to their increased surprise, they had scarcely retired, after doing so, when my uncle again visited the place, again compelled the cattle to leave it, and again went to bed. A second time the servants counteracted his measures; a third time he renewed them. The people, at last getting weary, allowed him to indulge his humour; towards morning, all were aroused by a great noise; and, on examination, it appeared that the cow-house had fallen in, oppressed by the weight of a large hay-rick that was piled on its roof; and which, had it fallen on the cattle, must certainly have crushed them to death."

The anecdote was not well finished when the subject of it repeated his urgency to Evelyn.

"Whatever may be his meaning," said Eva, "it is time we were on the road," and she rose to prepare for her journey. Edmund and Evelyn also rose. When their uncle saw them obviously getting ready, the pleasure he had shewn at a prospect of Evelyn's parting, yielded to the wildest surprise, terror, and, finally,

indignation, as soon as he understood who were to be his companions. He uttered one of his unnatural cries; plucked out of the hands of his nephew and niece the whips, hats, gloves, and other articles they had taken up, shut the door, put his back to it, and with frantic signs commanded them to remain where they were. It took some precious time, and much earnest interference, on the part of his brother, to oblige the dumb prophet of evil to yield a free way to the young party; and when he was at length compelled to leave the door-way, he burst off, in a mighty passion, to his own apartment, without any leave-taking; and they could hear him lock himself in, as if implacably enraged and offended. Just before they got on horseback, he, as furiously rushed back again; renewed his admonitions, in a more entreating style than before; and, when every endeavour failed, he burst into tears, uttered cries of the wildest pathos, clasped his niece and nephew to his heart, and ran, as if despairing, from them.

The young travellers, once more reunited in the dangers of the road, and attended but by

two men, who were to return with Eva, set off, on fresh horses, for the village of Ballycastle. The road did not continue to run so near the coast as, between Glenarm and Glenarriff, it had done; but sweeping through valley after valley, and over hill after hill, shut out, for the greater part of the way, all view of the ocean, taking an almost straight direction towards Fair-Head, and dispensing with the curvatures formed, on the way, by Tor-Head, and other nearer headlands.

Before leaving Glenarriff, Evelyn had silently resolved to lead Eva, if possible, into some acknowledgment of her forgiveness of the past; or, at all events, into some conversation relating to it. For this purpose he took the moment they started, the most favorable place at her side; and gratified that M'Donnell seemed intentionally to lag behind, in conversation with the men, he now only waited to arrange his thoughts into the best mode of expression, when Eva suddenly turned in her saddle, and called out her brother's name, who, immediately attending her, remained, during the whole night,

at her other side. The sister and brother conversed fluently together; but Evelyn, disappointed, grieved, and somewhat vexed, was silent.

Often he asked himself why he should be so; why he should consider M'Donnell's presence as an obstacle to any conversation he might wish to hold with Eva; why, in fact, he did not speak out, before him, as freely as he wished to do with his sister, inasmuch as the explanation he was disposed to give certainly concerned the one as much as the other. Often, too, having persuaded himself of the propriety, indeed necessity of such a course, he was about to break silence, and begin; but, as often, his heart, or his temper failed him; he felt disinclined, he knew not why, to humble his spirit to young M'Donnell; or, at least, to address to him, in common with the woman of his choice, any words that would acknowledge the rash and unfeeling part he well knew he had acted.

Wondering, perhaps, at his taciturnity, M'Donnell directed to him, from time to time, a question or remark upon some common sub-

ject; or Eva appealed to him for an opinion, in support of her own, and connected with subjects discussed by herself and her brother; but the brief or embarrassed replies of Evelyn, giving, unknown to him, an appearance of reserve and coolness—they were, in fact, only the natural result of his agitated state of feeling—his friends soon became as taciturn as himself; and their journey thus continued a very cheerless one; the bad road, and the monotonous succession of hill and valley, valley and hill, little cultivated, scarce inhabited, and lying blank and undefined in darkness, contributing not a little to the dreariness of their sensations.

But when the morning broke, and that the travellers, sweeping over a commanding eminence, saw it calling into life and shape the distant ocean to their right and straight before them; the islands that lay upon it, the bold headlands that ran into it, and the intervening hills, clad in green or brown, or crested with rocky pinnacles—the spirits of each rose with the rising day, gladdened with the gladdening water, soared to the lofty crags of the head-

lands, and, all individual vexations for a moment unthought of, they felt cheered, if not happy.

"Yon," said Eva, pointing to the headland right before them, and which lay at about three miles' distance—"yon 's the Fair-Head."

"And why called fair, I know not," said her brother, "for 'tis as foul a point as ever was doubled in a rough sea."

"And to the left," she resumed, pointing to a very high inland mountain, with a curious round, flat top—"behold old Knocklaide; which has, on its summit a cairn, called, by some, 'The cairn of the Three'—meaning the three sons of Ushna, whose chivalrous adventures and tragical death form the subject of one of our most beautiful Ossianic poems—that, however, is not our present concern with it."

"No," resumed M'Donnell, "but the rather to see whether or not there glimmers on its sides, or at its base, some score hand-pikes or broad-swords more than at present we have need for."

The two men who had been despatched to reconnoitre now jumped on the road.

"What news?" asked Edmund.

"You must not pass Knocklaide, to-day," they answered; "your enemies are there before you."

"Then, where shall we shelter?" he continued, turning to Eva—"back we cannot go; and there is no house, not even a safe cavern, in this wild nook, nearer than the Fair-Head."

"And thither a M'Donnell should not face for safety," added Eva, half smiling.

"No, sister;—the place was never friendly to our family," her brother replied, more seriously.

"What do you mean?" asked Evelyn—"is not the whole district uninhabited?"

"Yes," replied Edmund, "but not the less objectionable."

"It has only one inhabitant," said the elder of the couriers, "an' that 's the Grey Man."

"An' he was seen on his path, last night," subjoined the other, mysteriously—"an' never, afore, since the night when your honor's father lost his own."

Edmund's countenance assumed a still graver expression, and he appeared occupied with

disagreeable thoughts. Evelyn knew not what to make of the conversation he had heard, and much wished to ask for information, but, in the presence of the men, delicacy checked him. One of them continued by stating that, previous to the event last mentioned, the Grey Man of Fair-Head had not appeared on his "path" since a celebrated chieftain of the M'Donnells, returning from a visit to Scotland, was wrecked on the coast.

"Come, come, Edmund," resumed Eva, "you know I have always tried to laugh you out of this conceit, and I must do so now. First, let me correct the bad and lame tradition of these men;—they are wrong in saying that from the time of Cromwell's confiscation, this bug-bear of our family was not, until last night, seen on his path;—for do you not recollect when our uncle Ronold broke his neck, hunting the deer over the flat land between our present resting-place and the head?—and did not the whole country aver that the Grey Man appeared the evening before?—Was not our grandfather's second bride also lost on the coast, when only crossing home, after her marriage, from Roth-

lin, to our continent?—and all in consequence of another appearance?—Nay—there was yet another, for which none of us could account, except, indeed, that, in two days after it, my mother's black cat died.—You see I am skilled in all this lore; but, need I remind you also—apart from the absurdity of the whole thing—that scarce an old family in the north, but appropriates, in common with ourselves, the Grey Man, his path, and his talent for making them miserable, allowing to no others a claim over their assumed and unenviable privilege?—Come, I say—yon awful ground we will tread, notwithstanding the warning of ages; nay, should we be necessitated to wear out the precious night, there—upon yon still more awful path shall we keep midnight watch, and dare this portentous man, black, brown, or grey, as he may be—hobgoblin, ghost, or living seer—to a friendly interview. And it is time we were moving from our present exposed stand; the morning begins to shine fully out, and, if there be keen eyes on Knocklaide, we must soon be, if we have not already been, observed. Follow me, gentlemen."

Deviating from the road, she put her horse

in motion, and was followed over trackless and uneven ground which, gradually descending, soon deprived them of a continued view of the sea. After some further progress, the land became, for a short distance, level, though still very rough; and then it once more rose, but not precipitously. Eva continued to lead against this ascent, leaping across many natural drains, which, at first, intersected the ground, and then through clumps of furze, and over patches of bedded rock, until, finally, the party gained a nearly flat stretch of barren land, terminating straight before them, in a horizontal line, beyond which was the parallel line of the ocean. Here they dismounted, and leaving their horses to the men, continued their way forward.

As they approached the bounding line, all became conscious that they verged towards a great precipice; and, indeed, they soon stood on a safe point from which they could hazard a look downward. The abrupt depth under them was such as to leave Shakspeare's Cliff no longer formidable.

"Sit down by this broom-tuft," said Eva, "and let us look around. I have sat here,

before, and can act the ciceroni. Yonder," pointing a little to the left, "at only a few miles' distance, is Rathlin Island; or, as the natives call it, Raherry; dear to Scotchmen for having once afforded shelter to Robert the Bruce;—you can catch a glimpse of his castle. The more distant land over it, or at either side of it, are Isla and the Paps of Jura. Still to the right you plainly see the hills of Arran; and how beautifully, as the eye follows the horizon line, appears that long, craggy, isolated island, and that other round one, the most remote of all, rising out of the blue waves like the dome of a great building, the continuation of which fancy may suppose sunk below them —an ocean-god's palace, based on the bottom of the sea."

"But," asked Evelyn, "before we travel so far, what is that large sweep of land, nearer to us than any we can see, excepting the Bruce's island?"

"The Mull of Cantyre—only about twice the distance, indeed, of Raherry; and, although an island, too, yet considered part of the Scottish main-land. To your extreme right, and,

at a greater distance, you look on bonny Scotland still; and over part of the water between Cantyre and that more remote land, your eye traverses the mouth of the Firth of Clyde. Is it not inexpressively, indeed unaccountably exciting, to sit, thus, on the verge of one country, and look across the dividing waters into another?—I, at least, have always felt it so, though, as I gave you notice, I know not clearly why. But, as one gazes on hills and mountains, trodden by a strange people, such common features of nature assume an aspect as strange as your thoughts of them; you imagine you have seen none like them, at home; and the young heart beats half with curiosity to wander among them, half with awe at the venture. Such have been, I believe, the nature of my sensations, particularly when I first saw, walking on a shore then hostile to her, the land of beautiful France; and again when, after a long absence, and having before known nothing of our sister country, I gazed across the sea, on the white coast of powerful England."

"I have felt the like emotions," said Evelyn; "I have felt how strange a thing it is to see the

family of earth so divided; how strange to stand on the edge of one nation, and look, but a few leagues into the bosom of another, yet know that it contains a branch of that common family, so different in language, dress, complexion, manners, and policy, as might serve for contrast in another world. But where is your Grey Man's Path?—Have we already traversed it?—Does it lie concealed in the wild, at our back?—or, perhaps, with some violent contradiction of words, you may point it out in the pathless ocean?"

"Still, attend me," said Eva; and all rising, followed her to the right, some short distance by the line of the cliff; then, turning a little inward, they gained the yawn of the Grey Man's Path.

If, to compare great things with small—the reader supposes himself looking down a straight, tremendous staircase—(such as Piranesi might dream for one of his cloud-piercing palaces) —confined between two walls of rock, and of which the bottom, on account of the irregular projection of its craggy steps, cannot be seen, he will at once have a general idea of this natu-

ral wonder. At some remote period, during an explosion of earthquake, or perhaps of frost, the outside precipice had been cleanly cleft through its face, some paces inland, and half the displaced fragments hurled to the beach, or to the sea; while the other half, arresting each other in their descent, formed an abrupt and rugged inclined plane, of nearly one thousand feet from the flat ground that gave descent into it, to the very level of the ocean.

"This," resumed Eva, "is the Path of the shadowy being whose imagined existence so much frightens us all; and on the eve of some coming calamity he may be seen, to appearance a tall, gaunt, aged man, clothed in some vaguely-conceived grey dress, toiling up and down among the rocks that give him his only footing. Look at this huge natural pillar that has fallen over the chasm, at top, from side to side; sometimes he has been discerned, at sea, sitting upon this pillar, no ways fearful of adding his weight to its already insecure position—for you may see it has hardly any rest, at either side, and looks as if the hopping of a bird upon it could hurl it down the path. But whether he be seen

sitting or moving, the fisher who, in the congenial twilight, or while the midnight moon shines clearly, discerns, afar off, the Grey Man's figure on the Fair-Head, will tack his little vessel, and, for that night, tempt no further the iron-bound coast, while, at any hour of day or night, at which his bark ploughs by, he prays an unwonted prayer to be delivered from the bad omen of his appearance.

"But, come," she continued, "as he does not too frequently reveal himself, and especially, as it is now broad daylight, who will descend, with me, this rude staircase, for the matter of fact purpose of trying to hail a boat which may convey us round the coast, to our place of destination?"

"You do not surely mean to venture down that chasm," said Evelyn; "it cannot be safe or practicable."

"I do, indeed, propose to go down, because I know it is both; I have gone down, and come up, often before."

"Then I will accompany you," resumed Evelyn, his one thought of a private conversation with Eva, still uppermost, while he sincerely hoped Edmund would refuse.

"Do so," said Edmund, meeting his wish; "I shall remain here to look out towards Knocklaide."

Eva paused a moment, in quick thought; then, as if she had taken her resolution, moved towards the opening of the path. Evelyn offered his hand. "No," she said, "no such ceremony here; it is useless, because unavailable. I only require you to follow, and give yourself —your eyes especially—no trouble about me."

Both accordingly began to descend, very slowly, stepping and grappling from rock to rock, and sometimes inconvenienced with a spot of abrupt loose earth. In such a progress it was impossible to address Eva, who, as he moved, still kept some distance below him; or, if a favorable moment for speaking did occur, she seemed designedly to anticipate him, by speaking herself, and directing his notice to the features of the scene which inclosed them.

The fissure, at top, was but a few feet broad; as they descended, however, it gradually widened; shewing, at either side, basalt pillars, of a nearly perfect kind, beautifully varied in range and elevation; until, at the bottom, they

rose to a height of between two and three hundred feet.

Evelyn gained the base of the precipice, and looking up and around him, his private feelings gave way, for a moment, to the tremendous influence of the scene. He was thunderstruck. Straight upward ran the basaltic pillars of the Fair-Head; before him was the vast ocean; around, the mighty fragments that, at its making or marring, had tumbled from the precipice—enough to yield material for all the cities that earth ever saw; and looking, indeed, on account of their columnar shape, like the eternal ruins of some elder city of giants, who, ere man's present dwarfish race sprang from the slime of the old flood, might have possessed the world, and built themselves fitting palaces upon its surface.

"What a sight and sound must have been here, Evelyn," said Eva, "during the creation or the confounding that caused this scene!—Was the sea here, before it happened? or did the strong hand of God rend into pieces a previously solid globe, pushing one part here, and another there, to form so many countries, and

then did the foamy waves come roaring and tumbling to fill up the abyss?—Oh! mighty is the God of nature, however it has been—mighty, thrice mighty, is He in a place like this—even though He seems to have wrought but for destruction—thrice mighty!"—Overcome by enthusiasm, she clasped her hands, knelt down, and prayed, fervently, although silently. This, Evelyn felt, was no purposed direction of discourse, to keep him from a dreaded topic, whatever might have been the speaker's first object. He saw that Eva's soul had started in tears to her eyes, and that her spirit had for a moment flown to do homage to its Creator. His own eyes ran over, as he looked upon her with admiration, sympathy, and profoundest love. Perhaps his tears were bitterer than Eva's, at the thought that a creature so beautiful, so gifted, and so good, was—even after she had sworn to be his—grown indifferent to him. He turned away his head, as she arose, to hide the emotion that a continuance of this misgiving rendered too evident.

"I offer no excuse," she continued, "for having acted as if you were not present."

"How, Eva!—am I as a stranger to you, then?" he asked in a sad voice. Eva, not noticing him, spoke wide of this point.

"Now, however, as one acquainted with this scenery, I owe you some information. Look up—and see, in Fair-Head, the *Robogdium Promontorium of Ptolemy;* see, also—we just get a glimpse of it—an unbroken, unjointed, pillar of rock, two hundred feet high, the largest in the world:—but what is the matter?—you are very ill—or agitated."

"Oh, Eva," he said, overpowered by his feelings—"forgive me, and take me to your bosom!—I have acted—I know not how—done—I know not what—but every thing that was at once unworthy of you, and of the unchanging love I bore you. I was mad—I have suffered—and I am miserable, penitent, and humbled, too, in my very soul—I entreat your forgiveness—I kneel for it."

"No, Evelyn," she said, arresting him—"you shall never bend a knee—you never ought to bend it—to the woman who has vowed to you the honor and obedience of a wife to a husband."

" Then say I am forgiven—say—"

" This I say, Evelyn. Although in the first burst of that most extraordinary and shocking outrage, and while its first effects continued, my mind and spirit utterly cast you off, still was my heart reclaimable to you; and when I lately reflected on the whole occurrence—the political deception, in some degree, practised on both sides—the bad advisers, though they should have been good, on both—the hastiness of Edmund, and the hot words he used; when, also, I recollected my promise at the altar, and was further reminded of it by the arguments of the good old man who joined our hands; and when, too, I saw that my brother was wretched in consequence of our common separation; but, most of all, when I heard that you were in misfortune and danger—then, Evelyn—dear Evelyn—even before our last meeting—I had nothing—nothing to forgive."

They embraced; and Eva continued.

" An oath I had sworn—a bitter, angry oath —never to forgive or know you, Evelyn; but it was an unlawful and a silly oath, along with being an angry one. It could not affect my

previous oath to stay by your side, unto the death; and God has no registry of it, except to my confusion; except as a sin committed, instead of a vow accepted. That, too, ceased to be an obstacle between us; I now own I but waited your introduction of the present subject to say all I have said; while—excuse me—I thought, once or twice, you made me wait too long; and that your manner shewed the reverse of the anxiety you now express."

"Could there have been such a seeming?—Alas, if so, it was the effect of very different feelings, Eva. I, too, had formed—thank heaven!—erroneous opinions of your thoughts towards me. But now doubt is flown, from both our hearts, and there is nothing but happiness in the future."

"Of that future, dear Evelyn, I wished to speak—do not interrupt me. You and I are still politically opposed, at the very moment—in the very fervor—of a political contest. Either of us must retire from the field or—until the storm has past over—we must remain separate."

"Eva," he said, gravely and firmly—"I will

not understand that you wish me to turn traitor to a cause in which I have taken an oath to remain faithful."

"You do right," she answered, her eye slightly kindling, "not to suppose it; having once chosen your side, I should, on the contrary, despise you for betraying it. No; I meant not that; but there is another course; it is no treachery to withdraw, altogether, from the contest."

"Except, Eva, the treachery of cowardice."

Both paused; and Evelyn continued.

"But, if such a course be indeed so necessary—if one or the other must stand neutral—why, dearest Eva, should not you be that one? —You, a woman—my wife, too—whom no reasonable human being can expect to take an active part against me—would it not be more natural than that I, a man, and an accountable one, should forsake, even though I did not betray the friends who have called me to an honorable place by their side?"

"Ask me not that"—she answered vehemently—"name it not, Evelyn; I, who in this cause, have at stake the lives of a brother and

a father—the freedom of my country, and the worship of my God—who, from my cradle, have dreamt of such a cause, and felt my whole soul swelling to meet it—can I be expected—can I be asked to stand coldly neutral while it abides the trial?—No, though the consequences should be ruin to my earthly peace—destructive to my love of you—though I lose you in the struggle—worse—though we should clash in it—though, what does now seem so unlikely, we should meet in the very field of strife, armed and sworn foes to each other—yet must I not shew coldness or indifference in acting the part I am called on to act. Every consideration requires the contrary at my hands. The past—the present—the future—our former wrongs—our present sufferings, joined to the call of a king betrayed and insulted, an altar overthrown and darkened, and a country outraged and defied—the hopes of honorable redress, too, if I may not add honorable revenge—judge for me, if here be not sufficient and irresistible obligation."

"But, Eva, nothing to shew a necessity for our lives and fortunes continuing separate."

"What!—do you hope for peace and warfare

in the same family?—confidence in divided interests?—union in struggle?—love in political jealousy?—the lion and the lamb to lie down in the same lair?—No, Evelyn; if we really love each other, and have sincere views for the final and lasting interchange of that love, let us not tempt its blasting in the rude storm that already has begun to howl; let us withdraw it from the unseemly, the unnatural contest that must soon rage between our parties; and, since foes we must be, let us be such, as far as is unavoidable, only. This I will in candour say. Had I been aware of your intention to take up arms against me and mine—against the religion that gives me hopes of God, and the king that gave me hopes of liberty—never—truly and dearly as I loved you—never should my hand have been yours. Since, in my ignorance, I have become your wife, force me not into the wretched, half-trusting, half-devoted intercourse which, if we at present meet, must ensue between us. The battle shall soon be fought, and, one way or other, decided: then, whatever is the result, let us cling to each other for ever, and love and serve each other undividedly

—that is all I want—opportunity from circumstances, and permission from heaven and my own heart, to love my husband as a wife ought to love."

"These reasons, Eva," he said, considering them, as well as the heated language in which they were expressed, nothing more than the hasty feelings, uttered upon impulse, of an enthusiastic girl—"these reasons, Eva, might have weight, provided it was to follow, as an inevitable result of our union, that we were to live unhappily together; that because obliged to think differently on general matters, we were also of necessity obliged to think differently of each other."

"I, at least, Evelyn, could not sufficiently draw the distinction—plainly and candidly I tell you I could not; and there are other reasons. In such a time of civil discord and jealousy, each party will be watchful of its friends; each will exact from its friends a scrupulous line of conduct, the overstepping of which must be followed by dishonor or death—ruin, at all events, in one shape or other—both of us will necessarily be subjected to this nice scrutiny;

and, supposing us socially, domestically connected, how could we hope to satisfy it?—Would not your friends suspect the husband of of a papist, and mine—my father's and my brother's friends—suspect the wife of a protestant, and through her, the dear relations, whose heart's-blood might be spilt in consequence?—Evelyn, you may—for you can—command me; but oh! in the name of our common love—in the name of honor, nature, and delicacy—command me not in this—where submission would be a mockery and a misery—where affection, first outraged, might at last be disgusted—where man forbids, and God would seem to disapprove."

"Well, Eva," he answered, at last touched, if not convinced by her strange earnestness—"be it so; I have no wish, perhaps, after all, no right, to force your free inclinations; for the sake of my own happiness I will not, at all events, make the trial; let us live as strangers to each other—except in the heart—until, as you say, we can meet in undivided love. I have no fears of you, in one respect: no doubts of—"

"Of my truth?—of my constancy?" she interrupted—"Do you mean that?"

"I only meant to say I did not fear either."

"Why say so, then?—Why glance at such a matter?—Why start it, even in thought, Evelyn?—I hoped—I believed I was far elevated above suspicion—far above even the little doubt that would prompt you to tell me you did not fear me—oh, you know not the heart of woman, such as it beats in the bosom of Eva M'Donnell!—you know not its deep, tranquil faith and loyalty to man, when duty sanctifies love!—when the word of God, and the hands of God's minister, have approved and blessed the enthusiasm of affection!—Evelyn, dear Evelyn, I wish you had never breathed that word."

"Then, dearest Eva—Eva Evelyn—not Eva M'Donnell—I wish it too; and never shall you hear it repeated. But there is still another point on which I would fain receive your assurances. Just now, you made an allusion that pained and startled me. You said as much as that it was not improbable you should take some personally-active part in the civil commo-

tion which surrounds us.—Gracious heaven, Eva! do not suffer me to entertain any such shocking apprehensions as that hasty expression must, if unexplained, give rise to—do not permit me to fear, during the sad period of our separation, that you are disposed to place yourself in personal danger or responsibility—to do ought, in fact, forgetful of my anxiety for your safety and honor—hear me, Eva—for your character as a woman, a lady, and a wife."

"Fear me not," she replied; "should we both outlive this struggle—"

"Dear Eva, again your indirect meaning afflicts and affrights me. What, supposing you to bear yourself as a delicate though zealous woman ought—what can be the possible peril to you?—I, indeed, a man and a soldier, destined for the field—I may not outlive it—I may fall, Eva—but you!—what can you purpose or think of?"

"Still my answer is the same I was just about to give, and will be found sufficient for all your fears and questions. Should we both meet, I say, after this coming strife—meet, never again to sunder—I will not ask you to take me to

your side, if there shall appear, in my conduct, a flaw to dishonor or displease you. More, Evelyn—I will not cross your threshold, to sit at your board or hearth, until I have invited—demanded your scrutiny. And is not this enough?—Loving you, as I do, shall I have no stake risked—no future happiness to lose—nothing to venture in coming before you?—My own principles and self-respect out of the question, shall I have no powerful motive to supply me with a rule of action?—Oh, fear me not!—situated as I am, and as I must be—a woman of fixed convictions, warm heart, cultivated mind, and, for I know my own character, unusual energy, there will arise, I make no doubt, in such an extraordinary time, and in such a country, many claims upon me, and I shall meet them with a promptness and spirit at which the gentle ladies of more tranquil and befriended lands may express or feign astonishment. So much I advise you of; still, Evelyn, I can but repeat, over and over, fear me not—fear not—your party-prejudices of course forgotten in the investigation—fear not the woman who, while she is called on to befriend her unfortunate

country, is also called on to support the character of your wife."

Evelyn, still believing that Eva, fired and agitated by religious and patriotic zeal, either conjured up, as probable, circumstances that could never occur, or else imagined herself of more importance than, in any circumstances, she could ever be, professed himself contented with this explanation.

"And now," she continued, "let us attend to our business here. We descended, I reckon, to look out for a boat, by which we might get round the coast to some landing place beyond Ballycastle; but," looking over the sea, "no such help appears; can any boat have past while we discoursed together?"

"I shall not answer yes or no; for in truth, Eva, I did not sufficiently take notice."

"Nor I, indeed," she resumed. "Well, then, since our attendance here seems useless, we should return to Edmund:" she moved towards the chasm by which they had descended; paused, walked back to him, and said—

"Farewell, Evelyn—I propose to make our adieus here, because, although we do not im-

mediately part, yet we soon must, and then, doubtless, with witnesses;—farewell, my dear Evelyn—my husband;—I ask you not to wish me success till our next meeting; but, Evelyn, should I return to you with it, who then shall share, with Eva, the honorable rewards of success?—It may be that defeat and confirmed degradation, shame, and utter poverty shall attend my coming back—if so, Evelyn," her voice faltered.

"If so, Eva, then will it be my time to act, as it is now my time to speak—but no, why need I utter it?—farewell, Eva; no more: let us return to your brother."

"Yes;—oh, Evelyn!—did God ever ordain that his children should be cruelly tortured, merely by a difference of forms in loving Him?—why are hearts thus separated?"

"Because," he replied, "from the beginning of the world, ambitious princes and churchmen, captains and politicians, have deliberately made God's name a watch-word for monopoly."

"And when," Eva asked, "when shall religion bring peace and good-will to men?"

"When men of every sect become suffi-

ciently awake to their own happiness, to separate religion from politics, and churchmen from politicians; to bow down reverently and sincerely before the minister of religion, as such; but to confine him to his ministry; then, Eva, and not till then."

With more toil, though less difficulty than they had descended, Eva and Evelyn gained the top of the chasm, upon the edge of which Edmund was still seated. As they approached him—

"No boat?" he asked.

"No," replied Eva, "and no Grey Man, either."

Edmund fixed his eyes, consciously and inquiringly, on the betraying features of his sister and his friend. When they had quite gained his side, Eva saved him further questioning.

"Edmund," she said, giving her hand to Evelyn, "the past, is, as it ought to be, forgotten."

He arose, took their disengaged hands, and repeated—

"As it ought to be, indeed. But for the immediate future, sister?"

"Protect Eva, Edmund, till we meet again—for she will have it so," said Evelyn: "and when we do meet, another friend shall enlarge our circle."

M'Donnell seemed, as if by previous understanding with his sister, to have expected such an arrangement, and now to approve it; and all thus at ease in their private feelings—that is, so far as circumstances permitted—the subject was, by tacit and common consent, soon passed; and other indifferent ones started.

The morning, the day wore away, as they thus sat conversing together, or as they strayed along the verge of the precipice. The men who had met them on the road produced some coarse but welcome refreshments, after partaking of which, all expressed weariness of their situation, and the utmost anxiety to pursue their route. The coming of night was much wished for, as affording hopes either of the disappearance of those who blocked up the way, or of the approach of some fisherman's boat, in which they might pass and defy their disagreeable neighbours.

And at last the evening fell, somewhat be-

fore its time, on account of the dense watery clouds that blinded the descending luminary. In the first twilight, the men were despatched to reconnoitre, once more, the road to Ballycastle; and, in their absence, Eva, M'Donnell, and Evelyn, sat on the edge of the Grey Man's Path, as the best place to afford them, through its downward yawn, a sight of the ocean, and, with it, a sight of any boat that might come in view.

But the mists that gradually swathed the waters, soon rendered unnecessary their continued watchfulness; and their situation only served to afford them a view of that most comfortless and desolate of all the appearances of nature—one, indeed, that might supply a notion of the blank of chaos, namely, the mingling of the vapours of the ocean with those of the heavens, until the very horizon-line is lost, and all becomes "one face" of shapeless and tintless monotony.

"Who would think," asked Edmund, "but for his eternal voice, grown hoarse in calling out, that the furrowed and angry ocean tossed beneath that shroud of mist, and that all the

fair islands and land we this morning gazed upon, still sleep under its shadow?"

"And who," demanded Eva, "as the white vapour comes, curling up this chasm, would suppose that the Grey Man had so steep a path for his walk, as we know it to be?—Look—the view down is already more than half interrupted: and up, up, still rolls the mist."

"A proper evening for his ramble," observed Evelyn.

"Most proper" resumed Eva; "how fitly would he appear, emerging from that abyss of vapour, and toiling among the rocky fragments, towards us—but see!—has not yon grey stone moved?"

"No," said Edmund, "yet look closer."

All did, indeed, glance more attentively down the chasm, and beheld the head and shoulders of a man protruded through the body of mist, but still only vaguely recognizable, as well on account of the evening shadows, as of the thinner portions of exhalation that skirted the principal mass, and which, floating between them and him, gave but a dreamy indication of form and feature. So far as the

spectators could discern, however, the face was aged, and the hair grey. The apparition stood still but for an instant, as if regarding them, and then sunk back into obscurity. Edmund started to his feet, and began to descend the chasm.

"Do not throw away your life," cried Eva, detaining him, "you shall not venture down."

"I shall, sister, and instantly—who now allows supernatural fears to terrify her?"

"Not I, Edmund—I fear no spectre here so much as living men disposed to do you harm."

"Tush, Eva, am I a child, to be gobbled up in a mouthful? Pray release me." He released himself.

"Then you go not alone," said Evelyn.

"No," resumed Eva, "we shall both accompany him."

"Sister—Evelyn—stay where you are—this is my adventure, and mine only. Be seated, I entreat—caution you—else I may do something rash. If I require help, I shall give you notice by firing one of these pistols—farewell."

He rapidly clambered down the path, soon entered the mist, and was lost in it.

"Though, as I have said, I feared no ghost or demon, on his account," continued Eva, "yet do I now feel a superstitious horror at seeing him swallowed up from our sight in the silence and mystery of that cloud of vapour, to confront, singly, whatever peril may await him within its void."

"We—I have done wrong in remaining inactive, notwithstanding his entreaties and menaces," said Evelyn. "Do you fear to rest here while I follow him?"

"I should not fear; but 'tis better not to follow him; I must, for the first time, acquaint you, that the spirit of Edmund has, of late years, changed from a youth of, mayhap, too great gentleness and bashfulness, into a sharp and wayward manhood. From me, who, when we were boy and girl together, could call him to me like my pet doe, he will now scarce brook even slight contradiction; although, indeed, his manner is never directly hurtful or unkind, and, though I know he still loves me well. Therefore I join my entreaties to his, that you stay

where you are, and not give cause for any unseemly contest between us, by thwarting what appears to be his fixed purpose. Let us sit here, patiently if we can, and pray for his speedy and safe return."

"As you please, then; but, Eva, I have, myself, observed the change of character you speak of, and wondered whether it was a mature shew of nature, or caused by the sudden and stern change of the times. And I have heard you speak of two other brothers; one, who died in youth, much your elder; another, who went for his education to Spain, almost your own age, and, withal, very like you—does Edmund resemble in spirit either of these?"

"The first, not at all," she replied—"my elder brother, Donald, was, as I recollect, only remarkable for good nature, good humour, and love of ladies; but my younger, James,"—tears filled her eyes—"had much, I believe, even since his childhood, of the fiery temper only lately shewn by Edmund. Mayhap, as Edmund has changed from gentle to bold, James, during the long period he had been absent, might have

changed from bold to gentle. But 'tis no matter now."

"What do you mean?—Does that younger brother soon visit Ireland?"

"Alas, alas—spoke I not of him as of a brother that has been?—Our last accounts of him told us he had died of a malignant fever." She wept on.

Evelyn, who had proposed his questions chiefly for the purpose of diverting Eva's attention from Edmund's absence, now found it impossible to continue the discourse, and both became silent, gazing down the rocky chasm upon the wreaths of mist which choked it, and conjuring, out of every motion of the vapour, the figure of Edmund, or of some more unwelcome visitant.

A considerable time thus lapsed; the shades of night fell thicker; the throat of the chasm filled, more and more, with vapour and darkness, and still he came not. Eva's fears grew ungovernable; and she and Evelyn prepared to plunge down the path, when, at last, a human form positively, though spectral-like, appeared

struggling through the dense medium, in motion towards them. The first glance determined no shape, and Eva's worst terrors nearly overpowered her—she thought they were approached by her brother's murderer. But a little pause reassured her;—it was her brother's self.

Slowly and silently, and with a manner very different from that he wore at his departure, did Edmund now gain the verge of the chasm, and sit down by their side. He was pale and agitated; but that might have been from toil; his hair and clothes were damp, too, with the mist. They paused till he should speak; but he continued silent and thoughtful.

"What is this, Edmund?" at last asked Eva —"has any real injury happened to you?— Was that person an enemy?—a spy, perhaps?"

"Dear Eva," he answered, "ask me no questions about this matter; I have met neither foe nor spy; let so much content you, for the present at least. But I have other intelligence; a small galiot has just moored below; I have spoken to her people, and they consent—thank God!—to take us, on the turn of the tide,

which is near at hand, round the coast, as far as Ballintoy; we shall thus, in all likelihood, escape our present foes; and Evelyn will be free to continue his north-west journey; let us descend, at once; the galiot expects us."

At the same moment the two scouts re-appeared, with assurances that all the passes at their present side of Knocklaide were still beset. No delay was then made in once more braving—amid the extreme perils that the night now flung over it—the descent of the Grey Man's Path. The men attended them; abandoning, in their urgency, the horses that had conveyed them to Fair-Head. After many pauses, on the rugged way, and many dangers and escapes, about half an hour brought the whole party to the base of the precipice.

Here Edmund gave a hail, and was answered by near voices from a little sandy cove—the only safe one on that point of the coast, and, as all advanced, four men were dimly seen through the mist, standing up in a boat. Our friends and their attendants got in, and were instantly rowed, they knew not where, outward through the vapour of the ocean. A hazy light at last

shone a-head, and they gained and were hoisted into a small, dirty vessel, whose sole recommendation, to the experienced eye, was that she seemed built and rigged for quick sailing.

The hands seemed a set of rude, boisterous fellows, having for captain, or commander, a man scarce more interesting, in appearance or demeanor, than themselves. On the fore part of the deck other men, rolled up in cloaks, coverlids, and sacks, slept, or appeared to sleep, evidently no part of the crew. Evelyn, seeing one of their faces by the gleam of a lantern, thought he should know it; but he said nothing. From the cabin—which was interdicted to the chance passengers—he heard a voice, which was also familiar to him; still he said nothing; and glancing into the hold, and along a goodly range of casks which were lashed on deck, he finally thought he could guess at the nature of the cargo on board; but still he was prudently silent.

The tide turned; the breeze was fair; the anchor was heaved; and the galiot, standing out to sea, soon doubled the Fair-Head; and passing close by the island of Rathlin, where she

had to contest with a heavy surf, emerged into what may be regarded as the confluence of the great western and northern oceans;—no broad land, after an hour's tacking, between her and the unknown pole.

Ere break of day she stood off the little seashore hamlet of Ballintoy, and, anchoring in its safe and good bay, lowered a boat for our friends to make the shore. As Evelyn prepared to get into the boat, he offered the captain money, which, to his surprise, was refused. The boat put off; and, after half an hour's rowing, the fugitives landed, in the darkness and dampness of the night, on the edge of a village, where there did not seem to be a single soul awake to receive or direct them. But, tempted by a fee, the men who had rowed them from the vessel, engaged to knock up the inmates of a house they well knew, and from whom refreshments, horses, and guidance, might be obtained. Accordingly, our party accompanied them up the straggling street of the village; and after a persevering noise, sufficient to awake the dead, the doors of a mud-cabin were thrown open, and men, women, and children,

appeared half-dressed within, ready to afford any accommodation in their power.

This, indeed, was not much, nor of a superior kind; but, as three horses and a guide could be obtained, the travellers were satisfied; and, in less than an hour, Eva, Evelyn, and Edmund, followed on foot by the men, rode, at an easy pace, towards Coleraine.

CHAPTER VIII.

At within a few miles of Coleraine, the young friends were about to part; M'Donnell towards the house of a protestant relative near him, where he purposed to remain till his late seeming errors might be explained to Lord Antrim; Eva, for that morning, with him, in order to obtain some rest previous to her return to her father; and Evelyn, through Coleraine, to Derry;—when a new interruption changed, in some degree, their plans and destinations.

A party of horse, headed by Lord Mount Alexander, came up with them from Coleraine. The nobleman and Evelyn recognized each other, and exchanged greetings. Edmund was then noticed, and desired to account for himself. Interrupting his friend, he told, bluntly, his name, and his political and military situation, and was instantly placed under arrest. Evelyn

warmly pleaded for him; but Lord Mount Alexander would not hear of his being set at large; conceding, however, to the entreaties of Evelyn, that M'Donnell might remain as his prisoner, only giving his parole not to attempt an escape. Eva, who, boiling with indignation, rather than shaken with alarm, had silently witnessed these arrangements, was permitted to dispose of herself as she pleased. The gallant commander even offered two of his men to protect her; but the attendance of the scouts, now mounted on the horses Edmund and Evelyn had ridden from Ballintoy, enabled her safely to decline the favour.

"My own people will prove sufficient, my lord," she said—"Edmund, farewell; I rest a few hours at our friend's house; then home to comfort our father, and to use my influence with our angry cousin;—farewell, Evelyn; this"—she whispered—"this, in any case, shall be our last parting."

She turned off with the two men; and her brother and husband faced towards Coleraine, along with Lord Mount Alexander and his troop.

"As yet," said this nobleman to Evelyn, as they rode side by side, "we have fared badly; —those two affairs at Dromore and Hillsborough were very unfortunate; Sir Arthur Rawdon and I have saved or kept together but four thousand of our whole army. A few weeks ago, the nine counties of Ulster, and one in Connaught, were held for William and Mary; since then, we have been beaten out of Down, Antrim, Armagh, Monoghan, Donegal, Cavan, and nearly Tyrone; the counties of Londonderry and Fermanagh, and a few places on the banks of the Finn, in Tyrone, being our whole present possessions in Ulster; and these too I fear we shall soon lose—the counties at least; —Derry county must quickly be overrun, from Donegal, at the one side, Antrim at the other, and Tyrone at the south. The undisciplined Irish have done more than we expected: it is quick work during one month."

Alarmed, by these accounts, for Esther's safety in Derry, Evelyn expressed his wishes to be allowed immediately to repair thither; but his commander over-ruled him; stating, in the first place, that Derry could experience no distress

till they had reached it; in the second, that Evelyn's services would be necessary in Coleraine. When he gained Coleraine, Lord Mount Alexander at once engaged him in business of a nature so urgent, that it scarce allowed him any conversation with his nominal prisoner, Edmund, although the young men shared the same quarters, and the same board.

Some time thus elapsed, until at a late hour, on a particular night, as Evelyn and other officers sat in conference with Lord Mount Alexander, an uproar was heard in the town; and, soon after, three or four military gentlemen, pale with fatigue and emotion, broke into the room. "Sir Arthur Rawdon!" cried his lordship, "Col. Edmonston—Major Michelburne—The Bann is forced?"

They answered that it was; that they had been attacked in their entrenchments by Gordon O'Neile, and routed at every point; that the pass of Portglenore proved particularly fatal; and that the enemy was in rapid advance.

"Ulster, then, has but one strong-hold left—Derry; and we must quickly throw ourselves into it."

"That, indeed, is our only course," said Sir Arthur Rawdon; "but do not call Derry our last dependence; the Finn and Foyle are still guarded by Walker, Colonel Mervin, and others, and a good stand there may yet serve us. I have already ordered my dragoons, by the straightest road, to Derry; Skivington and Caning, their foot; Whitney's and Edmonston's men are in Coleraine, to assist yourself in a defence—but this is not now possible."

By the 9th of April, all the retreating forces had appeared before Derry, and had been severally ordered to repair to the passes on the Finn and the Foyle, by Lundy, the governor of the city, now confirmed in his appointment, in consequence of advices received from King William. At the instance of his considerate colonel, Evelyn was permitted to join his sister within the walls; his prisoner, Edmund, still attending him.

After providing quarters for M'Donnell, and paying a visit to his sister, Evelyn could not remain inattentive to the uproar around him. Numbers of people of every rank hastened to quit the beleaguered city, and seek refuge in Scotland or England. Those who remained

had no trust in their governor, or no hopes of opposing a hitherto triumphant enemy. The suburbs were fired, however, the neighbourhood swept clear of provisions, and every step taken that haste could take, and confusion not counteract, to provide for a siege.

In the midst of the panic, the enemy appeared at the water-side; but, after making a shew of crossing, marched off, along the opposite banks of the Foyle, towards the passes of Lifford and Clady Ford, where the Finn and Foyle were fordable, and where they had been expected. Increased consternation attended this movement, which was plainly observable from the walls of the city; but some Derry energy was also shewn. At a hasty and scanty council it was resolved, that, by the day the enemy were expected to attempt these passes, "all officers and soldiers, horse and foot, and all other armed men whatsoever, that could or would fight for their country against popery," should, in addition to the considerable force already on the ground, "appear near Clady Ford, Lifford, and Long Causeway," the latter place within a short distance of Derry, "and

then and there be ready to oppose the enemy, and preserve life, and all that is dear, from them." At this council, Lundy, though so much suspected, was chosen commander-in-chief; the doubts of him, originating in his refusal to send assistance to Coleraine, but mainly caused by the bitterness of failure on every side, not weighing, after all, against the high opinion of his military zeal and talents, which were supposed a match for Hamilton himself.

A little confidence now seemed to spring up. It was known that the advancing foe did not exceed seven thousand men, while the Ulster protestants could still oppose them, one way or another, with double that number; and when, at the head of a reinforcement of ten thousand, Lundy marched to join the forces already on the appointed ground, good results were fully anticipated by the remaining population of Derry.

Soon after his departure, another circumstance increased their hopes. Two well disciplined English regiments arrived in Lough Foyle, together with some arms and provisions for the relief of Derry, and one of the com-

manding officers addressed a letter to Lundy, requesting his advices, but at the same time offering some of his own, which, from the posture of affairs it was impossible could, at so late a period, be adopted. At all events, as the governor was not at hand, the letter remained unanswered till his return.

And for that return, all who staid behind him in the city, waited, in the greatest anxiety and trepidation. Upon the tidings he should bring home, seemed to depend their properties, liberties, and lives. The day passed in painful and almost wordless suspense. Evening came, and still no courier from the field of battle; still no triumphant governor to announce success and safety. At last, late in the night, Lundy, accompanied by his scarcely diminished force, hastily re-entered the gates. Every post, every pass had been lost, and all who defended them fled from the face of a still irresistible though very inferior enemy. In fact, it appeared that the governor's reinforcement did not strike a blow; but, after Hamilton's men had carried the most important point, retreated at once before them. Louder than ever was he

now charged with determined treachery, and by the very men who suspected him before they marched to the field under his command, and who, at his first word, readily fled home with him; but however the question may be decided, the day was lost, and Derry left without a protection, save her walls and her garrison.

The first order issued by the governor on his arrival was to shut the gates, and, on no account, and to no person, open them. This was obeyed, much to the annoyance of such portions of the force stationed on the Finn and Foyle, as had not entered along with Lundy, and who, from time to time, during the night, arrived in confusion under the walls, vainly craving admission. With them came crowds of the country people, of both sexes, screaming and shouting for shelter and protection; they were answered by the cries of the fear-stricken citizens, within, and the scene became so terribly exciting, that Evelyn could not remain a moment off the walls, which gave an uninterrupted view of it.

At an advanced hour of the night, a new body of fugitives, horse-soldiers, gallopped furiously up, headed by a man whose person and

bearing Evelyn thought he should recognize. Arrived at the nearest gate, their leader dismounted, and, in a commanding voice, asked for admission. In obedience to the general order, a sentinel, inside, refused his demand, and the challenger exclaimed—

"What! abandoned in the field, and now shut out of the city? Is it thus your governor orders it? Hear this, brave and unhappy men—gallant and betrayed friends! Vainly have we sought safety even in the confusion of flight—for here are we still left to the mercy of the merciless."

"Mr. Walker's voice?" inquired Evelyn, stooping across the low range of outside wall, over the terra-plane.

"I am George Walker—who asks?" at once replied and queried the reverend captain, turning up his face, which the light of some torches used in preparing the cannon on the walls, shewed to be unusually haggard and agitated.

"A friend—Robert Evelyn," he was answered. "Have you been engaged in this affair, Mr. Walker?"

"In bitterness do I say, yes, master Evelyn;

having vainly urged your governor to reinforce us yesterday, I returned to Lifford, and joined Colonel Crofton; the enemy came to Clady Ford; all night long the enemy and we fired at one another; and this morning I took my post at the Long Causeway, from whence my men and I were the last to retreat; now, after having often been sorely beset on the way, we crave a night's shelter in the city, on whose account we have fought and bled, and it refuses us a roof, a crust, or a cup of water."

"I will repair to the governor, and demand admittance for you, sir," said Evelyn.

"Do so—and, to urge his compliance, tell him I have news for the city—terrible news," resumed Walker.

Evelyn accordingly repaired to Lundy's house; was permitted to see the governor; but returned to the walls with this only answer—that, as there was not provision enough in the town for those who already occupied it, he could not, consistently with his duty, admit any more useless mouths.

"Well," said Mr. Walker; "patience; let the governor play out his own part; we may do better by looking on."

The night lapsed while the fugitives still remained outside the walls. At early day-break, the two English officers who had arrived with their regiments the day before, approached the city, by orders of the governor, to attend a council. As the drawbridge, outside the gate, and lastly the gate itself, were lowered and opened for their admission, Walker hastily whispered his men; and when the officers were proceeding in—

"Charge, soldiers!" he exclaimed, and, followed by horse and foot, gained the gate. The sentinel on duty presented his piece; but Walker, with a blow of his cut and thrust, struck it out of his hands, and he and all his friends entered Derry.

"Citizens!" he then cried, in a solemn voice, as, at the head of his defeated regiment he rode slowly up the street—"Protestant Citizens of Derry!—To-morrow morning the tyrant will be at Johnstown, only five miles from your walls—his papist rabble there await him—proclaim this news—run from street to street, from house to house, and tell it—prepare each other for the fate that must follow submission to enemies,

who, after what you have already done, can never forgive you; prepare your wives and daughters for the shame and misery to which the deaths of their natural protectors must expose them—the destroyers are at hand—even the ruthless and perfidious Galmoy is with them—they come, they come!" he continued, in accents of alarm and lamentation, waving his sword round his head.

The groans of men, and the screams of women and children, arose, as he past along, from the street, the doors, and the windows, to which his address had attracted them; and many voices, inspired by the courage that desperation gives, were uplifted in exclamations of resistance.

"This is good," resumed Walker, to Evelyn, who had joined him, "the thought of having no alternative but resistance, may supply the want of cool determination; death on their walls must appear preferable to death at the hands of the tyrant; and could we but support such a feeling, we, the heads and movers of this struggle, may yet be saved from the terrible vengeance of the bigot James and his blood-thirsty

advisers ; the councils of our governor, too, may be counteracted ; let us watch their present result."

" But is King James indeed so implacable and cruel ?" asked Evelyn. " Is it indeed so sure that we must expect no safe and honourable capitulation ? why not await, at all events, his—"

" Hush !" interrupted Walker, sternly, " name not that—whisper it not—or else, stand accountable to God for the compounding of his cause, and for the blood of his zealous soldiers. Silence, young man, and let us watch the council, I say."

The two English officers here passed down the street towards the gates.

" I read it on their foreheads," continued Mr. Walker ; " they have withdrawn from us in our sore need."

The town clerk, who was known to him, approached from the governor's house.

" The council have broken up ?" asked the clergyman of this person.

" They have, sir," answered the town-clerk, " and I was the only member of it who opposed that resolution," handing a paper.

Walker snatched the document, and, as his eye glanced over it, anger and impatience violently agitated his features; at length, however, Evelyn could observe a change; he paused; turned his eyes sideways to the ground; and in the gradual compression of his lips, and the slight elevation of his eyebrows, the hope of an ultimate triumph was indicated.

"Be prudent, sir, on my account," continued the town clerk, "the council holds its vote secret, for the present; and I should not be safe, were it known I disregarded its order."

"Fear not," answered Mr. Walker, "I shall keep your confidence; and rejoiced I am," he continued, turning to Evelyn, as the town officer retired, "that there is a necessity so to do; the governor has served us by this vote; but tenfold is the service to be drawn from his close councils. Read the paper."

Evelyn read aloud, as follows.

"Upon inquiry it appears that there is not provision in the garrison of Londonderry for the present garrison, and the two regiments on board, for above a week or ten days, at most; and it appearing that the place is not tenable

against a well-appointed army,"—"Well-appointed!" interrupted Walker, "except the handful of French, they are more than half rabble, with pikes, scythes, and bludgeons. James, himself, was sickened at the first sight of them." "Therefore, it is concluded upon and resolved," continued Evelyn, reading, "that it is not convenient for his majesty's service, but the contrary, to land the two regiments under Colonel Cunningham and Colonel Richards, their command, now on board, in the river of Lough Foyle; that, considering the present circumstances of affairs, and the likelihood the enemy will soon possess themselves of this place, it is thought most convenient that the principal officers shall privately withdraw themselves, as well for their own preservation, as in hopes that the inhabitants, by a timely capitulation, may make terms the better with the enemy."

"Read you not treason and treachery, there?" asked Walker.

"Whatever may be Lundy's secret sentiments," answered Evelyn, "I cannot suppose that my Lord Blancy, and the two English colonels, who, along with him, and a dozen other

gentlemen, have signed this resolution, are traitors."

"But must it not appear so, to-morrow, or after, when, with proper address, their vote shall become known to the people? Or may not the governor have imposed, by false accounts, on them all? Let us watch him, I say. Give me the paper—haste, haste!" as many of those who had signed the order of council, together with Sir Arthur Rawdon, and other officers of importance, approached, on their way to the gates.

"Let them go," resumed Mr. Walker, when they had passed, "mayhap all this is better, still—hold, here comes another crowd—shall we avoid them?" He turned towards the walls, and was accompanied by Evelyn, as, in addition to those who had, some days before, abandoned the city, a number of inhabitants, with some clergymen, passed to the water-side.

"Aye, let them go," continued Mr. Walker, "let none stay here who do not resolve to die amid the ruins and rubbish of this last protestant fortress, rather than yield to the false promise of a popish tyrant; and let our governor

continue his policy, too; let him step, deeper and deeper, into the quagmire that, at last, and soon, shall swallow him. I tell you, Robert Evelyn, we have no hope of life itself, but in the holding out of this place; and if it can be held until proper succours come from England, William may still wear his triple crown."

"But pardon me, Mr. Walker, if even for William's sake, I see no reason at your side, in this desperate and hopeless resistance. Shall we madly sacrifice our lives to his interests who will not protect ours? You talk of English succour, at his hands, of course; why has it not already come? Why not long ago? So early as December and January he had advice of the voluntary peril incurred here by taking up arms against his father-in-law, with urgent requests for assistance; it is now the middle of April; yet to this hour have we been left to struggle alone and unnoticed; until at last we are defeated and shattered on every side, and reduced to utter extremity."

"Be not rash in condemning," said Mr. Walker; "had you closely watched events you would have found that William was so employ-

ed with more important business, as not to be able to assist us. About the time we applied, Louis, by the perfidious invasion of Austria, had broken the peace of Nimeguen; in March, the diet of Ratisbon declared war against him, as the common disturber of Christendom; the Dutch soon followed them; but a few days since, the Elector of Brandenburg has echoed both; and to all who know that it has been the constant policy of William to accomplish a general league against his insolent rival, it must not seem strange that, in awaiting the proper time to issue an English declaration, also, as well as in watching the manifestations of Spain, he has scarce found opportunity to attend to Ireland."

"These reasons, sir, could not have influenced his conduct with respect to us, from December to the middle of the last month, inasmuch as the causes for them did not, until that time, exist."

"You criticise closely; and I will not refuse you a sequel of the confidence I have, ere now, imparted. Recollecting, first, that William was by no means sure of his English crown,

when our addresses reached him; that he was then awaiting the decisions of the English convention, which, at times, seemed to bode him little comfort or honour; and that, in fact, he was not acknowledged king until late in February; recollecting this, we must next note the opposition he experienced from the blinded prelates, and others who style themselves non-jurors; the vexation caused to him by the intrigues of the disappointed tories, and even by the restrictions, in the matter of supplies, laid on him by his own whig parliament, which so inflamed his difficult temper, as to induce him, in disgust, to make a motion for returning to Holland, and wholly abandoning his English crown—"

"Indeed, Mr. Walker!" interrupted Evelyn, "I thought the new monarch and his people agreed well together."

"I am scandalized to admit the contrary. Either too much of the loose whims and manners of the court of the last Charles continues among the nobles and councillors who encircle Dutch William, and offend his notions of propriety; or else he is, himself, framed by na-

ture or habit, so opposite to the English taste and character, that he and his subjects do not seem likely ever to love one another. Since, in so important a question as the justly ascertaining the nature of the man called to rule over us all, truth is, even for policy-sake, to be prized, I must confidentially advise you that I incline to the latter opinion, particularly on account of a passage in the letter of a great man, who has had good opportunity to observe the king, and of whom I have before spoken to you; and for the purpose of enlightening your mind on this point, attend while I read the following."

Mr. Walker produced a letter, from which he read, aloud, a character of William, penned by his best eulogist, Burnet, and which appears retained word for word, in that author's History of His own Times; it ran thus—

"The prince has been much neglected in his education, for all his life long he hated constraint. He speaks little, he puts on some appearance of application, but he hates business of all sorts; yet he hates talking, and all house-games, more. This puts him on a perpetual course of hunting, to which he seems to give

himself up beyond any man I ever knew; but I look on that always as a flying from company and business. He has no vice—but of one sort; in which he is very cautious and secret. He has a way that was affable to the Dutch, but he cannot bring himself to comply with the temper of the English; his coldness and slowness being very contrary to the genius of that nation."

"This," resumed Mr. Walker, hesitating, with some reason, to read any more, "would not seem to augur a good understanding between William and his English subjects."

"Or between him and his English wife, sir," said Evelyn. "Pray, Mr. Walker, do you surmise what that one peccadillo is, about which your friend gives him the implied praise of being so cautious and secret?"

"No; I am left ignorant of the matter; nor do I wish to probe the imperfections of princes. The sole information we get from what I have read, consists in the establishment of a certain point, which was necessary to our discourse, namely, that, along with other causes mentioned, William's personal dislike of those around him, and their consequent dislike of him, may

have tended so to keep matters embroiled and disarranged, on the other side, as, up to the present time, to deprive us of his assistance."

"I think I have heard, too, that the English army is discontented and mutinous," said Evelyn.

"I grieve to admit the fact; indeed, my letters apprize me, so much does William doubt their steadiness, that he fears to send them over here; then his own faithful Dutch are absolutely indispensable about him, to secure, in every way, the new establishment; fresh troops would require fresh expenditure, which his parliament does not allow him to enter into; and much time, in the raising and disciplining; Scotland, too, is to be settled; in fact, there are abundant reasons why we have been left to fight our own battle."

"And," continued Evelyn, "none of them, mayhap, more cogent than the policy of allowing our failure, and James's success over us, to frighten the English people and parliament, a little, that so men's eyes may be more turned upon William, and, at the same time, more liberal concessions made to him."

"I believe in my heart, youth," replied Mr. Walker, rivetting his eyes in some surprise, and perhaps admiration upon Evelyn, "thou hast truly fathomed the under-current of this political tide, and guessed the very master-motive of King William's backwardness towards us, confirmed by the deep counsels of my Lord Halifax. Is it thy own thought?"

Evelyn modestly admitted that it was, and Mr. Walker went on.

"But, however it may be, we have still only one part to act. Derry must be held against James, until its walls crumble, and its defenders lie buried in the heap. Succours will at last come; and when they do, let Ireland boast one strong place, at least, one little nook, where they can be received and taken advantage of. I care not for this governor; he steps to his own downfall, as you shall see. There is one bold gentleman whom—though now at a distance, and beset with dangers—I expect at the gates; and were he arrived, we should make a stern defence. Meantime, I must attend to my duties; silent and secret they shall be—more prudent and cautious than the shallow policy

they oppose—and, let us hope, more successful. To-morrow, at the farthest, come and see me."

Evelyn could not remain ignorant that Mr. Walker's secret efforts consisted in hinting, here and there, and amongst those he knew were most likely to be inflamed, the nature of the order of council that morning issued. It required little argument to convince the majority of the people and garrison that Lundy was a traitor to King William, prepared, according to a perfidious contract, to deliver up the city of Derry to the vengeance of the papists; and the effects of this conviction soon became apparent in the clamours of all against his measures, and in form of a desperate resistance. Parties of dragoons sallied out, in quest of provisions; obnoxious individuals experienced their hostility; and one suspected officer was shot.

The next morning, a clergyman from Johnstown came into Derry, despatched by James from that place, to know, "if the garrison of Derry would surrender on honourable terms, which they should have, to prevent the effusion of christian blood;" and also bearing a proclamation that gave solemn promise of safe con-

duct, in and out, to such of the citizens as might be appointed to negotiate. Another council was immediately called, and diplomatists appointed, with liberty to any gentleman to join them on their peaceful mission.

Mr. Walker did not appear at the council, nor take a part in the proceedings, contenting himself with a counteraction of both, which, for his views, was more effective than personal opposition, or, under the immediate circumstances —overt hostility of any kind. Seconded by a gentleman, who afterwards shared with him the honours and dangers of his success, he went from house to house, from group to group, through the streets of the city; zealously, tho' secretly and prudently, creating a general hatred of the governor, and a general distrust of the good faith of James and his adherents. Meeting Evelyn coming out from the council that had sat to consider the message of the deposed monarch—

"Have you been appointed?" he asked; Evelyn answered no.

"Go, notwithstanding; your eye and ear are sharp, and your judgment ripe beyond your

years; go—and as one I can confide in—bring me back a true account of this traitorous negociation."

Evelyn, learning that he might accompany those who were regularly named, did not hesitate, from feelings of general interest, as well as curiosity, to take advantage of this hint. Edmund, hitherto a silent, and seemingly indifferent spectator of what was going forward, encountered him on his way to join the commissioners; and learning his purpose and destination, startled Evelyn by expressing a wish to ride out by his side.

"I am extremely anxious," he said, "to satisfy myself, by personal observation, of the appearance and condition of the army, to a portion of which I belong."

"That is natural," said Evelyn, "and you may meet some old friends, too;" questioning, rather than admitting.

"Perhaps hear something of my father and sister," added Edmund.

"Come then—but need I observe, my dear M'Donnell, on the situation in which we at present stand towards each other?"

"It is indeed unnecessary to remind me that I am your prisoner; still less so to remind me that my word of honour is pledged to consider myself as such—I shall not press my suit."

"You shall—or no—take it, willingly, without a word more; I was wrong—come, we may be late; the commissioners depart immediately."

The friends left the city together.

CHAPTER IX.

Upon a rising ground, a little at the Derry side of Johnstown, they came in view of James's camp. It was gay and imposing, and produced an evident effect on the commissioners. The deposed king had marched from Dublin at the head of about twelve thousand men; five thousand French, well appointed, in every respect; the remainder, however, native levies, deficient in arms, uniform, and, worst of all, discipline; in fact, on a par with the few thousands commanded by Hamilton and Rosen, and who were now joined to James's grand army; the whole making a present force of twenty-thousand.

The French auxiliaries exclusively occupied the camp; the natives being posted in the village, or, out of sight, at the back of the eminence, as if their friends were ashamed of the

appearance they made; at all events, in conformity with the spirit of rather insolent self-sufficiency and dictation which had characterized, since their landing at Kinsale, the soldiers of his most christian majesty, and which caused many disagreeable, and some fatal squabbles, between them and the as proud people they sought to depreciate and humble in their native land. But, whatever might have been the motive of the present arrangement, its effect was happy and politic; the sight of a regular, though small army, of warlike foreigners—shining in rich uniforms and polished arms, or prancing on caparisoned war-horses, in all the pride of steel caps, or high-plumed hats—being calculated to impress the Derry deputation with more respect, at least, than could the appearance of a host of Irish peasants, huddled together in confusion, and clothed and armed at the will of Providence.

The camp spread over two successive little eminences, on the higher of which was seen the royal tent, richly draped and adorned, in French taste, and surmounted by the royal standard. The city cavalcade passed some outside lines,

and approached, following a guide, the first height, where they expected to find the officer who should marshal them to the king. Arrived at the point, they saw, sitting on the grass, before his tent, and surrounded by inferior officers, a person whose uniform proclaimed him of some importance, but whose features, air, and general expression, caused a sentiment of dislike and fear rather than of deference. He was about forty years of age; his body and limbs coarse and muscular; his nose hooked; his eye grey, small, indolent, and cruel; while the almost white brows that thickly shadowed it, the lank pale hair that hung at either side of his face, and, particularly, the long and profuse mustachoes of the same colour, which fell over his upper lip, gave to his whole visage an inexpressible character of cool ferocity. This was Lord Galmoy, the disgrace of the cause he abetted; the terror and aversion of those he opposed; one of the bad spirits that, in every time of convulsion, are let loose to affright and disgust, who went forth to the destroying of his fellow-creatures, as if summoned to a banquet; and who, from all that can be gathered, war-

ranted Oldmixon, although an enemy, in defining him as a man "whom no titles could honor."

When the officer in attendance upon the commissioners had announced them to Lord Galmoy, he neither rose nor inclined his head; only vouchsafing a cool stare, which, although one of indifference, was more disagreeable than if he had frowned. Presently he rose, however, and motioning them to follow, was about to lead towards the second eminence, when a Red-shank quickly gaining his side, presented a packet, with the words, "From his Lordship of Antrim, to his Lordship of Galmoy—these."

Edmund instantly recognized, in this courier, the Scottish serjeant who had opposed his authority in the little Deer Park; and the man's observance of him was equally quick. When Galmoy had done reading the despatch, the serjeant touched his bonnet, and approaching closely to the nobleman's side, whispered him, and pointed to Edmund. The grey eye of Lord Galmoy turned slowly round, and fell, with a bad omen, on the person to whom his notice had been directed. Again the serjeant said something in a low voice, and extended his

arm towards the group of commissioners; and again Lord Galmoy's glance seemed to fix a victim in the person of Evelyn.

"This requires present attention," he then said, advancing a few steps towards the group —"Is there, here, a native Irish subject of King James, called Edmund M'Donnell?"

"I answer to that challenge," said Edmund.

"Forward," resumed Lord Galmoy.

M'Donnell stept from Evelyn's side.

"What are you?" questioned the nobleman.

"An officer in Lord Antrim's regiment."

"Why are you absent from your colours, and now found by the side of traitors?"

"I am a prisoner, on parole, accompanying hither the person who is accountable for my safe keeping," replied Edmund, haughtily.

"Where were you made prisoner?—and by whom?"

"Outside Coleraine, by my Lord Mount Alexander."

"What duty drew you towards Coleraine?"

"The duty of honor and humanity, which prompted me to escort thither one who was a dear private friend, although a public enemy, in

order to save him from the blood-thirsty hands of my own people."

"What was that dear friend's name?"

"Robert Evelyn," answered the person spoken of.

"Are you the man?"—still demanded the catechist.

Being answered yes—"Forward," he added: then—

"Whose commission do you bear?—for I see you, also, are an officer."

"One granted in the name of King William and queen Mary," answered Evelyn. A French officer by Galmoy's side, slightly started, and stared first at Evelyn, and then at his colleague.

"Very well," continued Lord Galmoy: "and did you wear that sword, and bear that commission, when Captain M'Donnell rescued you from the serjeant and soldiers, near Glenarm?"

"He did," said M'Donnell.

"Very well, again. It seems, then, Master Robert Evelyn, that you are a traitor, found some time since in arms against King James, taken prisoner, rescued after you had surren-

dered, and now a second time found armed against your sovereign. And it also seems, Captain Edmund M'Donnell, that you, holding a commission from King James, have played the double traitor in rescuing, harbouring, and protecting a traitor."

"I know not whom or what you are," said Edmund, "except I call you the falsest knave that ever spoke, for daring to call me so."

"Very well," said Lord Galmoy, quietly, while a smile only played over his features—"order round a dozen musquets, here"—to an officer, who immediately disappeared—"Irish ones; and just kneel down, Master Evelyn, and you, Captain Edmund M'Donnell:—stand aside, gentlemen."

"Murderer!"—cried Edmund, as both started at this sudden and unceremonious arrangement, while the blood first rushing to their cheeks, then retreated to their hearts—"you cannot mean this violence—you cannot assume the power of taking two lives, without inquiry or cause, authority, or the permission of others?"

"My friend," exclaimed Evelyn, "if at all accountable, is only accountable to his own

commanding-officer—as a prisoner, in my charge, he is further protected—and I am protected by the pledge of safe conduct which King James has given to the deputation at my side."

"I cannot find your name in the list," replied Galmoy. "People of Derry, has Robert Evelyn been appointed one of your number?"

The commissioners answered in the negative, but reminded him of the understanding which gave equal protection to any who accompanied them.

"That's a difference for a counsellor at law, not for a soldier," resumed Lord Galmoy—"and so, here come the musquets. Kneel down, you dear friends, with your faces to that rise—close to it;—you will not?—men! tie them back to back, and place them on the ground."

"I appeal to King James, or to his officers, against this murther!" exclaimed Evelyn, as the men approached.

"If there be here a gentleman, a man, or a true soldier," echoed Edmund, "we appeal to him!"

"What say you, General De Rosen?" asked Galmoy, of the French officer by his side, and who, though not so terribly distinguished as his lordship, yet has left behind him some character for cruelty and tyranny.

"*Qu'ils meurent,*" answered De Rosen.

"Do your duty," continued Galmoy to the soldiers.

The young men flew to each other's arms, and then stept, hand in hand, to the place pointed out. They knelt; bandages were tied hard over their eyes; and, still holding hands, they awaited, in silence and darkness, a sudden and miserable death.

"Fall in!" they heard Galmoy say; and the soldiers got into motion.

"Ready!"—the musquets clanged, as the men brought them into the position required—immediately after the friends heard the sharp click of the locks, from half to full cock, and slight as the sound in reality was, it filled their brains with horrid noise.

"Present!" continued Galmoy's voice, like a burst of thunder—the friends exchanged a desperate pressure of the hands.

"Recover arms," was the next command, and their hands dropt by their sides, relaxed and unnerved by the abrupt relief, more than they had been by the immediate prospect of death.

"On second thoughts, young sirs," Galmoy went on, "this shall be done better. You, Captain M'Donnell, take the bandage off your eyes, get up, and advance hither; Master Evelyn need not be at the trouble of moving."

Edmund, faint, and almost bewildered, obeyed these orders.

"In consideration of your late courtesy to me," he resumed, as they stood face to face—"I ask you, are you willing to do a slight piece of service for your life?"

"Life is dear to every man—let me hear your terms," answered M'Donnell.

"Give him a musquet"—a soldier placed one in Edmund's passive hands—"now, to save so dear a friend from common executioners, shoot him yourself," added Galmoy.

"Do not urge me to this," said Edmund, glaring on Galmoy, though he spoke in a subdued voice.

"I only command you," replied the torturer.

"Do not, I entreat you," continued M'Donnell, a terrible energy renerving his frame, although he still spoke slowly and deliberately—"for the sake of manhood and decency—as you love or fear God, do not." Galmoy repeated his word of command.

"Well, then," said Edmund, bringing the musquet to his shoulder—"yet, once more, do not."

"Fire!" continued the nobleman.

"Yes, monster!"—screamed poor M'Donnell, turning madly upon him, and pulling the trigger. A soldier just had time to strike aside the muzzle of the piece, so that Galmoy's hair was only singed, although he staggered, and fell.

"Leap up, Evelyn!" roared Edmund, who thought Galmoy was killed. His friend was instantly at his side. But both were as instantly seized by De Rosen, by some of the near soldiers, and by Galmoy himself, who soon started to his feet. The young men, desperate as mad bulls, firmly grasped, in turn, the two generals. The soldiers tugged hard to tear away their hands,

fearful of injuring Rosen or Galmoy, should they fire on the youths, until both parties stood on separate ground. And thus some short time elapsed since the report of the musquet, when a stir took place all through the camp, particularly near the royal tent; officers and soldiers stood to their arms; trumpets sounded a salute; kettle-drums rolled; cheers arose; horses in full gallop were heard approaching; there was a rush round the sweep of the eminence on which the struggle went on; a gallant party, splendidly mounted and attired, appeared in view, and "the king!—the king!" cried many officers who rode before—"make way, make way!"

At these words, Edmund and Evelyn readily freed their persecutors, who, in turn, allowed them to stand free; Galmoy making a hasty signal to the soldiers to wheel round, and come to a salute. M'Donnell darted forward, and flinging himself almost under the feet of a proud steed, cried out—

"My king and master!—where is he?—to him I appeal from an assassin!"

The rider skilfully checked his prancing horse, and backed him amongst the group by whom he was surrounded. As he sat erect in his saddle, he seemed a man about fifty years of age, above the middle size, well, and rather squarely made; his features large and rigid; but wearing, instead of the mild melancholy his father's wore, or the grave voluptuousness of his brother's, a somewhat bolder and haughtier expression; with perhaps more enterprize than was at once apparent in the countenance of either. His flowing periwig descended over his shoulders and back; his round grey hat, looped up at front, displayed a red and white plume, that was secured by a brilliant cross; many orders, foreign and national, surrounded the royal star that blazed on his breast; the holsters at his saddle-bow were richly embroidered; his horse nobly caparisoned; his boots furnished with golden spurs; and it was altogether evident that Louis's attention to the outfit of his king-brother, left naked but for him, had been worthy of the respect he always professed for the exiled monarch.

"Blessed saints!" cried James, after he had

reined back his horse — "what bold fool is here?"

"Royal sir," continued Edmund, kneeling on one knee—"I am your majesty's faithful subject—an officer bearing your majesty's commission, and I appeal for protection against yon murtherous man, who, because I once saved the life of a friend—a near friend—the husband of my sister, and the brother of my own betrothed lady—calls me, and falsely calls me—disloyal to your majesty, and here seeks—"

"My Lord Galmoy, what means this tumult?—who fired the shot, just now?" interrupted James.

"I did!" answered Edmund, "'twas I, sir, and at him, too; but it was when he placed a musquet in my hand, and commanded me to murther my affianced brother."

"All this is something very scandalous," resumed James—"Sarsfield, we request you to inquire into it, and report to us; rise, man, and stand before that gentleman; he will protect you, if so you merit—hold—be these the commissioners from Derry?—Turn off along with us, Hamilton, and you, Messieurs Maumont and

De Rosen, with his Grace of Berwick: and let the citizens attend us."

He was followed to a little distance by the officers he had named, the commissioners accompanying them; and the capitulation of Derry became the subject of discussion between all, while Sarsfield proceeded in the inquiry his sovereign had commanded. The attention of this celebrated general had, before James's speech, been rivetted on Edmund, as if either in astonishment or strong interest; and M'Donnell now found himself equally attracted by the mien and person of Sarsfield. He was in the prime of life, that is, about forty, tall, straight, robust, and, both by nature and the dress he wore, stamped with the character of a plain-looking man. His features, strong and well defined, bespoke a simple intenseness of mind and purpose that atoned for their want of vivacity. In strong contrast to the French pageantry around him, he had on an unembroidered, unwrought buff coat, that must have seen service; over it, a rusty cuirass, together with the pauldrons, or shoulder-pieces, inseparable from the solid body-piece, of recent use, but in which he was

now rather singular; a straight sword hung by a broad, plain baldrick, loose at his side; a close steel cap partly confined his own long black hair, in lieu of periwig; and great jackboots of course completed his unpretending costume.

"What is your name, young master?"—was the first question asked by Sarsfield in commencing his investigation. Edmund having answered—

"The son of old Randal M'Donnell of Antrim?"—

"The same, sir," replied Edmund.

"I know him, or rather I knew him well; and it will grieve me if, in this business, the son has forgotten the father: let us see about it."

Galmoy, seconded by the serjeant, told, in a sulky tone, his charge against Edmund. Sarsfield then turned to him for an explanation.

"First," said M'Donnell, "I could not consider, as my prisoner, the man, who, having an advantage over me, declined to avail himself of it: next, sir, he was, as I have informed his majesty, my brother, twice told:—that is my answer."

"My Lord Galmoy," resumed the judge, after a little pause, "there is some allowance to be made for both those arguments; let us not set at nought, though some have taught us the lesson, the natural yearnings of the heart to kith and kin, especially when young blood sets them a going;—a man may be never the worse soldier or subject for remembering that he is a man."

"General Sarsfield," replied Galmoy, bitterly, "if this be meant as grace to the prisoner, I take the freedom of protesting against your single decree; and the king will not surely deny me the indulgence of another judge that may know nothing of the pedigree of the traitor."

"False lord," interrupted M'Donnell, "I tell thee once again thou art nearer to traitor-blood than I am."

"Silence, youth," said Sarsfield, gravely, though not sternly; "I take you at your word, my Lord Galmoy; nay, you can even appoint the umpire without trouble to his majesty; here spurs General Hamilton from the council; will he serve your turn?"

"I accept him," replied Galmoy.

The officer who now approached was, although a gallant commander, too, of an appearance and mien very different from Sarsfield. The reader has before got a sketch of his history, in a conversation between Mr. Walker and Evelyn, from which it may be recollected that he had served with success and credit in France; fame adds, that his career was interrupted by a sentence of banishment, in consequence of his having presumed, not, however, against the lady's liking, to fall in love with Louis's daughter, the princess Conti. Distinctions of rank apart, that royal maiden certainly gave no proofs, as a simple daughter of Eve, of bad taste on the occasion: Hamilton was young, and a fine, Apollo-looking fellow, with large luminous black eyes, straight nose, high colour, out-folding lips, and a grand air, as much, perhaps, the result of personal pride, as of the will of nature. Then his dress fully proclaimed how well the wearer stood in his own opinion; without being gaudy, it was rich, almost to grandeur, and studiously adapted to set off his

excellent figure to as much advantage as the irrational costume of the day permitted; gold fringe hung from the edges of his scarlet vest, from the edges of its flapping pockets, from the pockets of his broad-skirted coat, of the same colour, and even from the edges of his ample gloves, that reached almost to his elbows: he wore a neck-cloth of the finest point d'Espagne; his breast-piece shone like a mirror; and even his heavy boots were made, so as to allow some indication of the admirable leg they must not altogether disguise.

Dashing up to the group with whom we are immediately concerned—

"The king," said Hamilton, "wishes me to inquire the cause of some loud speech here, and if possible assist in soothing it."

"And we wished your presence for just such a business," said Sarsfield, "pray lend us your ears, General Hamilton."

The matter in dispute was again stated on all sides, and Hamilton at once confirmed the judgment of Sarsfield on the first point at issue.

"Had the young officer done otherwise," he

added, "I should vote him the volley my Lord Galmoy thinks he merits for not doing so."

"But now that we hold in custody the rebel and traitor whom Captain M'Donnell—" Galmoy began—

"He cannot have rescued one who was never taken prisoner," interrupted Hamilton, "tush—that is the plain question."

"And, of course," said Sarsfield, "master Robert Evelyn comes before us simply as one of this Derry deputation, and rebel and traitor though he be, is protected by the king's pledge of safe conduct and safe keeping to all who form it."

"I thank you, gentlemen," resumed Galmoy, smiling hideously, "and, I pray you, what is to be my satisfaction for the attempt on my life?"

"The satisfaction of reflecting that your lordship has not shed innocent blood," answered Sarsfield; Hamilton only smiled.

"Or of seeing myself the butt of a youngster," continued Galmoy, fixing a look on Hamilton.

"Or of thanking God and your saint that the

ball erred so widely," retorted the young commander, answering his stare, "for, unauthorized in your hasty course, as it now appears you have been, your death, on the spot, were but a justifiable homicide, at the hands of the young officer—bah! let it end—his majesty moves this way."

"My lords and gentlemen," said James, as, with his other commanding officers, he joined them, "we congratulate you on a promise of the peaceful and bloodless ending of this affair; our good citizens of Derry thankfully accept, by these, their deputies, the terms of surrender we have graciously allowed them; to-morrow we ride, in person, to the gates of yon foolish city, when, by contract, they shall open to receive us; meantime, we concede to rest, with our force, on the ground we now occupy; and, to-morrow, only a detachment of the army is to accompany us; farewell, gentlemen commissioners—to our tent!" he continued, waving his hand to those around him; and all who had accompanied him down the hill, Sarsfield excepted, galloped back with him, amid renewed cheers, presenting of arms, trumpets, and other bustle.

"M'Donnell," said Sarsfield, advancing to Edmund, as the commissioners prepared to return homeward, "for your father's sake, and your own sake, I am interested about you; stay in my tent until I can effect your reconciliation with my Lord Antrim; or should you incline to wear a uniform more Irish, you shall have the rank you at present hold under that nobleman, confirmed in my regiment of Lucan horse."

"I thank you, from my heart, sir," replied Edmund; "but you will please first to recollect that I am a prisoner on parole."

"True; I had forgotten that," resumed his patron.

"And then, should my cousin of Antrim make no difficulty of the present question between us, you will also remember that my immediate service is due to the head of my own clan."

"Well, well; I did not bring to mind, either, your half Scottish formalities; adieu, then—you return to Derry with your foe-friend?"

"That must be my course, in honour, sir."

"Be it so; I only add, if you ever want me,

come to me and say so;" he shook Edmund's hand, and spurred from him.

The commissioners, accompanied by M'Donnell and Evelyn, returned to the city. The moment they entered Bishop's gate, Mr. Walker tapped Evelyn on the shoulder, took his arm, and walking him aside, demanded, as far as he knew, an account of the negociation. When Evelyn rendered it, he was silent for a moment; then he asked—

"To-morrow, you say?"

"To-morrow, King James will personally require a fulfilment of the treaty, formally entered into with him," answered Evelyn.

"Most traitorously entered into with him. Well. He has not yet got admission."

He called a man, one of his own corps, and giving some directions, in a low but earnest tone, the soldier instantly mounted his horse, and left the city.

"Ride, ride, day and night!" cried Walker, as he parted, "for life and death, ride!"

He then abruptly walked off to a group of young men and soldiers, whom Evelyn recognized as some of the warrior 'prentices of Derry,

and the most resolute of the garrison. With them, the clergyman seemed to converse energetically, and their faces and action, as they spoke in reply, argued a warm seconding of his words. Finally, he disappeared into the house of a gentleman before alluded to, with whom he kept up a full understanding, and Evelyn saw him no more for that night.

Next morning, the town was in great commotion at the intelligence of the advance of James's army. Evelyn and M'Donnell ran with a crowd of the citizens to the wall, at the south-east end over Bishop's gate, which commanded a view of the road from Johnstown; and thence, indeed, they beheld a long line of horse and foot, with flags and colours, winding, at some distance down gentle slopes of land, and by glimpses of water, a bright April sun flashing on their spikes and musquets, steel caps and breast-pieces, and giving brilliancy and life to their appearance.

"As God liveth," exclaimed Mr. Walker, who stood by, throwing into his manner more vivacity than was natural to him, "we are betrayed, even in the treaty made with us; it was

promised not to march a papist army within four miles of our town—but the false papists come!"

Here the town bells rang out, and it was understood that the governor had called another council.

"This utter perfidy," continued Walker to Evelyn, "I could not reckon on, and I fear we are lost."

"James could not come unattended," said Evelyn, "and he does not come with his whole army."

"Tell me not—hide not our ruin from us—my friend, my zealous and brave friend, where art thou? ha!" interrupting himself, as the man he had despatched from the city the day before, here gallopped up the street. "Well, sir, well?"

"He is at Butcher's gate, by this time—or else close to it," answered the jaded messenger.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Mr. Walker, "there is hope yet." A thundering at Butcher's gate, so loud as to echo through the little city, was now heard. Walker hastened thither, followed by Evelyn.

They found the whole guard resolute in refusing admission to the persons that clamoured at the outside.

"I tell you it is Captain Adam Murray, a brave gentleman, and your best friend—undo the gate!" cried Mr. Walker. Still they refused; the governor's orders had been peremptory. He ran up to the terra-plane, and called for ropes; he descended, and asked for the officer of the guard. He was absent. He inquired his name. Captain James Morrison, he was answered; one of the apprentice boys.

"Where is he?"—Morrison appeared coming down the street. In a few moments, contrary to the orders received, Butcher's gate was opened, and Murray, with a large body of well-appointed horse, rushed in. Walker and he clasped hands.

"I have left fifteen hundred infantry a mile off," said Murray—"come I too late?"

"Do you know who approaches Bishop's gate?" demanded Walker.

"The tyrant?—with his army?"

"Even so; but, patience; come now to the

council—to the council!"—he continued, addressing those around him, including Murray's dragoons—"to the council, loyal citizens!—haste, or we are betrayed!—treason, treason!"

Evelyn followed him and his new friend to the market-house, where Lundy and his council were deliberating, and could scarce push in among the anxious crowd that closed round Walker.

The deliberators had just come to a resolution of immediate surrender, when Walker and Murray confronted them at the table. Some agitation was instantly evinced among the adherents of Lundy, for Walker was pale, and the sturdy militia-captain red with anger.

"No surrender!" cried Murray, the moment he had heard the nature of the resolution—"no treason will we join you in, Mr. Governor and gentlemen;—no such treason as left our passes unguarded—as sent back to Derry the ten thousand willing men you took out of it to the banks of the Finn, and would at last deliver us to our perfidious enemies. No surrender, men of Derry!"

A loud cheer answered him. Lundy seemed appalled; but he tried, meantime, to repel the dangerous charge thus brought against him and his colleagues.

"Patience, Captain Murray," said Walker, giving him a private signal, "mayhap you are too hasty in accusing; all that you have spoken of was done openly, and therefore let us say fairly; I propose only one question—only one;" —he grew paler, with the felt importance of the climax he was thus approaching; his eye flashed; his figure became more erect; and, in his purple coat, and his large bands, forming a strong professional contrast to the military sash round his waist, and the sword he held under his arm, together with the whole expression of his features and manner, Evelyn saw a true specimen of a soldier of the church militant—"and," he resumed, after a pause—"this is my question. What has become of the order, in consequence of which King William's officers, and their two disciplined regiments, sent by his gracious majesty for our especial comfort and relief, were compelled to abandon this wretched city, in its sorest need?

Why was not that made public?" — Lundy looked confounded.

"The suppressing of such an order was not fair; what Captain Murray has charged, may have been so—I judge no man, because it was openly done; but that was secretly done—done in the dark—as the Lord liveth, *that*, I believe, was treason!"

"It was!" cried his seconder—"and let it be punished as such."

"It was, it was!" shouted the soldiers and citizens—string them up—they have betrayed us!"

"They have!" echoed Mr. Walker, at last flinging off his mask of moderation; "but, if ye hold the hearts of men, not yet unto the death —to your walls—to your posts—to your gates! —the exterminators beset them this moment— to your guns!—follow us," he continued, bursting through the crowd with his friend—"let every man who loves life, religion, liberty, and his fire-side, mount such a badge as Captain Murray now ties on his arm"—it was a white handkerchief. Hundreds instantly obeyed this command, and with cries of "Come on!" from the

two leaders, and of acclamations from themselves, soldiers and people, Evelyn among them, ran up to the church-bastion, and to the whole line of wall over Bishop's gate.

James appeared, with his detachment, but one or two hundred yards from them. Double rows of musquets were instantly formed; the guns loaded with small shot, and resolutely manned. Messengers arrived from the council exhorting the soldiers and citizens not to fire, until a deputation should be sent out. Numbers of the elder and more respectable citizens seconded this request; Evelyn raised his voice, on the same side; and even Walker seemed willing publicly to recommend forbearance; but, Evelyn being closer to him than he suspected, overheard him add, in a low voice, to Murray,

"Let us lull their fears—it may save a struggle within the very walls."

Still the army approached; and now their music burst gaily on the air.

"Yonder," resumed Mr. Walker, still in a low voice, and addressing himself to one of the

enterprizing apprentices who had before done him a service—" yonder is the cruel tyrant, in person."

" Where ?" asked James Spike, standing to the side of his saker, a ready match in his hand.

" See you not the crowd of gay officers who push on before the army ?—See you not two of them that ride alone, surrounded by the others ? The man on the grey horse, to the right, is the tyrant."

James Spike rested his match across the saker, and he and Walker looked earnestly at each other.

" Touch her," at last whispered the clergyman—" but no— not yet; bear her muzzle down, a little; softly; none need note you— there, that allows for your elevation; touch her now."

" Well; my mother, honest woman, little thought I'd have lived to do this," said Spike, laughing; and flash and roar went the saker, with a mouthful of shot for King James, from his good city of Derry, to which, with colours flying,

and music playing, he ambled so tranquilly; and, ere the smoke came between, Evelyn saw an aid-de-camp drop, while others fell in the ranks of the approaching line. Well might the musicians stop both their melody and their march; and, unsupported by cannon as James at present was—well might he, too, turn his horse's head towards Johnstown; and, like the king of France, who

> ———" with forty thousand men
> Marched up the hill, and then marched down again,"

fall back with his army to safer quarters. One only horseman stood a moment behind, his face turned towards the uncivil city;—Evelyn looking sharply, recognized him to be Sarsfield; he stood, as if astonishment and indignation kept him motionless; or as if to dare another shot in his own person. More than a minute he so stood; then suddenly wheeled round and galloped after his friends.

The determinations of the council became useless; nay, the council itself, not conceiving their presence of much further import, stole, one by one, out of the city. Lundy, however, being so well known, feared to expose himself

to the infuriated garrison and people, and remained secreted in his own house. Mr. Walker, hearing this, kindly visited him.

"I grieve for you, Col. Lundy," he said; "believe me I never meant to involve you in the danger that now so nearly threatens you."

"It increases, Mr. Walker?" demanded the governor.

"So much so, that my poor influence has proved almost ineffectual in saving your house from an attack."

"What would you advise, sir?"

"Why, your friends have all contrived to escape; but, doubtless, the peril to you, at this late period, is more grievous than it was to them;—I am anxious, however, to do you any service in my power."

"To you, sir, I commit myself."

"Procure a disguise, then; follow me; and Providence may yet befriend us."

Lundy obeying his suggestions in every respect, was conveyed by Walker and some friends past the gates. There they parted.

"Take heed of yourself now, and heaven guide you," added Walker.

As he returned up the street, a crowd were collected round Captain Murray, shouting loudly.

"No, citizens," said this gentleman, "I am not fit to be your governor; your champion I hope to be; but here is the man of our choice. Long live our governor, the Rev. Col. George Walker!"

This nomination was immediately confirmed; and also a deputy chosen in the person of the Derry friend before mentioned as much in Mr. Walker's confidence. Evelyn watched the eye of the new governor, but could detect, under the modesty of its lid, no sparkling of the gratified ambition and triumph he had expected.

The energy of Mr. Walker alone became more than ever conspicuous. He promptly examined the stores, the magazine, the guns, the gates; he regimented the garrison under eight colonels, of whom himself made one; and found it to amount to seven thousand five hundred active soldiers, and between three and four hundred officers. With this force Derry commenced a regular resistance to King James; but it should

not be forgotten that the men, women, and children, natives and strangers, who, exclusive of the garrison, finally remained, amounted to twenty thousand; a population frightfully disproportioned to the supplies of the besieged city; and, indeed, even to its extent.

CHAPTER X.

Some weeks after the events last detailed, Mr. Walker called on Evelyn late at night, and took him by the arm to the walls.

"Stand here with me," he said, "and, first, consider our situation. Although James, about a week following our salute, was obliged to return to Dublin to attend his plundering parliament, yet has he left behind the whole of his power; and on every side, from every point of the compass, does it beset us. Look north; about five miles down the river stands Culmore fort, formerly our only hope of communication with the broad Lough and the open sea; now is it in the hands of the foe; and between us and it, Kilkenny Butler, and his Kilkenny men, guard the river. Southward you see Ballowgry hill; there prance Lord Galmoy's horse; over him, Lord Gormanstown holds his ma-

gazine; and, were it daylight, you could see Lord Clare's yellow flag streaming in the same direction. Turn, again. Yonder, in the Sheriff's ground, lie Lords Louth and Slane; and, near them, Bellew from Duleeck, Fingal, and Fagan of Filtrim. Looking back, towards the Lough, Clancarty keeps Brook Hall, and O'Neill's dragoons the opposite shore—Gordon O'Neill, the son of the accursed Sir Phelim.

"At the other sides of the city, and far and near around them, are commanders and forces of as high names and as fearful recollections. Down from Tara's hill, Plunket has led his horse; from Tredagh rushes Lord Dungan's army; Tyrconnel's from the land of the Fitzgeralds; Luttrell's from King's county. Lord Dillon's heir comes to us from Roscommon; young Talbot from Kildare; Galmoy from the Barrow; and Wauhup and Buchan from the wilds of Inverary. Cork sends us the old Mac Cartymore; Glenwood, the Hagans; Donegal, the tall Galloghers; and yon bleak Inishowen, old Cahier's domain, an O'Dogherty still. I have named but half; yet, even this, sounds an overwhelming array."

"It does, indeed," said Evelyn, "but is it not now too late to say so?"

"Well may we exclaim," continued Mr. Walker, not noticing Evelyn's remark; and as if really impressed, for the first time, with the magnitude of the responsibility he had incurred —"well may we exclaim, in the phrase of our liturgy, 'there is none other that fighteth for us, but only thou, O God.' Youth, it does beget some confusion in me, and some disorder among the people, when we look about us, and see what we are doing; our enemies all about us, and such friends as have not yet gone, still running away from us; a garrison composed of poor people, frightened from their own homes, and more fit to hide themselves, than to face an enemy; no persons of any experience in war amongst us; and those who were sent to assist us, flying from the first sight of the place; but few horse to sally out with, and no forage; no engineers to instruct us in our works; no fireworks; not so much as a hand grenado to annoy the enemy; not a gun well mounted in the whole town; thirty thousand mouths to feed, and not above ten days provision for them, in

the opinion of our former governors; several leaving us, every day, and exposing our situation and our councils to the foe; that foe so active in endeavouring to divide us, and so athirst and hungry for my own betraying;—so numerous, so powerful, and so inveterate, withal —God be our shield, I say! The poor Israelites at the Red Sea stood not in sorer trouble."

"And if so, Mr. Walker, and if you really think so, of what use can be the conviction and avowal of this danger, unless you determine to avert it?" demanded Evelyn.

"How?" asked the governor, gravely.

"How, but by accepting the favourable terms of surrender, that even yet are open to you? That come into the city, almost every day, inclosed in a blind shell, or by an emissary, or in some shape or other? And do not these terms promise you, on the word of a prince, perfect toleration—nay, protection of religious opinion, of property, and life—forgiveness of the past—freedom for the future?"

"Aye, young man, thus they promise—but oh! that promise!—he that would depend his

life on a rush, may trust it; not I;—I— who am especially marked down for vengeance:—I, their single foe—their confusion and shame—I, a heretic priest, in their blaspheming mouths—with whom no faith is to be held:—the word of a prince!—yes, I remember that cant—that sickening echo; I remember it as the charm that too long lulled us asleep, until thieves stole to our bedsides, and awoke us with their hands on our throttles, boasting permission from the very lips that had spoken those words to our credulous senses; toleration!—such as the tiger gives the herd. No; think not I spoke out plainly before you, because I was disquieted with what I have done, or afraid of what I have to do; good night—retire to your bed, and court slumber, for, if I mistake not, your watch comes to-morrow night—adieu!" He turned hastily along the wall, and Evelyn soon heard his "all's well," echoed from post to post round the city. Evelyn also turned from the walls, deeply revolving the new light in which he had just caught a glimpse of the bosom of the governor. He did not, however, bend his steps homeward, as Mr. Walker had advised him; but rather to a

house, next to his uncle's, in which, unknown to Mrs. Evelyn, Edmund occupied quarters as his nominal prisoner.

Although the pressure of more public and important events has, for some time, kept us silent regarding the private affairs of certain of our friends, it must not be supposed that these affairs remained altogether stationary, or that we were altogether indifferent to their progress. In fact, it was because we continued well aware how they went on, that we have allowed ourselves to avoid much recent allusion to them; particularly as we were meantime employed in faithfully reporting other matters upon which depended, and upon which still depend, the final turn of good or bad fortune to the individuals about whom the reader and ourselves are so much interested. It was because we knew, that, from the second day of Edmund's coming into Derry, Evelyn had constantly brought his poor prisoner comfort, in the person of a young lady he was well pleased to see; that, all the past forgotten, or the happy part of it only remembered, Esther and Edmund had enjoyed, in the society of their common brother, uninterrupted dreams of

a delightful future; that Evelyn, as uninterruptedly, laid before them his own vision of happiness, and, now and then, successfully prevailed on them—no easy task—to contemplate it along with him; that, previous to the actual besieging of Derry, advice had come from Eva that she was well, at home, and her father in good health; in fact, that—circumstances considered—the lovers were as well off as any words of ours could describe them; at the same time that a continued report of their sentiments, or of the scenes between them, might prove, as it before happened, too difficult for us to manage; or, had we attempted it—too monotonous to the reader.

But on this night, some conversation took place between Evelyn and M'Donnell, which should be noticed.

"Your air is too melancholy, M'Donnell," said Evelyn, as he entered.

"And my heart, too, Evelyn."

"Why now more than ever?"

"I must have your permission to answer fully. Since politics divided our public opinions, and particularly since we became placed, with

respect to each other, in the strange political relations we at present hold, it has been my care not to make a single allusion to passing events. Now, however, they so closely press our private interests and feelings, that I cannot explain to you why I am thus sorrowful, unless you are willing to hear me allude to them."

"Perfectly willing I am; proceed, with all licence."

"I begin then by expressing my confirmed belief that this city cannot long hold out against its besiegers."

"Such is my own opinion, to whatever it may lead; we speak, of course, confidentially."

"Of course. My only wonder is, that it has held out so long."

"Still I agree with you. It is by no means a fortress; it stands on a sloping ground, exposed on every side, to the fire of the enemy; for the walls are, at no point, more than twenty-five feet high, while in some points they are but fourteen; and as the summit of the town rises two hundred feet above the water, the walls cannot, thus, screen an eighth part of its elevation. Even if it was a well fortified place, the French,

who direct this siege, are good engineers, and formidable besiegers; witness what they have done in the Low Countries—and, I repeat, I can altogether but express my surprise as to what they are doing here at present."

"Into their hands, and those of the Irish army, it must, however, soon fall. But, Evelyn, never, I fear, by capitulation; at all events, not by one timely enough to insure, according to the usages of war, good and safe terms to the garrison and inhabitants."

"And of that I have thought, too, M'Donnell."

"Let me take the freedom to observe that the holding out of Derry—indeed, its holding out, in the teeth of terms negociated by its most respectable citizens, and those who ought to have been the most influential of its garrison—against pledges of good faith, given and taken, has been the work of men whose uncompromising prejudices, and whose fear of retribution, left them no other resource; it was, in fact, the forlorn hope of a shattered and baffled party, reduced to one last and desperate chance of escape or death—of revenge or self-destruction."

"Your comments are severe, M'Donnell; but go on—apply your reasoning more closely."

"Too severe, Evelyn? Come come; I only meant to say that we—the native, undisciplined, unarmed, and despised force of the country, have, alone and unassisted, beat you, inch by inch, from the borders of your northern province, into the gates of Derry—alone and unassisted—for the French reinforcement and supplies, trifling as both are, did not reach us till we had done that good service; so, pardon me; no more did I wish to say; and, if it is disagreeable, I regret I have said so much. Now to my argument.

"The hatred, bigotry, and, I may add, despair, which, in the face of treaties and honourable confidence, have shut your gates against King James, will, I fear, keep them shut, while safe and advantageous proposals are still made to you, and until the time has lapsed for continuing to make them. Derry must then fall by blockade, or storm; or else surrender at discretion. In either case, an enraged and ungovernable soldiery will pour into its streets and houses, and act almost at pleasure—do you now guess what I would drive at?"

"I fear I do," said Evelyn.

"Do you think of no dear being whose safety should, in such a time, be cared for? Gracious God, Evelyn!" he continued, rising in much emotion, "in such a terrible day, have you no fears for Esther?"

"I have, M'Donnell—nor are they newly come into my heart. What is to be done for her?"

"You will not, surely, await the arrival of the danger to provide against it—you are anxious to place her out of peril as soon as possible?"

"To-night, if I could; but have you thought how?"

"I fear, Evelyn, that my answer may seem—I know not what; selfish, perhaps; or that, from its nature, you may think I proposed this case as much in cunning as in true affection—but no; we understand each other; and without any such fear, I will speak openly to you."

"Do so: I can never wrong you."

"Mark me, then. As the niece of an alderman of Derry, and as the sister of one of its garrison, poor Esther would meet little respect;

as the wife of a man in arms for King James, she would be protected; let her assume that character—let me, by virtue of a former arrangement—right, I may almost say—once call her my wedded wife, and—apart from the goodwill of my friends—then shew me the man, friend or foe, who dares, but with a glance, aggrieve her."

"Your hand, M'Donnell—and accept my approval of a still freer and safer course. When you make Esther yours, fly with her from Derry—I give you back your parole—you are no longer a prisoner; take her far from even the presence of danger—make us both doubly sure—take her to Eva, at Glenarriff; and there you can all rest in peace. For myself, my heart and mind will be at peace, too, though distant from you; though obliged, by the stern duties of my situation, to face the storm, and, perhaps, fall in it."

"Dear Evelyn—I cannot, will not speak a word to turn you from the path—dangerous as it may be, and hostile as it surely is to me—of an honourable gentleman—of a soldier: but do not forebode ill—that I shall only say. Do not

imagine a misery that, during our lives, should shadow the joy of Esther, Eva, and Edmund; our happiness must be mutually participated, or not worth the name. As to the rest, I thank you, Evelyn," wringing his hand, "brother in the heart, and at the fireside, though in the field my foe—I thank you."

"The great difficulty," resumed Evelyn, as his strong emotion abated, "will be to procure an officiating minister; the protestant clergymen, of different sects, residing in this city, we cannot ask."

"Some Roman Catholic priests must be attached to the besieging army," said Edmund, "but how get one of them even near the walls? and Esther and I can leave Derry only as husband and wife. Suppose Eva were summoned hither with our old clerical relative? They might remain safe abroad until we could communicate with them; and they would then venture more for us than strangers."

"As great a difficulty will arise in conveying an intimation to Eva," resumed Evelyn; "but let us consider it; and, now, let us pursue this conference in a walk along the walls; 'tis a fine

night; the moon shines clearly; and my spirits require to breathe in the open air."

They left Edmund's quarters, and ascended the steps of Bishop's gate; the never-to-be-forgotten spot from which Derry sent her first conclusive answer to the summons of James; it has since been rebuilt, by the way, into a triumphal arch, with a sculptured head of that sovereign, on the outside, necessarily, and with one of his successor as necessarily on the inside; the former hanging, most dolorously, his family lip; the latter frowning over a tremendous hooked nose; and both features seeming to be the only ones that the artist was able or willing to insist on as likenesses.

Evelyn paused a short time over the gate; and—

"Before we renew our topic, M'Donnell," he said, "I must betray a little trust to you. Under us, and at the works, outside Bishop's gate, strong picquets are, this night, stationed, in apprehension of an attack, sword in hand, directed against the ravelin you see below, and the embankment at the other post, to be headed, as rumour goes, by a strong party of our old

friends the Rapparees, who, under some arrangement or other, have lately become attached to the besieging army."

"I thought, when we last met them, they seemed, in your opinion, collecting their scattered forces, after the affair at your house, for a retreat to the south."

"So, indeed, I then thought; but, you remember the smuggler that took us to Ballintoy? On board that vessel I saw the face of Rory-na-chopple, and distinctly heard the voice of his captain sounding from the cabin; and, doubtless, the rogues were then getting round the coast to try their chance in the fighting and scrambling about Coleraine, and afterwards on the Finn-Water."

While Evelyn spoke, the voices of the picquet, under them, which, since their ascent to the walls, had not been very quiet, grew boisterous in mirth, and, amid all, the tinkling of a harp was heard. Edmund started: and—

"Hush!" he said, "that is Carolan's finger, if Carolan be a living man."

They listened, and were confirmed in the opinion, by hearing the musician strike up Caro-

lan's celebrated "Receipt," and accompany it with his voice.

"Heaven befriends us, Evelyn," continued M'Donnell. "Carolan can have come to the walls of Derry only on a mission to us—and he shall be our envoy to Eva; speak to him, you can safely do so;—but first, let me write a scrawl—await my return, here."

When he came back with the note, Evelyn hailed Carolan; M'Donnell not appearing from the walls. The harper instantly saluted his old acquaintance by name, inquiring if all his friends in Derry were well.

"All; but how came you here, Carolan?"

"Myself knows never a know, sir; these good fellows brought me."

"Please your honour, captain," said the sergeant of the party, "we found him sleeping within our lines, at the other side of the town, and thought he might be a spy."

"That would be hard for me, Captain Evelyn, as you know," resumed Carolan; "a man without an eye in his head, makes a bad look-out."

"Yes, sir; he says he is blind, and only a

travelling harp-player, benighted and tired; so, if all's as he says, in the daylight, he may go his way, again; meantime he consents to play us a tune, or so, till morning," said the serjeant.

"I can assure you that the poor young man gives a true account of himself," continued Evelyn, "and it would be cruelty to detain him outside the walls, so long; let him in, if you do not let him depart."

"Please your honour, that's against orders; but he may go away, if he likes, on your word, sir, replied the serjeant."

"Very well; I will just descend to shake hands with him."

With much caution the gate was opened to Evelyn; he clasped Carolan's hand, and left in it the crumpled paper Edmund had written.

"God bless you, sir, for taking the poor harper's hand, on his wild road, and bidding him luck and speed, and now you won't refuse this little clarseech I offer you, as a parting token; it will be of no use to me till I get home again, to the fair south, and there I have another before me. Take it, Captain Evelyn, and when you touch its wires, remember the giver."

Carolan went his way; Evelyn, not finding Edmund on the wall, followed him to his lodgings; gave him the little harp, as the person for whom it was really intended: and when both, reflecting that Carolan must have left the clarseech for something more than a token, closely examined it, secret hinges and a spring were found in the sounding board, which, at last yielding to their pressure, shewed two letters, one for Edmund, and another for his friend, both written by Eva. And both told of good health; of the perfect tranquillity of her part of the country; but, what was scarce less important to Edmund, of the implacable anger of Lord Antrim for his late attributed misconduct. The young men parted for the night, just as a dropping fire of musquetry, mingled with cheers from the skirmishers, and cries from the walls, were heard through the town.

Hastily mounting the wall over Butcher's gate, Evelyn looked down upon a gentle slope of land that ran towards a line of eminence called the Bishop's domain; but, by this time, the firing had stopt, and he could only see a party of horse, belonging to the town, sweeping furiously round

the heights, as if in pursuit of an enemy; at the same time that three or four infantry approached with a prisoner towards the gate. He descended; a loud knocking was heard.

"Who knocks? and the word?" demanded the sentinel.

"Friends," and "Orange is the word," he was answered, "we are part of Captain Michelburn's picquet, and here we have taken a little Rapparee."

The gate was opened; the soldiers entered with their prisoner; and Evelyn recognized—though scarcely recognizable, his uncle Jerry, "all tattered and torn"—we cannot add, "all shaven and shorn;" for his hair and beard were of a Rapparee growth; while the blue, kilt-like kind of sailor's dress he always wore, was rent into ribands; his blue breeches and stockings full of holes; and one shoe was gone.

"Are you all merry fellows here?" he asked, the moment he had passed the gate.

"March on to the guard-house, you Rapparee thief," cried the soldiers.

"I'm no Rapparee, I say again," resumed Jerry; "they but took me on a visit with them;

not that I mean a word to their dispraise, for hearty lads they are, and like a commodore they treated me."

"Move on, as you are told," urged his guard.

"Why I can't," he replied; "don't you see I've got a rudder shot away? Give me one cup of canary."

"March!" roared a corporal,—"or"—presenting.

"Stop, man—hear reason; I'm no Rapparee, but a loyal subject of the king's gracious majesty."

"What king?"

"What king?" repeated Jerry, in a tone of astonishment at the simplicity of the question, "what king but our own king—the King of England? Here be a serious set of fellows to ask such a matter; where's your officer?" limping up to Evelyn. "A-hoy! dear nephew! afloat yet? Not burnt nor sunk, as I thought you were? Well; this makes up for all; and you won't refuse a grapple; no, that you won't," smacking his hand; "so let this galley-foist crew sheer off; you and I, lad, in any storm; and, I say, nephew, let's go below, and have a

twist at your locker, for I hain't been so run out of grog, and so near seriousness, since I left shore."

"At least, sir, I will try and protect you from the rude treatment to which you have exposed yourself. Corporal, this is, indeed, my uncle, the brother of Mr. Paul Evelyn, forced from my house by the Rapparees; I will be his surety for loyal intentions and peaceable demeanour, if you give him into my charge; and I earnestly request that favour at your hands."

The soldiers assented; and Jerry, supported by Evelyn, limped to Edmund's quarters; eagerly inquiring, on the way, when he knew his destination, if the hearty fellow, the dumb lad, was on board.

CHAPTER XI.

The friends remained very anxious about their message to Eva; weeks elapsed, and no answer came. This suspense was most painful, for two reasons; they feared either that Carolan had been intercepted, searched, and perhaps murdered, on his way to Glenarriff; or that Derry would be taken, sword in hand, before Eva replied to their summons, and Esther consequently exposed to the dangers they anticipated.

On the latter point, however, they need not have been so apprehensive. To their surprise, as well as gratification, the city continued to keep its besiegers in check. And the reader will join in their astonishment, after recollecting the true statement of its preparations and resources, given by Mr. Walker, and of its situation and the strength of its walls, alluded to by Evelyn. That it should have been able to make more

than the faintest shew of defence, is, indeed, all circumstances considered, unaccountable. Had it stood, in these later days, in the place of Burgos or of Badajos, we know that Derry must have capitulated in a few hours, or else have been battered and burnt into a heap of smoking rubbish. Nor are we, by implication, to attribute to an imaginary backwardness in the military science and prowess of its own day, the want of skill or energy evinced by its besiegers. Louis XIV., or William III., would have made of it as light a morning's work as Wellington, or any hostile contemporary at present could; witness, out of a list of instances, what both these sovereigns did, in two successive campaigns, at the fortress and castle of Namur. We can only surmise, then, that the few thousand French before Derry were totally inexperienced in the military knowledge, necessary to their service, and for which their countrymen, in general, had, even at that time, so great a name; as to their Irish allies, a body of undisciplined peasants, just come into the field, we must consider them, apart from the plain work of charging in onslaught, completely out of the question, or

at all events, as much so in regularly carrying on a siege, as their equally inexperienced enemies would have proved in resisting any such operation, vigorously and systematically directed.

But it was, perhaps, the object of the besiegers to starve Derry into submission; and the increasing scarcity of food now began, indeed, to threaten sufficient misfortune. Completely hemmed in, as, on every side, they were, scarcely any thing had been added to the first supplies found in the stores at the beginning of the siege; and day by day these fearfully decreased. The bad omen of slaughtering the horses of the garrison soon made its appearance; and peremptory orders were issued that every house should send in its stock of private provisions, to be joined to what remained of the public one, and both to be served out in small daily portions, to each individual within the walls, rank, sex, and age undistinguished in the arrangement. Edmund found himself limited to one coarse meal in the day; but it was not his own situation that smote his soul with horror; he knew that the woman he loved was exposed, in bad health and wretched spirits, to the same

privation; and as, during this sad economy, he looked on her pallid cheek and sunken eye, the lover's blood curdled to think that hunger—the most wretched and humiliating of mortal evils—that rude and carrion hunger was now her spoiler.

Whilst he and Evelyn met, from time to time, and gazed in silence on each other's gradually wasting features, this sentiment, commonly felt, though never expressed, caused them to speculate with increased anxiety on Eva's remissness in sending an answer. They became assured that poor Carolan had really fallen a victim to his disinterested zeal, and that they had nothing to expect for Esther; when, one night, as they walked mournfully along the walls, the blessed tones of his harp were again heard near the gate below; and, stooping over, they recognized him surrounded, as before, by some of the men, who, in his former visit, had attended to him, but who now—rendered less sensitive to sweet sounds by the grumbling of their stomachs—did not seem disposed to treat him kindly.

"Begone," said the serjeant; "I say you can

have no business here, unless you come as a spy—and that I said before; and you, Corporal Sharpe—you acted but as a bad vedette to bring the blind beggar to our walls."

"I ask but to see Captain Evelyn, in your presence," replied Carolan, "and when we speak together, you'll find I come on no unfriendly business."

"I am here, Carolan," cried Evelyn, running down to the gate. After much persuasion with the officer in command, he passed out to the harper.

"This, then, is all I have to say," resumed Carolan, in a broken voice, taking a small wallet from under his garment, "I bring you—and I have brought it through the Irish lines, with some hazard—a meal of christian food, and a flask of cheering wine for your sister, Mistress Esther Evelyn."

"Share! share!" exclaimed the soldiers, as Evelyn accepted it, "all provisions are common to the garrison."

"No, sirs—but shame, shame, to ask it," cried Carolan; "it is for a sickly, a young and beautiful lady—it is to cherish the failing blood

in her heart, and give her life a day longer. I have brought it to your gate, in hunger and in thirst, myself. The road was long, and my own tongue cleaved to my palate for want of food and drink. I am, this moment, a fatigued and hungry man—yet I touched it not—and I do not ask to touch it. If *you* are men, able to bear a little want, let it go to the poor, sick young lady—you will never miss it, and she will die without it—let her gentle blood get nourishment. Yes—they will, Captain Evelyn—they will: hide it, sir, and take it to your sister."

Carolan wept as he spoke; no further opposition was offered. Evelyn shook his hand, and joined Edmund. The little wallet contained indeed, some delicate and nutritive food; and, secreted amongst it, the note they had expected from Eva. After satisfactorily explaining her long silence, she advised them that, attended by the old clergyman, she now rested in the Irish camp, and would try to meet them and Esther, outside Butcher's gate, near Columb-Kill's well, four nights from the date of her writing. When the friends had interchanged hearty congratulations on this welcome intelligence, Evelyn took up his wallet, and hastened to Esther. He did

not ask Edmund to taste the generous food; he would no more have done so than he would have trenched on it himself. He did not think of asking him; nor did Edmund think of tasting; yet both were hungry—in the hearts of both, nature yearned for a wonted relief. It may be said that this is a vulgar illustration of disinterested feeling. Yes; it may be said by some, who, after a dainty evening banquet, peruse our pages amid a flowing-in of luxury that has never known want, and to whose privileged ear the word "hunger," brings only coarse or mean associations; but if so—even at the hazard of losing a reader—we only wish such a patron plunged, with all speed, into a besieged city, and gradually made acquainted with that common-place and unceremonious monster—starvation.

Eva's note being left in M'Donnell's hands, he was about to destroy it, after Evelyn's departure, when, at a side hitherto supposed to be blank, he discovered the following postscript: "Be watchful—for there is one, opposed most inveterately, though unaccountably, to your success, who seeks admission into the city to confound you."

To whom did this allusion apply? Edmund could not tell; nor, after hours of surmise, even imagine. The next morning, however, gave him, in his own opinion, some information on the point.

Jerry, now his fellow-lodger and messmate, had been looking out at the window, when—but we interrupt ourselves, to say a few digressive words about Jerry. Hitherto he had pretty well obeyed the injunction laid upon him by his nephew, to absent himself from his brother's house, and even from the streets of the town in which he might be likely to meet Mr. Paul Evelyn or his lady; content with singing his favourite sea-songs—together with some scraps of rude verse he had lately picked up among the Rapparees—sipping whatever liquor—water excepted—might be placed in his way, and the only man in Derry who ate his one scanty meal a day with christian resignation and indifference. Indeed, he seemed just as careless of the state of affairs around him, as of their effects on himself, no matter in what shape those effects might visit him. His little paunch decreased; the fresh colour left his cheek; worse than all, the

wound in his foot grew bad and obstinate; he cared not. He was told that, in a few days, there would be no food at all in the city, and that the people either must starve to death, or fall into the hands of the wild papists; still he only said, "Be not serious; what know I of it? —Starved? merry men never starved. Papists? I have known of some hearty fellows among them. City besieged? tilly-vally;—be thou hearty."

But, amid this good-humour with his lot, and submission under the commands laid upon him, he was heard, now and then, to mumble a threat of visitation to his brother and his sister-in-law, because, he averred, they both looked as well as ever they had looked, notwithstanding the general changes that took place in all others; and therein lay a mystery he was determined to solve. The appearances that gave rise to his remarks, were, indeed, rather evident, and commented upon, too, by more people than Jerry. Public prayers were held in the church every morning and evening; at the proper hours, Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn regularly passed by to join in them; and, at the request of their discarded

brother, Evelyn and Edmund often stood at the window to note, as they went along, the undiminished globularity of Paul's person, the enduring vastness of that of his good lady, and the sleek, contented character of the faces of both. On tottered little Paul, patting the stones with the gold-headed cane he held in one hand, and grasping, in the other, two huge prayer-books, which Mrs. Evelyn obliged him to carry; while, some paces behind, the lady followed, in full sail, watching him with a severe eye, as a nurse might watch the straggling sallies of a child just beginning to walk: and, when they arrived at church, still making him kneel before her, in order that she might see, and promptly check, with a smart tap on his head, or a bitter pinch at his arm, Paul's frequent lapses into slumber; for which (Jerry said) he often got whipt when he came home; but Jerry must not teach us digression upon digression.

He had been watching as usual their expected progress to church, when, instead of summoning Edmund to see them pass by, he called him to witness a loud commotion that was going on at Mr. Paul Evelyn's door; the next, it will

be remembered, to Edmund's quarters. A crowd of people, some soldiers, and some townsfolk, had collected round a wild-looking, meanly habited young woman, who seemed eager to be admitted, and noisy and vehement at Mrs. Evelyn's repeated refusal given from the window.

"Let me in," screamed the applicant, "I have that to say to your husband which concerns him and you, and all your family."

"Away with thee, woman," answered Mrs. Evelyn, "or I will have thee sent to the black hole—take her away, soldiers—how dared you bring her hither?"

The soldiers answered that the woman had come to the gates with a pass from Lord Kingston, commanding her admission to the presence of Mr. Paul Evelyn.

"It is a forgery," resumed the lady, "or a plot to murder us—take her away, I say—I know her well."

"And I know you," continued the woman, "we know one another—do you remember the word I spoke to you the first evening we met? Let me in—or listen to it again."

Mrs. Evelyn shrieked, as if her recollections

were sorely touched, and shut down the window.

"Then starve!" cried Onagh, now, as she turned round, well-known to Edmund—"that was the word—and here it is again—starve!"

Edmund, recollecting Onagh's previous and unaccountable hostility to his union with Esther, and now comparing it with her anxiety to get access to Paul, was struck with the thought that she might be the person of whom Eva, in her note, warned him to stand on his guard. Acting under this sudden impression, he ran down to the street; accosted her civilly; induced her to enter the house along with him, and when she had come in, seized her, and, assisted by Jerry, conveyed her to a secure cellar, where, leaving her a small portion of food, they locked up poor Onagh in darkness and solitude; M'Donnell giving his fellow-lodger some apt reason for the proceeding, and engaging him, should he, himself, be out of the way, in a few days to restore her to liberty.

Soon after, Evelyn visited them; acquainting his friend that he was summoned to attend an extraordinary council, to be immediately held,

in consequence of suspicions entertained by some of the garrison that certain gentlemen of the corporation, and even their worthy governor, Mr. Walker, had not complied with the order to send in all their private stock, but kept secreted in their houses, an unpermitted abundance, for their individual comfort and fattening. Jerry, hearing this, offered himself as a presumptive evidence, at the investigation; but he was overruled, and Evelyn went alone.

It had not been usual to permit an indiscriminate assemblage of persons at the former peaceable town-councils of Derry; but now, hunger, which breaks through stone walls, was every man's passport to witness debates in which every man's stomach was commonly interested. Along with the governor, superior officers, and the corporation, a crowd of haggard countenances thronged therefore the hall of the market-house.

Our uncle Paul, who, from his indifference to attend, had been late, was seated on an extremity of the magisterial bench, his short, stout legs dangling most uncomfortably, and his little grey eyes staring round in childish fear, (the result of a certain consciousness,) as he leaned, the

better to support himself, on his gold-headed cane.

Governor Walker certainly appeared in good case; as also did other patriotic gentlemen of the corporation; but none belied, so much as Paul, a strict adherence to the order for indiscriminate starvation.

The rude, because hungry soldiers, made their statements; bluntly named some they suspected, and hinted at others; and Paul found himself involved among the former, and Governor Walker among the latter. Both were, however, ready to rebut the accusation.

It was at the private request of Mr. Walker, made, in order to get rid of the clamours against him, to an apprentice ensign in his confidence, that the meeting had been called; and Paul flattered himself his house exhibited no proof of guilt. The persons who brought the charges were ordered to search the dwellings of the accused; and they returned, unable to say that they had not been in error; but still grumbling, and scowling, with their socket eyes, towards the magisterial bench, as they muttered—

"Why should great ones be fat, and poor

folk lean? If they fare as we do, let them shew it, as we do."

Among the indiscriminate throng, was a group of the apprentice boys, who, in consequence of the leading part they had acted, thought themselves entitled to much privilege, and therefore stood near to the aldermen. James Spike was at their head, sadly altered from the look of boyish health and waggery he had shown upon the day, when, with his compeers, he scampered down the steps of Ferry-quay gate, to commence the protestant war in Ireland against King James. His plump cheek had yielded to a hollow one; his ruddy colour to a monotonous greenish hue; and his springing beard stood forward from his chin and lip, "each particular hair on end,

"Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

or (to shew our own independent skill in simile) somewhat of the fashion in which a starved horse will indicate his bad feeding by the roughness of his coat.

But Jem's spirit was not gone; or, like some great wits who have miserably striven to die with a jest upon their lips, he still remembered

his reputation for humour; and now there arose opportunity for still supporting it. He had observed Paul's alarm during the proceedings; he saw that his horny lips were white with fear; pallid, he did not, indeed, grow: for his was one of those faces, of which, from a constant habit of purplish ruddiness, the skin at last becomes stained into colour, and ever after remains little influenced by the rushing of the blood to the heart; but James Spike observed enough to cause him to address his companions aloud.

"Well, lads, what say you to this matter?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," croaked Will Crookshanks.

"To my thought, there may be something to find out in it, yet," said Harry Campsie, in a squall; the character of each young man's voice being changed to its extreme.

"We hoped not a knowledge of it from you, poor Will," resumed Jem; "but, as Harry says, there may be something to find out yet. Look along this bench; think you there sits on it none who eat more than a sparrow's mess for a meal?"

"By the goose," answered Harry Campsie, "I see some who have not been looking at empty trenchers of late; and that's still my cry."

"And mine too," growled Crookshanks, "and mine—and mine," echoed others.

"Note you the little alderman at our elbow?" questioned Spike, and the glaring eyes of all were fixed on Paul; "there, at the least, be a sample of your great folk, nothing the worse for the standing order; 'tis plain as the nose on one; and never were noses plainer than at present, being the better part of our faces. Will Crookshank, himself, says so."

"I do," said Will; "'tis a matter to be noted."

"A good may come of it, however," continued Jem: "in a day or two, horses, cats, and rats will be eaten up; a cap of broad pieces will scarce buy a lean mouse; then must we needs fall foul of each other; and your goodmen fat fellows, especially your aldermen, shall first draw lot, by the rood! Skin and bone would be but niggard diet; we, fighting men, must be kept on our limbs; and so, harkye—"

He whispered his companions, keeping a

glance fixed on Paul; the eyes of his fellow-apprentices, and now almost of the whole throng, more seriously imitating the kind of look Jem but assumed; something between a bitter grin and a natural creeping of disgust, marking their features; and Paul, ready to faint with terror, thought that the leathern lips of Crookshank quivered in particular anticipation.

"Aye," added Jem, "your aldermen be no every day folk, and it 's an honor they merit to fall to the share of fellow-creatures, while the feasters of yon church-yard can have your leaner and commoner sort to revel on."

Paul did not hear the conclusion of this reasoning. He continued, since about the middle of the dialogue, gradually to slip down from his high seat, and at last made his exit by a door that led into the board-room, followed by a gurgling growl from Jem and his companions, such as the nursery "buggaboo," sends after a frightened child.

He tottered home. After a prudent peep to see who tapped, Mrs. Evelyn admitted him. He sunk into a low chair, especially constructed

for his comfort; and, "woe's me, Janet, woe's me," he cried.

Mrs. Evelyn asked many questions before he could bring himself to begin an explanation.

"Oh, Janet, Janet, they talked—" his teeth chattered and he stopt.

"Courage, and speak it boldly, man," herself terrified a little, though she knew not exactly why, "they talked of what?—of coming again to devour our household stock?"

"Of coming to devour me, Janet, love!—Janet, coney!"

She stept back, repeating his words, in consternation.

"Forsooth, yes; they said I should be good diet; oh, they are main hungry, Janet; and I saw them look as tho'—" his flesh crept—"oh, Janet, as though their stomachs yearned to me."

Mrs. Evelyn reflected for a moment. Her thoughts seemed to give her a sudden relief.

"I have heard of such doings, Paul; hungry folk have, ere now, truly eaten one another; and you must bide in the secret vault till christian food comes among them."

" Oh, woe 's me, woe 's me."

After another pause, during which she contemplated her husband—" Truth to say, Paul, you do look unseemly plump," Mrs. Evelyn added.

" Do I, Janet, chuck, do I?—woe 's me—woe 's me!"

" And it were well," she continued, her countenance again brightening up, whether from pure pleasure at the hope of preserving her lord, or, in a degree, at a recollection how much better her gradually decreasing stock would comfort a single regular claimant, we cannot readily determine—" it were well that you stinted your own stomach, coney, when you are safe hidden, and, day by day, eat a little less and less, until, in the end, you may safely walk into the streets again, as proper a man as any amongst 'em."

A knocking was heard at the door.

" Oh, Janet, they come—haste, haste!"

She caught him up in her arms; conveyed him to his hiding place; returned to open the street-door, and admitted Evelyn. He wished to speak with his uncle on business. She had

not seen him; and she rapidly questioned Evelyn as to what could have happened to her Paul. He set out in quest of the lost alderman; and, as evening closed, returned really distressed at his uncle's absence. It is said, by those who give themselves a very undue licence of slandering the fair sex, that, on fit occasion, ladies can assume a character with much greater success than the less gifted members of the other part of the creation. We reject the invidious praise; although we are, at the same time, obliged to admit that Evelyn and his sister, while sitting, this night, by Mrs. Evelyn's side, were struck, in their hearts, at the sincerity of the grief with which she bewailed her husband. He must have grown over valiant, she said, and joining in a sally made that day, was doubtless cut off, nay, cut up, by the papists. The nephew, though he did not think with her, yet knew not what to think; and the night was wearing away, when the lady's mock grief became changed into real terror, and some real suffering.

A tremendous cannonading was heard from the besiegers. Mrs. Evelyn listened in pro-

found silence to the bellowing of the guns at a distance, and to the nearer din of crashing houses, and the screams of their inmates, as the balls and shells thrown into the city spread unusual devastation around. She did not hope that her own house or herself could escape; and she was correct in her omens. A large shell, falling on the tiled roof over her, broke through it, and lay on the attic floor till it burst; and Mrs. Evelyn, her nephew and niece, just had time to start up, at the noise, when it did burst—tearing piecemeal an old skeleton of a woman, who slept by its side—shattering its way into the chamber underneath—splitting the gable of the house—and, as if the enemy had a particular eye to one point, another descended, almost in the same direction, till by the repeated explosion, the wall was rent from the top to the foundation, and the mistress of the mansion received, from a displaced stone, such a contusion in the temple, as, for some time, deprived her of all sense, and, afterwards, of all her senses.

For three days Mrs. Evelyn did not sufficiently recover to understand what had happen-

ed, where she was, or who were about her. But at length she found herself in a strange house, whither, with his sister, Evelyn had caused the lady to be conveyed. Very soon after her restoration to reason, she arose, much to the surprise of all, from her bed; watched, silently and earnestly, till the night fell; then quitted her friends; procured a dark lantern; issued forth; entered her own ruined dwelling; locked the street-door after her; descended to the kitchen; locked the communicating door, also; traversed the range of cellarage; through a well-concealed door, gained the vault in which she had left her husband; held up her lamp, and not seeing him, cried out, "Paul!—why, Paul!"

A strangely cadenced laugh was the only answer she received; and, advancing to a recess, she found him seated on the ground, his knees crippled up; and, as he continued his chattering laugh, an expression of childish fatuity stamped on his relaxed and wasted features.

"Paul, Paul," she repeated, keeping at some distance, and looking much terrified, "What 's to do here, man? Want of meat it cannot be;

I left enough for two or three days, did I not?"

"Enough, enough;" he echoed, still jabbering at her, and gazing vacantly.

"Oh, Paul," cried Mrs. Evelyn, overcome by conjugal affection, "know you not Janet, your own wife? bless us, how wild he looks—your hand—quietly, Paul,"—in some misgiving of him—"and come, now, and rest you in Janet's arms;" sitting down by him, when she thought he was not mischievous: "there—lay your head, so—woe's me, what has come over him!" and the woman's tear, which, be their cast of character what it may, women only can shed, bedewed the poor little man's forehead.

The voice to which he had often been too well accustomed, but which now sounded like sweet music on his ear, gradually restored him; he grew conscious of his wife's identity; and, bursting into tears, hid his face on her shoulder, while he pointed to the far wall of the dungeon. Mrs. Evelyn saw a breach large enough to admit one person. The floor of the vault, near it, was strewed with stones. She repeated her questions for a full explanation, and, sentence

by sentence, Paul strove to satisfy her; but as his method was bad and disjointed, we hope to translate it into more intelligible order.

Upon the evening of his concealment, Mrs. Evelyn, contrary to the assertion she has just made, had left Paul but a scanty meal. She promised, however, to visit him at night. In many fears and horrors, which his temporary abode was well calculated to increase, the marked victim crept into a corner, where his little easy chair had been fixed for him; and strove patiently to await the return of his kind keeper. About the hour she might have been expected, he had just fallen into a slumber, the irresistible result of more fatigue of spirit than his nature was capable of supporting, when a tremendous noise called back his fleeting senses, and crash, crash went the wall of his dungeon, and clatter, clatter, came the tumbling stones. Consternation, and the terrors of an instant death, seized upon his heart, and, as was his wont on all occasions of peril, he cried aloud, "Janet, Janet!"

"Whisht!" answered a female voice, but not that of Mrs. Evelyn. He stared towards the far

wall, and by the dim light of a lamp his lady had left burning, saw, standing in the breach just made, a woman, of whose face and figure he retained a confused, but most disagreeable recollection. This sight did not serve to quiet his fears, and he cried out louder and louder.

"Whisht, whisht, I bid you!" repeated Onagh, darting through the aperture, from the vault in Edmund's house, "be silent, and listen. Do you remember who I am?"

Paul redoubled his cries for "Janet, Janet!"

"Answer," resumed Onagh, "or, at your next word, every wall around you shall tumble, and here will you find your grave. Answer, have we not met before?"

"No! yes! yes, mistress—no!—Janet!"

"Omadhaun!* you forget;—let me be sure of you;" she took the lamp and held it to his face; "aye, you are the man; I come far to see you, and to speak these words—you heed me?"

"Janet! help, Janet!"

"Do you heed me, I say?" shaking him.

"No, no! Janet!"

* A silly fellow.

"No?" another shake, and an angry grin, close to his face.

"Yes—hold;—truly do I, mistress;" his features relaxing into a silly smile, as terror at length quite bewildered him.

"Hearken, then. You have a brother's daughter in the house; and it is your part, before man, and it is your part, before God, to save her from a near danger—from—Omadhaun!" fiercely interrupting herself, "as well may I speak my words to the walls—you do not heed me."

"I do—of a truth I do," said Paul, giggling, "and I give thanks for your visit; am glad of the heart to see you, forsooth; sit, mistress; rest you."

"Curp-on-Duoul! I am no mistress;—I am Onagh, that lives in the black house by the roaring sea—Onagh that the world first trampled down, and now is afraid of—Onagh the friendless," she continued, in a changed tone, "left without kith or kin by them that were her own kith and kin—by them—and by him who was more to her than them—Onagh the unknown—Onagh the broken-hearted!—Faugh!

—there is no use in talking to this nothing of a creature; but give me to eat!" she continued, again turning on him, "they have left me without a mouthful—your meat—your meat!"—she snatched it up from a stool, and retreating through the aperture, added, "Starve! that was my first curse upon you both—you and your *baushuck**—and now let it stick to you."

She disappeared into her own cellar; but of this, poor Paul remained unconscious. His senses had quite failed him; he neither stretched out his hand in search of food, nor wondered at the absence of Mrs. Evelyn, although, as we have before seen, her own personal sufferings kept that lady from visiting him, at the appointed hour; and thus, in hunger, imbecility, and soon in darkness, passed the following three days and nights, during which he was still left alone, without a second interview, even with his near neighbour, Onagh; at all events, without his being conscious of it.

When Mrs. Evelyn had, by repeated questions, gathered this story from Paul, her indignation against Onagh was loudly expressed. "The

* A brawling woman.

gipsy vagabond! the papist witch!" she cried, "O, had I been here! had I met her! had I but—ah!" a scream of interruption, as her eye, glancing towards the aperture, fixed on the pale face of the person she rated so roundly, and on her dim black eyes, dully glaring in the red beam of the lamp.

"You are here, now—and you are with her, here;" said Onagh, striding into the vault, "what is your will of me?" a rusty skein was in her hand.

"Mercy, good mistress Onagh!" cried the lady, dropping on her ready knees, "only mercy."

"Give me food, then!" continued Onagh, grasping her shoulder, "I laugh at your words —but give me food! they have left me to starve like a wild cat, in that black den, 'till I am made as wild and as wicked—something—a morsel they flung me, every day, but the rats tore it from me—food, woman, food!—get up, and bring me to your cupboard, or—look at this!" raising the skein.

Mrs. Evelyn quickly obeyed; without, indeed, leaving the vault, she handed to Onagh a

supply out of her pockets. The woman devoured it like a wolf.

"And now let me out!" she resumed, after her speedy meal, "let me out through your own door, into the street—I came here to speak to your husband—of what concerns him; but another ear shall listen to it all—another man, more like a man—and better able to right me—let me out!"

The lady willingly conducted her to the street-door—

"Starve! still, starve!" cried Onagh, by way of thanks, at parting.

Securing the hall-door, Mrs. Evelyn hastened to replace, from her private store, the pockets full of good things of which she had just been plundered, benevolently intending to hasten to Paul with her new supply. Arriving at the secret cupboard, she knelt down to unlock it, and, in the same position, to swallow a few mouthfuls of cold meat, and a few glasses of home-made cordial, ere she attended her husband. While thus employed—

"Halves," said Jerry, at her back; he had entered the house from his own, through the

breach, which, in this part of the wall, was considerable.

Mrs. Evelyn at first screamed; but, ascertaining who it was that watched her, quickly sprang up, and laying hands on Jerry, as quickly brought him to the ground, crippled and enfeebled as he was with hunger, and his bad wound. Holding him down, she snatched a knife, and—

"Plundering old pirate!" she cried "tory—Rapparee—papist! come you on my back, too? Oh, ill-omened cast-away!—I'll teach you!"

"Tilly-vally, sister Janet," answered Jerry, "you must not hurt me, or up you go, you know, over the yard-arm; better for you let me rise, and give me some prog, or I'll report to the governor, and have you sent to the hulks; let me up; I strike; for, shiver my timbers, you're too heavy a decker for me."

These words brought Mrs. Evelyn to reason. After a bitter internal struggle and a long pause—

"Here, then," she cried, giving him some eatables, "take that, blotch of your family, and

let me never see your face again—nor hear the wag of your tongue. Remember, on no other condition do I give it."

"Agreed, Janet; but I will have halves of every thing; half of that pasty, that ham, that flitch, that hung beef; three of those loaves, those tongues; and six of those little black bottles; I will, as I'm a christian, or all shall go among the crew, and yourself into the bottom of the hold, Janet."

After much indignant remonstrance, Mrs. Evelyn was, in prudence and policy, obliged to submit; and Jerry retired through the breach, well laden; singing a verse of one of his Rapparee songs—

"Thady Murphy lost his cow,
And didn't know where to find her;
And 'twas all the token he could give,
She carried her tail behind her."

Mrs. Evelyn, in diminished spirits and circumstances, returned with a scanty supply to Paul's cell. As she entered, the lady wondered he did not speak nor move. She called him; no answer came. She advanced to his corner;

he lay on the floor, in a heap. She stooped and raised him; poor Paul's sufferings were over. The last shock of Onagh's appearance had been too much for him.

CHAPTER XII.

"STARVE!" cried Jerry, entering the room in which Edmund and Evelyn, all their arrangements made, awaited the hour of midnight to join, along with Esther, Eva and her reverend companion at Collum Kill's Well, "Starve, quoth-a! tilly-vally; good men never fare ill; that's my word, in any storm; serious men have I seen go down, in scores, but merrily swam the merry; come, goodmen lads, be hearty."

He laid down his freight of good cheer, his friends staring at him.

"Where, and how came you by this, uncle?" asked Evelyn.

"It came to my hand," answered Jerry; "it ever does so; it ever did; as boy, man, and lad, in every quarter of the globe, sea and land, have ever cried to me—eat and drink, Jerry, and keep a heart, still; 'tis an excellent world."

His companions did not refuse to partake of his supply, without asking any more questions. When Jerry had pretty well satisfied himself, he thought of imparting some of his good luck to their prisoner, Onagh, and for this purpose left the room. In a few moments he returned, informing them that she had hoisted all her sail, and sheered off.

"Gone!" exclaimed Edmund, "we have no time to stay here then, Evelyn; not even to inquire into her means of escape—come, the hour has struck."

"It has," said Evelyn, "but why should you seem affected by the movements of that poor woman, M'Donnell? Indeed, why should you have held her in any restraint? but that I did not think it important, I could have informed you of her being at large, an hour ago; for, on my way hither, I saw her standing at the door of the governor."

"Aye!" said Edmund, "then must we not stay here indeed."

They hurried out of the house; met Esther, disguised in male attire, awaiting them, at an appointed place; Edmund was also disguised

as a soldier of the garrison; they all joined a body of men who were about to issue, on a foraging sally, through Butcher's gate; got out with them; contrived to let them pass on; and, in a few seconds, the young party stood by Collum-Kill's Well.

Over a bubbling spring was raised a little arched building, open at one end, and surmounted by a shattered cross. Here, if local history errs not, the patron saint of the North, and particularly of Derry, the famous Collum-Kill, used to seek water for his cell in the adjacent monastery, and spend many hours of meditation and prayer. On his departure for Scotland, he made his adieus to the spot, along with others to which he was attached, in four lines, which are thus translated—

> "My fragrant banks and fruitful trees, farewell,
> Where holy mortals, mixed with angels, dwell;
> Here angels shall enjoy my little cell,
> My sloe, my nut, my apple, and my Well."

By the side of this consecrated little pile, stood Edmund, Esther, and Evelyn, shrinking at the voices around them, and looking wistfully, at every side, for the friends they came to meet.

None met them—Edmund supposed they might have hid themselves under the arched roof of the well, and was approaching its black mouth, when, from the other side, two figures appeared. Both seemed of the male sex; but, coming nearer, Eva was recognized, clad, like Esther, in man's attire, but that the costume seemed foreign, and of a more martial cast, and supporting on her arm the bent and palsied old priest. In silence were mutual embraces exchanged, and in whispers were conveyed their mutual greetings and tidings. Sheltered from observation, at the remote side of the well-house, stood two horses, upon which Eva and her guardian had, after many previous precautions to ascertain the means of possible approach, stealthily gained the point of rendezvous; and she told them that in Hamilton's camp, they also would find horses.

Weeping and trembling, Esther clung to Eva's breast; and in silent wonder and love did Evelyn gaze on the beautiful metamorphosis of his adored lady, who, in her present attire, looked the very personification of a boy-hero, completely baffling his recollections of her former air, figure—self, in fact; every motion, even her

features, seemed different. But this was not the hour nor place for much indulgence of emotions, such as all experienced; time lapsed; opportunity, perhaps, with it; hither they came for one certain purpose, which was to be at once engaged in; and, at the earnest urging of Edmund, Esther gave him her hand.

Without book, the ancient priest began his ceremony, when—

"Hush!" interrupted Evelyn, "let us step back a little—the gate opens."

Before they could gain the shelter of the well-house, a body of horse, galloping straight across the open ground at their faces, came suddenly upon them; at the same time, a single man walked from the open gate, and when he drew near, they knew Governor Walker.

"Stand, all!" he said, as he joined them. None moved; in fact, the horsemen had surrounded them.

"You, Captain Evelyn, I arrest in the name of King William," he continued gravely, "for remissness of duty, in abandoning your detachment that has just sallied out; you, Edmund M'Donnell, as our former prisoner, now found

outside the city, in breach of your parole; Miss Evelyn returns with her brother; the strangers —the old priest, and the masquerading girl—are free."

"Sir," said Evelyn, "I am astonished at this interference."

"Doubtless; but you need not be," answered Mr. Walker, drily; "I was fully advised of your rash and unseemly adventure, and had taken measures to counteract it."

"Seize her!" here screamed Esther, whose eyes, since the appearance of Mr. Walker, had been fixed on the dark mouth of the well, "I knew it—she is there—she stirs in the dark."

"Whom?" demanded her brother.

"Come," resumed the governor; "time is not to be spent here; soldiers, follow me with the prisoners and Miss Evelyn—let the others go."

He walked slowly towards the gate.

"Farewell, friends," said Eva, embracing them separately, "still shall we meet again."

"Never," said Esther, as she sank, weak and weeping, on the arm of her brother; "and —hear that! she has echoed me."

"What mean you, dear Esther?" asked Evelyn, "there was no voice but yours; nor is there any one where you point, and fix your eyes so wildly—up, Eva, and away! these men will at least let us stand here till you and the clergyman are beyond our lines—farewell!"

"Farewell," replied Eva, as she and her grey-headed companion spurred onward. And at this moment Esther's hints received a confirmation. Onagh ran out of the shadow of the well-house, following the track of the departing friends, and, as was always her habit, when much agitated, clapping her hands, as she exclaimed bitterly—

"Speed you! speed you! luck and leisure over the road ye came so fast—and, this night, we are travellers, together."

As Edmund, who had not opened his lips during the whole of this scene, watched his sister and the old priest pass safely through the hostile lines, Onagh also ran on, in the same direction. The two friends, supporting between them the fainting Esther, then turned their faces towards the gate, and, guarded by the horsemen, re-entered the town.

Mr. Walker, with the lady from whose house Esther had just eloped, met them in the street; Esther was committed to her charge; parting almost in an insensible state from Edmund and Evelyn. They were marched to the guard-house, and, at express orders from Walker, confined in different rooms. As they separated, they exchanged an embrace, but spoke no word.

Esther's fate, in the increasing distress, occupied the friends more than their own. A few days after their confinement a ray of hope and relief reached their minds in consequence of intelligence, communicated by those about them, that ships had appeared in the Lough, and, firing at the castle of Culmore, endeavoured to pass it, and reach the city. No doubt was entertained of these vessels being sent from England with the long promised supplies and assistance, and great joy reigned through the town. But it was of short continuance.

The friends soon after heard that, galled by a heavy fire from the fort, as one of them ran, and for some time lay aground, the ships were obliged to drop down the river, and now re-

mained inactive; while the besiegers, taking advantage of their inactivity, increased their forces at each side of the Foyle, within a mile of Derry; raised heavy batterries; brought thither many heavy guns; and—all these movements fully visible to the soldiers and people from the north-east range of their walls — constructed across the river, a ponderous wooden boom, well secured at either bank, and regarded, by the despairing garrison and citizens, as impassable.

Thus, then, from the only quarter to which hope might look for relief, none could now be expected; and, day by day, the little stock of provisions still decreased, while fever, dysentery, and other hideous diseases, began to accompany the nearer approaches of utter famine. In their separate prison-rooms, the friends found their coarse meal, before scanty enough, still abridged; in the pallid faces and meagre forms of their guards and attendants, they read the general suffering;—and the situation of Esther came, in increasing horror, upon their hearts. Shrieks of famishing women arose in the streets, and they thought they heard her voice calling for food.

In about a fortnight after their imprisonment, word was brought them of the return of the French general, De Rosen, to the Irish camp, principally with instructions to oppose the English, but also to assist Hamilton in pressing the siege. From Rosen's character every thing vigorous, persevering, and cruel, was reckoned on, and in a short time he realized the expectation. Many threatening changes were made in the positions of the besieging army; their works were pushed closer towards the town; several strong batteries were raised on heights to the west and south-east of it, one within ten perches of Butcher's gate; lines were drawn round all the land sides of the walls; the trenches well manned; supplies of water—the last supplies open to the besieged, outside their gates—thus cut off; and at length it seemed that Derry was in reality a besieged city.

The cannon now roared louder and more frequent than ever, and shells of great weight fell in the streets.—Numbers of the garrison and citizens were killed on the walls, or in the houses, or crowding to sleep under the walls, as their safest screen, and thus spending the nights in the open air, the effects of their un-

wholesome place of repose, added to the ravages of their previous distempers, until mortality, in every frightful shape, abounded.

Consternation and despair began at last to contemplate a surrender; and the friends remained in momentary dread of the entrance of an enraged enemy, when a second glimpse of relief was opened to the besieged, and, once more, obstinate resistance became the fixed resolve of the governor. A person, escaping from the ships, arrived at the water-side, where Lord Antrim's Redshanks had first made their appearance, and boldly swimming across a stretch of water of more than one thousand feet, informed the city that the vessels, still faintly seen in the Lough, contained provisions, and a disciplined force, under the command of General Kirke, expressly sent for the relief of Derry; that the general was most anxious to reach the town; that he would try every means of doing so; and that he earnestly recommended the holding out of the garrison.

Mr. Walker instantly prepared a message to Kirke, conveying the best hints that, under the circumstances, could be given, and the ad-

venturous courier proceeded some distance back with it; but, being watched, fired at, and wounded, he was obliged to return to the city. Another person attempted the service, and he was taken prisoner.

Still Rosen continued his violent cannonading. He had arrived about the 20th of June; by the 27th, General Hamilton desired a conference with the garrison, and once more proposed terms of capitulation in the name of James, that still proffered forgiveness and safety: and, by the way, that shewed a jealousy of Hamilton's French colleague, and seemed to speak of some previous quarrelling between them. But the governor and his detesting garrison, buoyed up by the message from Kirke, totally rejected those terms; the negotiation at once ended, and besiegers and besieged again flew to their guns, both more enraged than ever.

De Rosen's rigorous measures have been glanced at; other measures of his, alluded to as cruel, remain to be noticed.

Upon the first or second day of July, as Edmund, after a sleepless and feverish night, sat, almost distracted, thinking of the probable fate

of Esther, he was surprised with a visit from Evelyn. They started at the first sight of each other; want of food, watching, and sorrowing had, during a separation of three weeks, prepared a shocking change for the eyes of both. Their greeting, too, was strange and solemn, as if they had not been the affectionate friends they indeed were; and, for some time, no words were spoken between them. Edmund first broke silence.

"This governor has set you free?"—he asked.

"But now," answered Evelyn, "he visited me; and, in consequence of something that has recently occurred, gave me my freedom, and sent me to you, to release you, also;—but—I must deal very plainly, M'Donnell—to lead you as my private prisoner, to a court-martial, where you, along with the other Irish prisoners in the garrison, are to be tried for your life."

"And all this, in consequence of some recent matter, you say—what is it?"—

"Have you heard no news within these few days?"—

"Not a word; my guard seemed unusually disinclined to speak with me."

"Listen, then. A few days ago, De Rosen sent into the city a declaration, threatening, in case of continued resistance, to demolish it to its foundations; to put all to the sword, sparing neither sex nor age; to burn up the whole adjacent country, that so any reinforcement from England may be left destitute: and to collect, from the barony of Inishowen, round the coast as far as Charlemont, all those of the protestant party, whether protected or not, of every rank and sex, who can be found, and drive them, in a body, to starve under our walls."

"Impossible," said Edmund, warmly; "this must be a false rumour; no man of human feelings could even threaten such a barbarity."

"I agree," resumed Evelyn; "but what will you say if—a specified time having elapsed since the threat was made—part, and the worse part of it, is already put into force?"—

"What part? what do you mean?"—

"Come with me;" he took Edmund's arm; led him to the walls; and shewed him thousands of men, women, and children, of all conditions, crowded under them, and crying to their brethren within for the shelter and food it was impossible to afford.

"These," added Evelyn, "are all the protestants of the north, found out of Derry and Enniskillen, and driven hither, according to Rosen's promise, at the point of the sword."

"Blessed God!"—exclaimed Edmund, as, in the utmost consternation, he surveyed the unhappy crowd; "do I witness it?—is this done by my friends, and those who call themselves the friends of my country?—by the honest man's hope of heaven, it is enough to bring down a curse on our cause, and to turn from it, in anger and disgust, the eyes of its best well-wishers!"

"I can give you one relieving thought, foe as I am," said Evelyn; "it is not the work of Hamilton or his soldiers; it has not been conceived nor perpetrated by your countrymen; of late, the Irish and French generals have had some bickering between them, both striving to shew an authority independent of each other, and this deed has been planned and carried into effect by foreigners only, unconnected in country or fellow feeling with the victims of their cruel impatience."

"Hamilton must be applied to—that is my proposal," resumed Edmund eagerly.

"Then you will soon have opportunity, and need, too, to follow it up, Edmund; still must I deal very plainly with you; they are hideous times; let us walk to the market-house."

They did so. Edmund found a court-martial sitting upon the Irish prisoners, some of whose names have before been mentioned. He was ordered to join them, and abide his trial by their side. In a few moments, the court pronounced a sentence of death on the gallows, which the governor declared should be carried into effect upon all, by ten o'clock next morning, provided the miserable crowd were not allowed to depart from the walls.

Edmund demanded permission to write to Hamilton, with a pledge of conveyance for the letter; his fellow prisoners earnestly seconded him; their united prayer was granted; and they immediately prepared and despatched a statement of the sentence, requesting their general, "as one who did not delight in shedding innocent blood," to represent their condition to the marshal-general; and adding that, in consideration of the inhuman proceeding which caused their danger, they could not lay their blood to the garrison of Derry, from whom

they had hitherto experienced "all civility imaginable."

The prisoners were then strongly guarded to the gaol, instead of the lodgings they had before occupied. Evelyn accompanied his friend. On their way they passed a gallows, already constructed on the walls, in sight of the enemy, for their execution the ensuing morning. At the gaol door Evelyn was refused admission with M'Donnell.

"We part here then," said Edmund, taking his hand for the first time since they had met;—"I have not yet asked you a word about your sister, Evelyn; I feared the question; but come, how is she?"

"I found her very ill, and very wretched," answered Evelyn; "but principally afflicted on our account."

"Well; I expected it, if not worse. Farewell! Should this letter fail, and the rest follow, do not mention it to her till she is better; but should Esther ever be well enough to hear about it, tell her"—his voice failed him, and, wringing Evelyn's hand, he was only able to add—"fare-

well!"—when, with his sad companions, he retired into the gaol.

"This— all this," muttered Evelyn, as, standing alone in the street, his own strong emotion, hitherto repressed, nearly choked him — "all this is done in the name of God."—

He turned, thro' the streets, to the walls, afraid of meeting Esther till an answer should arrive from Hamilton. Houses had been battered down, at every step, as he walked along, and the pavement torn up with shells. Faint and sick people crawled out of their homes, for safety, or lay powerless on their own thresholds; and still roared the insatiable cannon, within and without the city; and still Evelyn reflected that all he saw was conjured up in the blasphemous use of that Almighty Name, whose true command enjoins peace and good-will to men.

Alone he stood for hours on the walls, careless of being exposed to the enemy's shot, with his face turned in the direction from which an answer might be expected. At last came the messenger, with his flag and escort. Evelyn ran down to the gate to ask for tidings;—it was asserted that Hamilton returned an answer con-

firming the fate of the sufferers without the walls —and of the prisoners within.

He bent his steps to his drooping and half-famished sister, and strove to impart to her the hope, a spark of which he did not feel, and, did she know all, the hope which was not for her. That night he enjoyed no sleep, and the early morning found him at the prison-door of his friend. As he prepared to go in for a last farewell, an unusual stir was heard on the walls; he ascended them, and beheld the crowd below, preparing, under escort of the Irish army, to depart homeward. — Weak tho' he was, Evelyn flew back to the gaol, and brought to the prisoners the first announcement of their safety.

"Edmund, dear Edmund," he said, as M'Donnell looked vaguely at him,—"I am sure Hamilton wrote that note only in hopes of terrifying us—the cruelty having once been committed —into submission to his master;—I doubt that he ever wrote it; at all events, the wretches have been allowed to retire from our walls, and you are at liberty." In fact James had sent a peremptory countermand to De Rosen.

He took Edmund's arm; and, after the neces-

sary forms had been gone through, they gained the street together.

"Bring me to see Esther," said M'Donnell, "I am in agony till I see her."

They turned towards the house in which she lived, Edmund walking faster than his strength and a newly come agitation warranted. About half way, his limbs sunk under him; his eyes closed—his cheeks grew fiery red—his lips dry and ashy; and Evelyn perceived that his friend was struck down with fever. He called some people to his assistance, and had him conveyed to his old quarters, where M'Donnell immediately sunk on a bed of sickness, that Evelyn feared would be his last, until the last bed indeed opened for him.

Evelyn was his nurse; dividing his wretched days and nights between the bedsides of him and Esther, when garrison duty did not command his absence. Then, poor Jerry filled his post, faithfully and kindly attending the sick man, and still exhorting him—though some tears at last stole down his now meagre cheek—to keep a heart, and be merry.

About ten days after Edmund became ill,

Evelyn received a summons to attend the governor. It was evening. He found Mr. Walker pacing up and down a large apartment, his step still firm, and his eye still powerful, though in common with all around him, want and anxiety had much reduced his face and person.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Sit down, Captain Evelyn," said Mr. Walker, taking a chair himself, resting his forehead on his hand, and casting his eyes obliquely to the floor.

"I require counsel; at the least, a calm and friendly hearing, from some one, as to what I shall say. Mr. Baker, my colleague, is, along with the thousands we have lost, dead; Capt. Murray is honest, but perhaps too warm, and too devoted to one view of the present subject, shift as it may; and tho' you are but a youth, nay, tho' we have sometimes differed, I know no third man in Derry I would so soon speak freely to. Therefore attend.

"You have heard that notwithstanding our reliance on Kirke's message,—in consequence of which we flatly refused the other day to treat with Hamilton,—all the ships yesterday disappeared from the river?"

"Yes, sir; I am aware of that distressing fact."

"Gone they are; and so ends Kirke's promise, upon which we staked all—dared all. 'Tis like the conduct of the heartless bravo, first boasting and engaging, and then deterred, by the appearance of a little difficulty and danger, from attempting what a man of any bowels, or a truly brave soldier, would almost have dared a sea of flame to do. 'Tis like him who has learned humanity from the Turk—whose school of war was on the ground of the turbaned infidel;—aye, and 'tis like the accomplice assassin of Jefferies, who helped to depopulate a fair district of England, and whose name is, by other particular acts of abomination, accursed unto posterity. Better success could not have been permitted by heaven to the cause which brooked alliance with him; with him, too, who was James's hangman and now is William's."

After thus giving vent to his embittered feelings, Mr. Walker paused; but soon continued.

"All hope thus shut out; death and famine still increasing their demands upon us; nearly

our last wretched meal served ;—I do not blame the city for at last inclining to the terms of honourable capitulation again proposed by Hamilton ;—you know that even since the ships disappeared, he once more *speaks* us fair ?"—

Evelyn assented.

" If he be sincere, it is considerately done. No longer opposing the city, I have, myself, drawn up articles which have been presented to the enemy's council, debated upon, and with some exceptions, allowed. To-morrow morning we are to send a final answer ; and, doubtless, it will meet Hamilton's wishes."

" In other words, the city of Derry will surrender to-morrow morning to King James," observed Evelyn, as Mr. Walker again paused.

" Thou hast said it," answered Mr. Walker, groaning deeply. A pallid and meagre soldier entered, leading a sturdy, fresh-faced lad of sixteen years, in whose bold and mischievous eye Evelyn recognized, now ripened to a more active maturity, the glances of his old guide over the Point of Garron, upon the first memorable day of his journey to Cushindoll. At sight of the intruders, Mr. Walker rose, and,

with a self-command that to Evelyn was surprising, calmly inquired their business.

"This boy," answered the soldier, "says he has come through all the enemy's lines, with a letter to you, sir, from General Kirke."

"From Kirke!"—cried Mr. Walker, his eye flashing; "impossible—the brat deceives us."

"Na, then," said the boy stoutly and pertly, "he does na."

"Who are you?"—asked the governor.

"A ridin' Rapparee," he was answered.

"What, and you come here, young spawn of Satan, to tell us as much?"

"Troth jest," replied the lad, coolly,—"and wi' a civil letter til your honor."

"Where is it, imp?"—

The young thief drew his skein out of a broad belt of undressed horse-skin, and with it cut off a large cloth button from his jacket of purple velvet, which, united to its skirts, now invisible, had once been worn by a different character.

"But"—he continued, after having held out and drawn back his hand—"bide a wee, and I'se tell your worship a' about it. It's no lang

since I joined wi' the southren Rapparees; and hearing them say ane til another, that your worship would gi' a muckle penny for a bit writing frae General Kirke, and some talking o' the venture—for your honor kens the Rapparees are no at ony particular side, but a wheen poor bodies striving to live on their ain account—troth jest—why, I thought I might e'en try it myself; and so I e'en went: and here I am, wi' the writing in this muckle button, when your honour has the siller ready."

"Guard the door," said Mr. Walker to the soldier; "and if this fry of wickedness deceives us, let him sorely rue it. Here," he continued, handing a purse—"and now let me have your button."

The young Rapparee deliberately emptied the purse on the table, sounded and counted the pieces one by one, and at last said—

"Your honor will just gi' me three jacobuses along wi' it, and ise gi' your honor the button."

"Rascal!"—cried Walker, snatching it—"you are already overpaid."

He cut round the button, and found it to con-

tain a piece of paper, folded small and hard, which he hastily opened, and read with devouring eyes. Strong emotion shook him, as he proceeded; and he had not yet ended, when, a moment forgetful of the presence of the spectators, he broke into a shrill, "ah!"—struck the paper triumphantly, and added—"all 's not lost."

In an instant Mr. Walker corrected himself, ordered the boy out of the room, and desired him to be well looked after till he should require his attendance; then finished the reading of his despatch, and handed it to Evelyn.

It proved, indeed, to be a genuine letter from Kirke, informing Mr. Walker that he had received his last letter; that finding it impossible to approach the city, he had sent round a party to Inch, — a small island found in Lough Swilly, after coasting round Inishowen Point— and was about to follow them, in order, if possible, to divert the enemy from the town; that he expected a large force from England; and, along with less important things, that he had stores and provisions for Derry, and was determined to relieve it.

"This, then," said Evelyn, when he had

perused the letter, " will put an end, I presume, to the treaty with Hamilton ?"

" As the Lord liveth, it shall," answered Mr. Walker.

" Yet, like some others," continued Evelyn, " it is a treaty concluded upon."

" Tush—let it be.—But we should temporize somewhat. This party to Inch, sounds so triflingly that it will never induce the city to reckon on speedy relief. Give me the pen."

Without ceremony, Mr. Walker substituted for the words—" a party to Inch"—" six thousand horse and nine thousand foot to Inch ;" and—

" That," he added, " reads better, and will give them hopes and spirit to quash this treaty."

" False hopes, sir," said Evelyn, rather warmly, as in this well known act he read a trait of the real character of the governor—" false hopes, sir, to tempt to falsity a wretched crowd, already distressed beyond another day's dependance upon even certain relief."

" Boy !"—cried Mr. Walker, trembling with impatience,—" how can you judge the policy of experienced men ?—I fear—though all along my heart yearned to your father's son—I fear

I have been mistaken in your zeal and spirit, and most of all, in your feeling for me.—What, —would you so meekly prepare for degradation and ruin? and so readily abandon me, your appointed teacher, to the mercy of the merciless? —Would you—but leave me;—I am carried beyond Christian temper; leave me to my reflections."

Evelyn departed to Edmund's quarters. He found him safely past the crisis of his fever; sensible, but weak as an infant. This was about the middle of July. In a few days, the patient proposed to visit Esther, concerning whom his inquiries had, from the moment he regained his senses, been continual, while Evelyn gave him only evasive answers. Now he insisted on seeing her. His friend urgently opposed him, and, for the present, Edmund complied with his entreaties. During another week, Evelyn watched by his bedside, now scarcely provided with a drop of water to cool his friend's parched lips, and almost destitute of a scrap of food for his own mouth; Jerry offered, indeed, some brandy, which Evelyn had not recollection to wonder how he could have obtained, and which

he only declined. Still the governor's hopes of relief from General Kirke seemed vain and ill-founded. The last horse of the garrison had been slaughtered and devoured; and a true, though perhaps not very agreeable idea of the wants of the soldiers and people will be formed, when it is known, that considerable sums were offered for cats, rats, mice, horse-blood, raw hides, greaves, and such offal, while a dog, "*fattened on the dead bodies of the Papists*," was invaluable.

Before the 30th of July, Edmund's strength, notwithstanding the foul and scanty food he received, was somewhat recruited, and on that day, he found, or fancied himself able to resume, with more consistency, his determination of visiting Esther. In Evelyn's absence he rose and dressed himself; and was met by his friend, preparing to go out.

"You see," he said, "I am not to die without beholding her; let us go together; if you refuse me I shall go alone."

Thus urged, Evelyn gave him his arm, himself scarce able to walk. Upon this memorable morning, the garrison of seven thousand five hundred men, regimented in Derry about three

months before, was reduced to four thousand; even of these, one thousand were disabled; and more than ten thousand of the population had died. As the friends slowly walked along, the streets seemed deserted by the living. Groups of dead bodies almost exclusively filled them; or, here and there a famished wretch dropt down dead, or to die. In one case, indeed, they saw a frightful instance of life and death linked together, where a starving infant sprawled upon the breasts of its lifeless mother, tearing at her nipple for the milk that was dried up for ever. Further on, an affluent gentleman, dying on the pavement, stretched out his hat, half filled with gold, to a beggar, for the bone he gnawed; and the beggar spurned the gold. A very old man, respectable too, had crawled to a wall to devour a handful of some carrion food, and a young lad, stronger than he, though like him a skeleton, tore it from his clutch, and, when resistance was offered, dealt him a stunning blow. Passing by the church-yard, the bodies of those recently dead, and carelessly buried, were exposed to view, rent from their grave by a succession of the showers of shells, which had first

sent many of them thither, and now refused them its repose.

Buying and selling was at an end; greeting and saluting, visiting and returning of visits. Money lost its artificial value; there was no food that it could purchase, and stark hunger required no other necessary. Shops were left open or shut at random; houses had lost their tenants; the man inclined to theft, might rob and plunder; but when he was laden with booty he found it of no use, and he cast it in the mire of the streets. Distinctions of rank were almost lost; in some cases, natural connexion was forgotten. There were no masters—no servants; they had no reciprocal duties to exercise; or else common suffering equalized them.

The friends gained Esther's house, and found their way, unushered, unattended, into her presence. She was sitting in an arm-chair, dressed in white, wasted to a shadow; her blue eyes enlarged, and glittering; a touch of fiery red on her cheeks; her flattened chest labouring with respiration; and incapable of moving a joint of her body. It was evident that her former tendency to consumption had been renewed

and precipitated by the shocking distress she recently experienced.

As Esther recognized her brother and lover, and beheld the horror of their looks, she strove to smile; Edmund staggered against the wall. She could not even speak to him, but silent tears ran down her burning and emaciated cheek.

"Ask her to eat," whispered the proprietress of the house; "she so loathes the only things we can offer her, that the poor young lady has not tasted food these three days."

Edmund made no remark; he asked no question; he offered no consolation; he spoke not a word:—but, after a moment of frenzied agitation, burst out of the room into the street. Evelyn strove to follow him; but the desperate and unnatural strength that now winged the despairing lover, made pursuit useless; and at last Evelyn dropt.

But Edmund rushed on through the streets, glaring at every lonely wretch he met, as the she-tiger might look round for a prey, when, herself famishing, she has left her young ones in the lair, voracious for food. He ran into open

houses, but found none to answer his claim. Continuing his course, Jerry approached him, altogether in such a fashion, that had Edmund felt any woe less than his present one, he must have forgotten it, and smiled. The little man had necessarily suffered in proportion with all around him; and the skirts of his coat, recently supplied by Evelyn, and always too large, hung in helpless waste about his limbs; the pockets, by the way, swelled out to some bulk. The wound in his foot, growing worse every day, and wholly unattended to, so lamed him that he could not move without a prop; and he now limped along, his body half bent, as he leaned with both hands upon a short-handled shovel, procured, heaven knows how or where; his motion being, crab-like, backward.

"Food, sir!—I want food!"—cried Edmund, stopping him."

"And so do I;—but what of that?"—said Jerry—"we all want something or other, some day or other; what then, I say?—be hearty. I wonder to hear people about me talk so; I wonder at any man's fretting, who can have a pound of good cat's flesh for some shillings; a

house to cover him, and a good town to walk in: —you are all serious people. There was my sister Janet, never satisfied, and she has just kicked the bucket; rest her, say I; tho' that's a papist prayer, 'tis a christian one; rest to her who never gave it to any."

"Unfortunate old man!"—said Edmund, as Jerry, more broken down than he would acknowledge, or even suffer himself to suspect, sunk against a wall—"how can you trifle with nature's sorest misery?—your niece, too—Miss Evelyn—gasps for proper food. I ask you to help me to some, and this is your answer."

"So bad, is she?"—resumed Jerry, really affected; "I couldn't think that; and they wouldn't let me see my poor niece. Stop, I'll bring you where we can have good things; some friends of mine in the camp; no matter whom;—hearty fellows, I promise you. Poor Esther! —I never thought it. Come;"—attempting to rise, he fell back again;—"stop;—I'm foundered, myself, only there's no use in believing it;—come, I say"—another failure;—"but I can't, tho';—here then," fumbling at his pockets, —"here's what will steady me;—did you never

admire where I got the drop of brandy, now and then, while the serious poor souls of Derry were quarrelling for a drop of water?"—

Edmund impatiently answered.

"Stop, then;—bless my heart, what 's to do?" —he continued, as dizziness and benumbing pain, and sickness came upon him. "Ship 's in a fog —can't see a rope's length a-head;—you're a hearty lad—" grasping Edmund's hand—"I know how it is, now—get to the Rapparees, as fast as you can;—the whole fleet of 'em is anchored near Ballougry hill;—say I sent you—that 's enough." He grew fainter, but rallied;—"Shiver my timbers—old ship going down?——Tilly-vally; it all comes of thinking of it; I'm growing serious—hearty, still; and so we ride any squall. Where 's my ballast;—aye—" at last plunging a hand in his pocket,—"here it is, if it would but come out;—merry, goodmen boys, merry—

"I met a fair Rosy by a mulberry tree.
And tho' mass was my notion, my devotion was she"—

a shred of a Rapparee song which Jerry tried to repeat, as he still tugged at his pocket—

"I met a fair Ro——"

His voice sunk—his eyes fixed; he shivered, and died:—proving that hunger will not spare a merry man any more than a serious; and that, on earth at least, mind cannot live without body, however well disposed to life it may be. Certainly, if—combined with simple-heartedness—good humour and unaffected resignation under every possible evil, could ever have disarmed death, poor Jerry would be alive to this hour to boast of a victory.

Edmund seized the hand he had thrust into his pocket; it was clasped round the corked neck of a bladder, half filled with brandy: in Jerry's other pocket he got a second large bladder, crumpled into a lump with constant squeezing. Upon sudden and wild impulse, Edmund drank a maddening draught, and gaining from it an accession of artificial strength, ran, acting upon Jerry's hint, concerning the Rapparees, to Butcher's gate.

Here he told the men the object of his speed, and offered them the brandy as a bribe to open the gate. They readily took the liquor, but refused him egress. He became furious—snatched a sword from one of them—ran on, like a maniac, to where the wall was not much

more than a dozen feet high, and jumped down upon a soft embankment of earth and sods. Shots were fired after him, as, regaining his legs, he raced towards Ballougry hill. He escaped them, and gained an outpost of the Rapparees. Edmund knew them by their costume. "Food, food!"—he cried, breaking through them. They had beheld his approach in great amazement rather than in hostility; and it was not till he endeavoured to force them aside that they offered violence; then, however, some cuts were aimed at him, and he was wounded in the neck and arm. But still he made way; and in a few moments came upon the main body of freebooters, as they sat, before their temporary huts, on the grass.

"Food—give me food!"—sword in hand, he rushed on them; but now his strength failed, and he fell prostrate.

All that followed was like a dream. He afterwards brought faintly to mind that some had gathered round to injure him; some to save; that the Whisperer and Galloping Hogan had questioned him; that he had answered; and lastly, that, as if wrought upon by his sad story, the rude men had given him food and wine.

Clasping it close, he made a second desperate effort, and flew back to the city; little opposition was offered to his entrance, freighted as he came; the gates were opened; the soldiers seized him, and dragged the food from his hands; he saved a little, and gained Esther's house. She was not at home. He learned that, according to her daily custom, she had caused herself to be borne to the church, to attend prayers, which, never neglected in the city since the beginning of the siege, were, now in their terrible distress, more than ever the resource of the pious. To the church Edmund hastened. Pushing in among a great crowd, he vainly looked round for Esther. Again faintness came upon him, and he sunk on a seat.

For some time he was insensible to every thing. Gradually, however, the feeble though shrill tones of old age filled his ear; and looking towards the pulpit, he saw it occupied by a very aged, white-headed, emaciated clergyman, who, with an energy beyond what his strength could bear, was preaching to the miserable people. As Edmund's eyes turned heavily downward, the shrill, childish voice stopt: then there was the

sound of a sudden fall, and—"He is dead!"—exclaimed the congregation.

This more effectually roused Edmund. He saw the lifeless body of the old man borne from the pulpit; immediately after, Mr. Walker, assisted up by two young persons, filled his place; and at the same moment began to preach. His once full and sonorous voice was by times husky and screaming; sometimes it sunk into a hoarse whisper; but so hushed were the crowd, that every cadence of that whisper was heard.

"Gaunt suffering has made another breach," he said, "another, of the sorest; but, as is my duty, I mount it. Nor do I fear so to do; nor shall you fear for me, my afflicted brethren. The voice that, even in a prayer for us, has just been cut short, and silenced on the earth for ever, but mounts into the actual presence of God, to finish, there, the petition here interrupted. Altho' its echoes have failed in the fretted roof of this holy place, yet, with the ear of faith and hope, ye can still hear it ringing, piteously and beseechingly before the footstool. Let us join our cries to it; our cries of anguish and feebleness, and surely will the Lord at last de-

liver us. As when Moses lifted up his hands upon the mount, against Amalek, praying that the battle might be turned, and it was; as when, at the prayer and sacrifice of Samuel, the Lord discomfited the Philistines by thunder, and they were smitten before Israel; as when the great host came up against Jerusalem, and Hezekiah spread the letter of their captain before the Lord, praying for deliverance, and the Lord sent his destroying angel into their camp; yea, as Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego, were delivered from the furnace of fire, and Daniel from the lions' den; yea, as Elijah obtained rain when the famine prevailed—"

The preacher was interrupted by a hoarse, weak shout that came from abroad. He did not attempt to go on. Wild expectation turned and fixed his eye upon the door-way, and thither the feverish glances of the pallid congregation were also directed. The shout came nearer; voices were heard at the door; at first no words could be distinguished; but soon a thousand tongues cried — "The ships! the ships!"

"He hath heard us!"—exclaimed Mr. Wal-

ker, dropping on his knees. The congregation, uttering cries of hope and anxiety, hastened from the church. Many died as they sat or stood; in the streets as they staggered along, or on the steps leading up to the walls. When almost all had abandoned the church, Edmund looked round for Esther. He found her left helpless, and nearly insensible. He caught her up in his arms, and followed the people.

It has already been said that from the north-east side of the walls, in which was Butcher's gate, a full view of the river could be commanded. The whole prospect formed a pleasing picture. The horizon was bounded, at a distance, by a sweep of blue hills, called Magilligan's creeks;—about five miles off, a line of low land, on which stood Culmore fort, ran under them, into the water, swelling high, as, at the left hand, it came near and nearer, and overtopped, in its continuation, by the barren summits of Inishowen promontory; to the right, cutting against the blue creeks, rising grounds also swept into the water, apparently narrowing it from thence down to Culmore fort, but allowing it to spread, up to the city, into a fine sheet; and

at the back of this last little point, appeared the formidable boom, crossing the river to the opposite shore.

Esther continued nearly insensible as Edmund bore her to the walls: but when they had gained them, she recovered sufficiently to understand what was going forward.

"Eat, eat," he then cried, eagerly,—"eat, my beloved—you but want strength—nourishing food—and here—this is nutritive and good; and this wine is also gentle and strengthening."

"In a moment," she replied, very faintly—"but first set me down, and look, you, over the walls, and tell me how this ends. Let me hear that you and Evelyn—where is Evelyn?"—

"I know not—among the crowd—but safe—safe, dearest Esther."

"Let me first hear that he and you are to be saved indeed; and then—but set me down, Edmund."

He complied, and cast his eyes around, and over the water. Near him, and at every side from which a glimpse of the boom could be obtained, the ghastly crowd thronged close; sons bearing their parents; brothers their fainting sisters;

husbands their fainting wives; friends supporting each other, in lines and groups, with arms locked or hands clasped; and as they stood, silent and breathless, in the garish sunshine of that midsummer day, all looking more like a concourse of the dead, placed upright out of their graves, than living men to whom its ray was dear.

And all eyes strained down the broad river, up which, by Culmore fort, four gallant vessels just then came, with a fair and fresh breeze, canvass crowded, and flags and pennons flying. A light frigate, the convoy of the store-ships, led the van. She had been exposed to a terrible fire from the old fort; but she past it, giving more than one broadside, and hauled her wind, and lay to, in order to cover the other vessels, till they should get a-head of her. This they effected; and all steadily approached the ponderous boom, tho' still receiving the fire of hundreds of small arms from the shore. The largest of the store-ships at last ran straight for the boom.

"What is that?" inquired Esther, as she heard a drawing-in and hissing of breath among

the miserable multitude, which sunk into a hollow groan.

"A ship has struck the boom," answered Edmund, "but without injuring it; while, with the shock, herself rebounds, and runs ashore, and now"—a loud yell echoed along the banks of the river—"now the Irish put off in boats, to board her."

"God's will be done," said Esther, scarcely audible.

He cast himself on his knees, by her side, and renewed his entreaties that she would taste food and wine. Of the latter she allowed him to give her a mouthful.

"Despair not, yet, my people," he then heard Mr. Walker say, near him—"the frigate will guard the stranded ship — will resist and overcome them.—See how her brave crew man the deck, and her gallant captain, hat in hand, cheers them—ha!—he drops."

A second groan came from the unhappy crowd.

"But her crew are not dispirited"—the governor continued—"they divert the fire of the batteries and lines from the other ships; and up

another comes—but no, hers will not be the glory—the first bold adventurer frees herself with that broadside—and once more she runs for the boom."

The crowd again sucked in their breath, and their arms and hands were raised, and waved in sympathy of action with every movement they saw.

"Esther!—my life—my only life!"—cried Edmund, as she grew worse, gasping piteously. "Take heart, my beloved—all will be happy, still. Eat, eat, sweet Esther" — he continued, tears blinding him—"only eat—or droop not for this—the bold vessel tries it again!"—starting to his feet—"Now, Esther!—"

"Now!"—echoed Mr. Walker, pressing his lips together, and his arms over his breast—in a second after—"Long live King William!—huzza!"—he shouted aloud.

A hoarse and awful cry of joy burst from the spectators, as now, indeed, the strong ship, again striking the monstrous impediment, broke it into pieces, and, followed by her sister vessels, sailed on, proudly and triumphantly, to succour the wretched city. As that cry arose, the last breath

of many escaped with it;—joy had her victims as well as famine and despair:—and Esther was among the number. But another shock, of a different kind, assisted, perhaps, the general one.

"Hear them, my adored!"—exclaimed Edmund, as the people shouted.

"She hears not them nor you," said the voice of Onagh, at Esther's back, now sounding rather sorrowful than stern. But *her* words, at least, the maiden heard; for, starting from her lethargy, her eyes fixed their last look on Onagh, and then closed. Again Edmund caught her up in his arms, and when he saw she was dead, fell under her.

CHAPTER XIV.

A RELAPSE into fever was the instant consequence of the shock suffered by Edmund. Evelyn also fell a victim to the same disease, against which he had, indeed, long struggled. When consciousness returned, his recollections of the past were dull; and of its saddest event, he half doubted. The first person who spoke at his bedside was a good old protestant clergyman, long the friend of his family. The next face he saw was that of Priest M'Donnell. The two old men comforted him; but delicately and dexterously avoided much conversation. Evelyn himself did not dare to ask one certain question. In a few days more, Priest M'Donnell spoke of Eva; and when the invalid had been sufficiently prepared, there was a rustle among the drapery of his bed; then a tender murmuring, and Eva sunk on his breast. She

had watched his pillow since the day after he became ill.

Still afraid of the question that lay at his heart, he asked for Edmund. She arose and left the room; but speedily returned with her brother by the hand. Evelyn now saw that both were habited in black. He was at last satisfied.

The meeting with Edmund was mute as the grave. They only pressed each other's hand. Evelyn was shocked at the appearance of M'Donnell. It was not emaciation and paleness alone that gave his figure, face, and manner, an altered character.

"Much as we have suffered together, I should not know you," said Evelyn.

M'Donnell withdrew, almost snatched away his hand, and, with an abrupt and husky "Tush—and why not?" turned to a window. Eva whispered, that, apart from other causes of bitter despair, her brother had lately been dismissed, with a severe and degrading sentence from his regiment; and that the effect of all his afflictions had made him fearfully reserved and ungentle. It was but too evident, indeed, that

he was devoured by the stern sorrow that fastens upon the heart, empoisons its life-springs, and causes them to flow in sullen and selfish misanthropy.

When Evelyn grew much better, passes and protections were, through his interest, and that of the amiable protestant clergyman, obtained for Edmund, Eva, and Priest M'Donnell, and all prepared to visit Glenarriff. The perfect re-establishment of Evelyn's health made such a change necessary. But he was further tempted. Eva, expressing her zeal in the public cause to be much cooled since Edmund's undeserved ill-treatment by King James's officers, listened to his whispers for a future re-union of their hands and fate, in her father's house, at the Strip of Burne. And now, other reasons made all most anxious to leave Derry.

Tidings arrived that Schomberg, at the head of an army of twenty thousand English and foreigners, had landed near Carrickfergus; reduced it and Belfast; and proceeded southward towards Dublin; while Kirke, with his considerable force, marched from Derry to join him; and Colonel Loyd, commander of all the rem-

nants of the northern protestant levies, now collected into one body, and called by the general name of Enniskilleners, after also forming an unwelcome junction with Schomberg, continued in his rear, making incursions among the Roman Catholic people of the country, and acquitting himself much to the satisfaction of his corps, who honoured him with the title of "their little Cromwell."

From one or other of these cruel men, Eva and Edmund feared an attack on their father, at Glenarriff; and hence arose the increased anxiety of all to commence their journey.

The day was at length appointed. Upon the evening before it, Evelyn secretly left the house, and walked to the adjacent church-yard. He wished to bid farewell to the mouldering remains of his sister; and also to judge, from the situation of her grave, of the fittest kind of monument to be raised over it. When the sexton led him to the spot, he found his second intention anticipated. A little white marble urn already rose above the grave; and, looking close, in the waning light, he read thereon — "Farewell, Esther!—Ed. M'D."

As, deeply touched, he stood by the urn, a soft step approached. It was Eva; he concealed himself. She bore on her arm a little garland of white flowers. Gaining the spot on which Evelyn had just stood, she gazed at the base of the monument, as if her eyes could have pierced the dense earth, and rivetted themselves on the silent features of her sister. Then she removed from the urn a faded garland; wept profusely; fell on her knees, and prayed, according to the usage of her church, for the happiness of the soul of Esther Evelyn.

Some stones tumbled from the wall of the church-yard; a man jumped over, pulling his hat over his brows, muffling himself in his cloak, and looking fiercely around. Eva hastily arose, threw the fresh garland over the urn, and retired. The man walked forward, still glancing behind and around him. When he thought he was unobserved and alone, he suddenly flung himself on the earth where Eva had knelt, spreading out his arms, and grasping the long grass in his convulsed hands, while every muscle quivered, and his sobs echoed through the hollow church-yard. Evelyn knew it was Edmund.

And here he saw another proof of the grief that, scorning all usual manifestations, would in supposed solitude, alone, condescend to vent its smothered and ruinous fury. Some slight noise occurred, and M'Donnell started up, again pulled down his hat, ran to the wall, and bounded over it.

Evelyn came from his concealment; took his own farewell of his sister's grave, and returned, stealthily, to his chamber. The friends did not meet that night; and each supposed the other was ignorant of the sad visit, which, in a common interest, and a common delicacy, each had paid in the church-yard.

Early next morning, accompanied by Priest M'Donnell, and, to insure their safety, the protestant clergyman, they left the city of Derry.

"Does Schomberg's army contain many veteran foreigners, sir?" asked Evelyn, of his reverend friend, when they had been some time on the road.

"About a fourth, mostly French; William does not think he can yet spare many Dutch, from England. And upon the same policy, this newly raised force of English is generalled by a

brave old soldier of fortune, who has, from time to time, served every rival court in Europe, always most faithful to his temporary paymaster, though indifferent to the principle of the cause he zealously promotes in his name, and therefore, perhaps, very fit to conduct a war like this, in which party spirit runs so high."

"The sending of Kirke to assist our northern efforts, may have savoured of the same policy," resumed Evelyn, "a man whose indifference to cause or country is as notorious as his infamy."

"Know you what road Kirke has taken towards Schomberg's quarters, sir?" asked Eva, in alarm.

"The same interior one we now pursue," replied the clergyman, "but do not, my good young lady, give way to uneasiness; he has scarce a day's march of us, and, with our good horses, we may easily come up with his division before he gains the point I know you think about; and when we do join him, our documents will fully protect all. But let us push hard."

The invitation was unnecessary; those that

heard it, were most anxious to anticipate it; and with scarce a rest or pause, night or day, the little party held on for Glenarriff, over the same road by which Mr. Walker had led Evelyn and his sister to Derry.

The sultry evening, one in the latter end of August, had just begun to approach, when Eva recognized from a distance the well-known line of the hills that inclosed Glenarriff.

"We are now past all danger from those whom you consider as your foes,'" resumed the clergyman, at this period of their journey; "Kirke must have deviated from our route, soon after leaving Derry, otherwise we should, ere this, have certainly overtaken him."

"God grant it, sir," cried Eva.

"While I, and my loyal protestant charge," continued the clergyman, "have now a right to fear for our own safety, in entering these remote and hilly fastnesses, amongst which, it is reported, that young wild-cat, *Yemen-ac-knuck*, occasionally wanders with his freebooters."

Eva and Evelyn (Edmund remaining silent, as he rode a short distance behind, during the

whole journey) expressed their ignorance of the individual spoken of, and inquired if he was a new Rapparee captain, accommodated with the *nom-de-guerre* mentioned, Yemen-ac-knuck, or Ned of the hill?

Their informant replied that they had conjectured aright. "We heard nothing of him, in Derry, until after the relief of the place; then, however, his exploits reached us, together with some accounts, true or false as they may be, of his person and private history. He is said to be a mere lad, who joined the Rapparee body, only while they lay near Hamilton's camp, pretending to give that general assistance; when the Irish retreated southward, the Rapparees, as is always their custom on such occasions, broke into different bodies; and one portion of them remaining without a commander, it is added that this boy, on account of the many instances he had given of great personal courage, ferocity rather, and of cleverness in other needful respects, was unanimously elected by them; since when, he has outdone all his predecessors in those acts which make the reputation of a

Rapparee commander. Other accounts add, that he is partly indebted for his sudden elevation, to a visit which he made to Derry during the siege; when, on some private business he had audience of the governor, and, along with a considerable purse, honestly obtained from him, carried back plunder to a great amount, of which the desolate state of the town enabled him to possess himself, and which gained him much consideration with his fellows."

"I begin to think I have had the honour of knowing, for many years, the distinguished person you speak of," said Evelyn.

"Indeed!" and the clergyman was about to make inquiries, when, with a faint scream, Eva, unconsciously, as it seemed, backed her jennet, pointing towards the middle of the line of hill that, at the right hand, formed the boundary of the valley of Glenarriff, into which, at the end opposite to the entrance from the coast, they were now turning.

All looked and saw the black ruins of a cabin, recently burnt down, before which, from the branch of a tree, a man's body was suspended.

"He has been in the glen!" she cried, re-urging her jennet forward.

Edmund spoke not a word; but, regarding for a moment the object to which every eye was directed, turned deadly pale, set his teeth, made a motion to draw the sword, which he had not, felt for pistols, of which he was also deprived, and then dashing, in rage and desperation, the rowels into his steed, soon came up with Eva. Evelyn rapidly followed them. The two old clergymen stood a moment behind, one uplifting his hands, the other, with uncovered head, crossing himself; but then also hastened down the glen.

As the party proceeded, the few cabins on their way, at the right hand, and at the left, presented the same ruinous appearance of the first they had beheld. But nothing told that the destroyers were at present in the valley. The silence of death reigned over it. No human tones broke the deep repose of the hill side, or of its rocky and barren summit. Not even the low of a cow or the bark of a household dog was heard; nought but the voices of water-falls, far and near, which, blended in one

hoarse whispering cadence, might seem to lament the devastation that had visited their ancient domain.

On spurred the little party, in hopelessness and horror, every step they moved adding, by the new objects of terror presented to the eye, confirmed anticipations of the worst. They gained a glance of the Strip of Burne, and Eva and Edmund beheld the humble home that had sheltered their childhood half burnt down, and yet smoking in the evening sun; while from the sycamores and ash that had once shadowed it, those of their poor followers who had dared, after the landing of Schomberg, to cling to the house of their chief, hung dead.

Indescribable passion kept the brother and sister silent and motionless, for a time; at last—

"Our father!" they exclaimed, and, flinging themselves from their horses, prepared to rush forward, partly in the wild hope that, as his dead body did not appear, he might have escaped.

"Ha! the song of mirth amid ruin and desolation!" cried Eva, as, after a few steps, the tones of a harp met her ear; and, turning the angle of an intervening bank, she saw Carolan

seated, immediately before the ruin, on the smooth, flat stone, where he was accustomed to strike up his announcing lay. The contrast between his smiling face and song of joy, and the horrors he could not see, petrified, for a moment, the brother and sister, and rooted them to the spot; while the poor blind lad began to sing words like the following:

I.

Come out, old man, at dusk of day,
Come out and hear the harper play;
For I have rhymes,
And chimes
Of times long past away.
So come out, come out, come out, old man,
And hear the harper play.

II.

Come out, young girl, and list my lay,
Young girls like other tunes, they say,
And I've an air,
So rare,
To cheer the fall of day.
So come out, come out, young girl—come out,
And hear the harper play.

III.

Men, women, all—let no one stay—
Lads, lasses, boys, or old wife grey—

Down from the moon
I'll croon,
A tune, or make ye gay.
So come out, come out, man, woman, child,
And hear the harper play.

But before he had ended the words we here translate, the brother and sister broke off to the house. Eva shrieking, as she said—

"Great God! he thinks he plays his accustomed air to ears that still hear him!"

"Who speaks?" cried Carolan, stopping instantly; "Eva M'Donnell? why do you scream?" He arose, anxiously turning his face in the direction where he had heard the words; but no one replied to him; Evelyn and the two old clergymen followed their young friends; he heard the rapid retreating steps—then silence—then wilder screams within the house; and in vain the poor harper continued to demand, tears of mixed agitation and bitterness at being so abandoned, running down his cheeks, "What has happened, I say? God of Heaven! why do you cry out, Eva? Eva M'Donnell!"

Edmund, his sister, and Evelyn, together broke through masses of fallen thatch and wall, that choked up the door-way, and together en-

tered a part of the large room of the house, which, with the smoking roof yet over it, was most free from impediments. The dead bodies of others of their faithful followers were strewed around, half covered with rubbish; and wounds on their fronts, and weapons near them, told that they had fallen where they lay, while resisting a superior force. One other glance round, and Eva was the first to perceive the corpse of an old man stretched on the clotted hearth. Gashes were visible on his bald head, which lay, crimsoned and cold, upon his once cheerful hearthstone; a short, straight, basket-hilted sword was in his hand, and a wounded stag-hound crouched at his feet, and at the first noise of intruders opened his languid eyes; exposed, without being able to utter a sound, his formidable tusks; made an effort to rise and attack Evelyn, but, staggering instantly, fell dead across the body of his old master.

It need not be added, that the shrieks Carolan heard were uttered by Eva. As she cast herself upon the mangled body of her only parent, they rose, peal after peal, with a shrillness which mortal agony could alone send forth, and

which, piercing through the open roof of her ruined house, re-echoed to hill and rock, far beyond the place where the harper heard them.

A mile and more from where he stood, they were heard by the man who had caused them, and who rode slowly, at the moment, at the head of the chosen body he had trained to such acts as this, while the main force of his detachment proceeded, at some distance, on their route southward.

Sitting stooped in his saddle, his round shoulders and slight figure having acquired the kind of crouch—(the crouch of the tiger before he springs)—which sometimes marks the turbaned race, amongst whom he had learnt his humanity; his small, half shut, jetty eye, glancing upwardly around, as if overshadowed by the turban; and twirling his coal-black mustachoes, which, according to their early fashion, he wore unusually long and curled; thus sitting silent, and watchful of every face around, while none dared to address or look at him, the infamous Kirke heard a faint echo of the despairing shrieks of Eva. And,

"Hark, sergeant," he said, turning himself in

his pad, "I think there be some of my lambs not yet done bleating."

"With submission to your honor, I should think no," replied the favoured sergeant, returning an expressive leer, "the prettiest of 'em, in that wild nook below, sleeps by this time."

"But there again—heard you not that?"

"I believe we hear but the cry of the gull on the shore, yonder."

"Thou gull and goose to say so—I tell thee that is the bleat of one of my little lambs, in pain, doubtless; and I will not leave a single one in pain, poor things—so, turn, sirrah."

The troop was soon in rapid motion, back to the vale of Glenarriff.

"Cease, Eva, cease!" cried Edmund sternly and loudly, as her delirious sorrow still escaped in deafening shrieks. He had not, himself, uttered a cry, nor spoken a word before, nor wept a tear, nor flung himself on the ground, "cease this vain frenzy—rise—kneel at that side of our father's corpse, while I kneel at this; and then give me your hands."

She heard or heeded him not, and her screams still rung out.

"Hear me, I say!" he continued, the dreadful passion that, like the intense though brooding fire of a kiln, burned within him, now getting a first vent in impatience at not being obeyed, "Sister! woman! silence, and listen to the voice of your last relation!"

This had effect; she raised up her head—looked at him—and when he repeated his former instructions, Eva, seeming to understand, and fully sympathize with him, hastily knelt at the one side of their dead father, while Edmund knelt on the other, and gave her hands across the body, which he instantly grasped in his. Eva's own tears were at last dried up; her features still, though terribly rigid; and the glaring eyes of the frantic brother and sister fastened on each other.

"Let us now swear an oath," resumed M'Donnell, "repeat the words I shall speak."

"I will," she answered, firmly pressing his hands.

"Here, over his mangled corse—by the blood of him who gave us birth—swear!"

She repeated the words, and said—

"By this, I promise to swear."

"Against the doers of the murther—against their abettors and their cause—their seed and breed, root and branch—revenge, by every plan and wile. With the eye of the wood-cat to watch them—with the thirst of the life-hound to track them—with the subtlety of the hill-fox to encompass them—with the mercy of the forest-wolf to deal on them! For this we give up all other practices of life—for this, while we swear to hate them, we forswear their fellowship—bread never to break with them—roof never to enter with them—hand never to cross with them—word never to change with them! With those of their side or their creed—their party or their country—their blood or their descent—their race, from generation to generation!"

"Hold, Eva, and remember what you do!" cried Evelyn.

"Forbear, my daughter, and swear not, in madness, a horrid oath!" echoed the old priest.

"Hide ye, or fly!" interrupted the agitated voice of Carolan, through the choked door-way; "fly, or hide ye! they are upon ye! I heard their tramp, tramp, down the glen, and I know

the trooper's tramp, so different from our own."

"Who are upon us?" questioned Edmund, his voice and manner changed into a kind of satisfied composure, as if all he wished was near at hand, in the approach of his enemies, although he stood so poorly prepared to receive them; and as he spoke, he rose slowly from his knees, still holding his sister's hand, and obliging her also to stand up. Evelyn flew to take her other hand.

"Who comes?" repeated the harper, "who but those who were here before, returning to end their work? But if—where is Eva M'Donnell? If ye can hide, behind rock or hill, for a little start of time, I have sent word to some who may yet save us—where is she? Let Eva give me her hand—I can guide her, blind as I am."

"Eva M'Donnell holds by her brother's hand, Carolan," rejoined Edmund.

"And will not let it go," added Eva.

"Where have you sent, or on whom have you called?" asked Evelyn, more collected than his wretched friends.

"When ye left me alone, by the flat stone,

Con M'Donnell came from his hiding place and threw himself, weeping, at my feet. He did not see ye enter the glen; he could not hear the tramp of the red-coats; but I did: and, as I knew his signs from Eva, I sent him to seek one who spoke to me on my path, as I crossed the hills this morning, and who can save ye, if he will. So, hide ye, hide ye, as ye can. Whisht! I hear them nearer and nearer—now there is little time; but yet, use it—make speed!"

"It were useless," said Evelyn, drawing his sword, "they are before the house; and if they mean us harm, little dependence must we place on the mission of the poor harper."

The dragoons were heard hastily dismounting.

"On this alone I depend," said M'Donnell, stooping to the hearth—"Your sword, old man!" he added, as he took the weapon from the stiffened grasp that held it.

"Edmund," said poor Carolan, "I felt a sword at my feet, just now; put it into my hand."

"Let there be no swords used," said the protestant clergyman, "and we shall come to no

harm. I hold protection for all—I will stand at the door, and first meet them. Throw down your blades, young men, and let peace be amongst you."

"Throw it from your hand, Edmund M'Donnell," repeated the old priest.

"Gentlemen," answered Edmund, with a return of one of his grim smiles, "I stand upon my father's hearth, under my father's roof-tree—he at my feet—his daughter by the hand; and here will I fall, or revenge him, and save her;" and his eyes fixed like those of a couching panther on the door-way.

Little time had he to watch or wait; Kirke was immediately heard saying, outside, as he used the terms of cruel mockery we have before heard him use, and which were familiar to him,

"Aha! now do I hear you bleat, indeed, my lambs—knew I not you were here? Corporal, post half the men at the back of the house—the rest, enter with me; we shall want none at the front: and harkye, cut me down two or three of my lambs from those trees, to make room, you know. Sergeant, forward."

The sergeant, obeying orders, stepped over

the threshold, Kirke close behind him, surrounded by his dragoons. In another instant Edmund's highland blade was through the sergeant's heart; and in another, drawing it back, as the man fell, he had bounded to the hearth again, seized his sister's hand, and rivetted his glance on the door, as if nothing had occurred.

Kirke jumped far from the door, and with oaths and blasphemies, was heard to urge on his men to burst, in a body, into the house. The shadows of several came before them, over the floor; when the protestant clergyman, anxious to prevent more bloodshed, stept boldly upon the threshold, and addressing Kirke, said—

"Here, sir, are no subjects for violence or cruelty. I am a minister of the established church; at my back is an officer in King William's service; and my other companions are, by these documents," shewing them, "protected from all aggression. In the name of God and of the king, retire, or give your pledge to approach peaceably."

This stopt the dragoons for a moment; and Kirke, taking the protections from the out-

stretched hands of the clergyman, glanced over them; but immediately said, as he regained his self-possession—

"Not worth a straw to my lambs—protections to submitted and disarmed rebels, these—and here I have to deal with sturdy ones, who meet King William's soldiers with arms in their hands, and have already taken the life of a loyal subject. So come out, old gentleman, if you are what you say; and let the officer you speak of also range himself on the side he ought to take; or both abide the consequences; and, forward, soldiers, if they do not instantly appear—forward, pell-mell, and—hah!"—interrupting himself, as he caught, through the door, a glimpse of Eva, "I see within a fairer advocate, and one that may have more persuasion—let the lady step out, and entreat us for her friends."

Poor Eva shrunk back, and Edmund again bounded towards the door, while Evelyn grasped closer the now trembling hand he held—all in recollection of the well-known story that stamps upon the character of Kirke its deepest infamy, and to which his present words seemed the beginning of an intended parallel—the

story that every historian, Hume included, holds up to the curses of posterity — that a poet has also "curst in everlasting verse," and that is so unlike—(how much unlike!)—the story rehearsed, in history and by the muse also, of another captain, under similar circumstances —of the Roman Scipio, on the field of New Carthage.

To the door M'Donnell again sprung, and it seemed as if he was about to break through all opposers, and all prudent recollections too, for one good thrust at Kirke. But the two clergymen and Carolan blocked up his way, and together exhorted him to refrain, while Evelyn, and even his sister, also besought him to proceed to no further violence, until it should be provoked by violence.

During the debate Evelyn's eye caught a strange vision. Over the door-way, visible to any who, from the opposite side of the room might front it, but disguised by a remnant of thatch from all without, the figure of a man stealthily crept, winding himself like an eel through an orifice in the roof, until he had got astride on a rafter; and across the rafter he

immediately flung, with great adroitness, a rope, having a noose at one end. This done, he looked downward, rubbed his hands, as if satisfied so far, and pleasantly reckoning on the result; and then faced Evelyn, who, at a glance, knew the Whisperer.

And the recognition was mutual; for Rory, his face wearing its usual simper, immediately nodded and smirked at him; made a gentle sign of caution with his hands; and patting the rope, and pointing downward, again composed himself to attend to the business of his situation.

"Will she not out?" Kirke was once more heard to exclaim abroad, "then must we in—what means this silly tumult at the door? Do my lambs butt at each other? Forward!"

A clamour arose among Kirke's dragoons, but it did not sound like the cry of attack; shouts followed which were not theirs, although they strove to echo them; they received and returned a volley, and then pressed, rather in disorder than in enterprize, against the doorway, some, who were first, stumbling backward into the room. At the same moment, another scuffle was heard at the back of the house;

while upon the dragoons who entered, half a dozen of Rapparees instantly jumped from the open roof, led by Evelyn's old guardian of the donkey, and seconded by Con M'Donnell, whose cries of onslaught, and contortions of feature, were deafening and hideous.

Eva shrunk to a corner with her reverend guardian; Evelyn, Carolan, and the protestant clergyman still tried to restrain Edmund. The dragoons were cut down or shot, as those from abroad continued to press them into the ruined house; and at last, Kirke himself was forced upon the threshold, and with outstretched arms and hands, endeavoured to avoid the doom of the men who had preceded him. The eye of the boy-captain, or as he was now called, Yemen-ac-knuck, fixed on him, and, instantly springing forward—

"Take him alive!" he cried. Two other Rapparees seized, along with Yemen, Kirke's arms and shoulders, and tugged to get him in: and at this juncture commenced the operations of the Whisperer.

Hastily rubbing his hands, and smacking his lips, he gave one or two preparative glances

downward, and while Kirke yet remained fixed in the door-way, gently lowered his noose; coaxed it a little round its object; at last gave it a sudden and knowing check; and as, to the surprise of all parties, Kirke's head as suddenly turned aside, his neck stretched, and his feet began to miss the ground.

"*Mille milloone mullah*,"* said Rory, "I have him in the very little bit iv a *sneem-a-skib-beah*† he was so fond iv, all his life, for others. Captain Yemen, a-chorra-ma-chree, jest lend him a hand—you know it's nothin' but the kind-ness you wanted to keep him fur; an' you, Bryan, a-vich, take this end o' the sthring; an' you, too, Murthock, steady the darlin,' a little —there; asy, now—fair an' asy goes far in the day—musha, what *bolgh*‡ is on you, Gineral Kirke, a-hager? throth, I don't think he loves or likes that lift, by the faces he makes—thry id, agin, any how—asy, asy—"

"*Ruch, ruch!*"§ interrupted some of their friends' voices from the back of the house, "here comes all the Sassenachs to see what's

* A thousand million of praises. † Hangman's knot.
‡ What's the matter. § Run, run.

keepin' him—a power o' them—all that went by, to-day—ruch, ruch!" and the overmastering shouts of a great body of soldiers, mixed with the trampling of their horses, and the blasts of their trumpets, sounded very near the house.

In the pause of consternation which this produced on those of the Rapparees who were in the ruined dwelling, the few remaining dragoons abroad rallied; and answering the cheers of their approaching friends, burst through the door-way, cut down their general, and received him, in convulsions, in their arms.

Eva's shriek arose, and M'Donnell grew more frantic than ever, in his efforts to free himself from the well-meant violence of his friends.

As the retreating Rapparees struggled on the floor with the dragoons, as their shots flew round, and their cries and execrations mingled with the still approaching uproar from abroad —his voice, louder than every other sound, was heard to exclaim—

"Evelyn — traitor — Sassenach — let me go! men—Irishmen—friends—assist me! he holds me, to betray me to them! Strike, if he will not free me!"

No sooner had he spoken than the cat-eye of the young captain, the last to retreat, fastened on Evelyn with a startled recognition; he presented his pistol, and snapped it at Evelyn's head; it missed fire; he seized it by the muzzle and sunk the lock in Evelyn's forehead, who instantly went down.

All that followed of the scene was confused to Evelyn. But ere the young bravo, or some one for him, could repeat a threatened blow, the scream of another female joined that of Eva, and a woman's figure swam before his eyes, and fell on him. Then came a burst of shouting, roaring, firing, and sword-clashing; a rush into the house—a trampling upon him—and then insensibility.

END OF VOL. II.

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